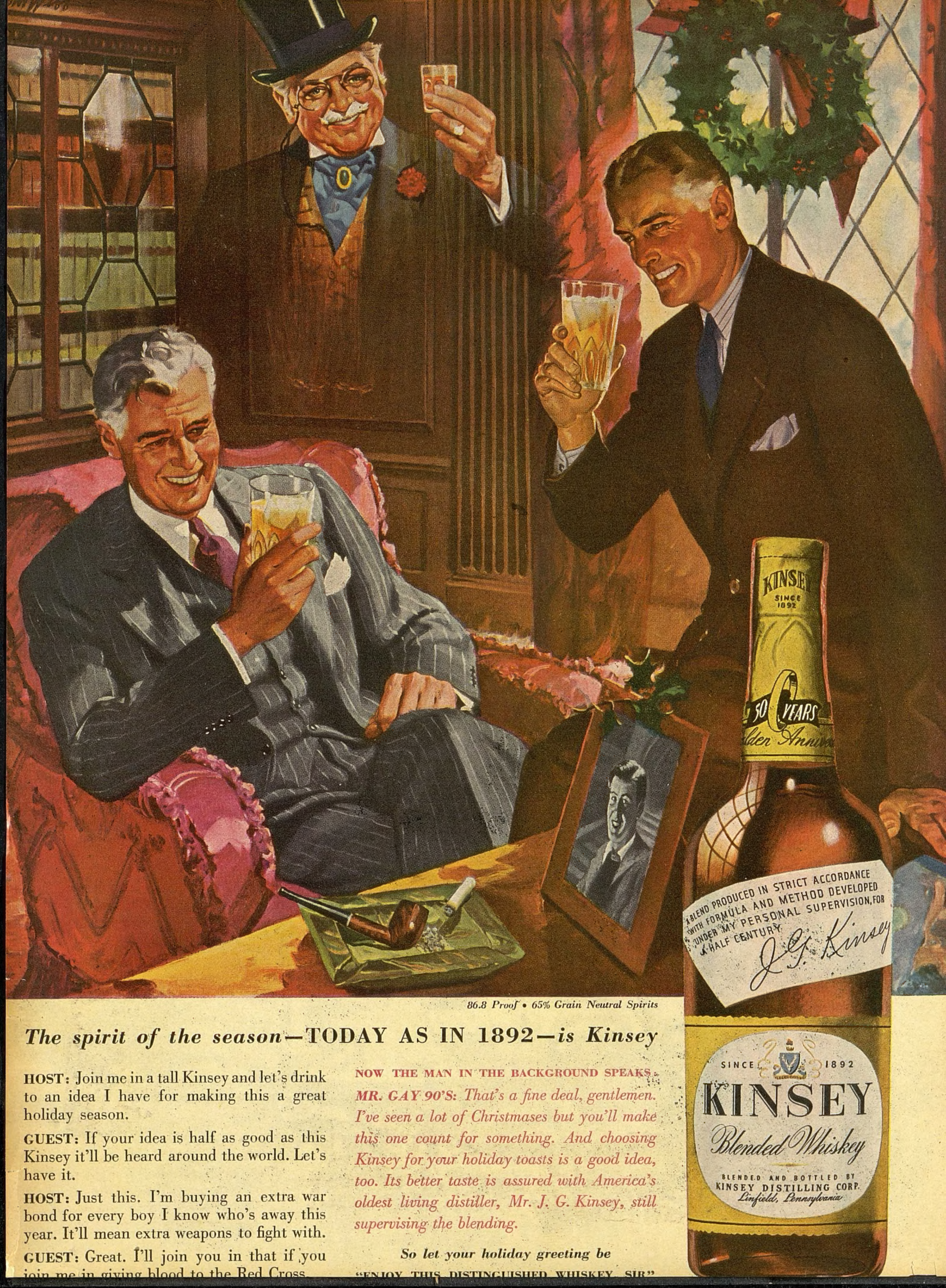
Liberty

DEC. 18, 1943

10c

Book: CARAVAN
Thrilling Romantic Novel

GENERAL TITO
Mystery Warrior
of the Balkans



KINSEY
SINCE 1892
50 YEARS
Golden Anniv
A BLEND PRODUCED IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH FORMULA AND METHOD DEVELOPED UNDER MY PERSONAL SUPERVISION, FOR A HALF CENTURY.
J. G. Kinsey
SINCE 1892
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
KINSEY DISTILLING CORP.
Linfield, Pennsylvania

86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits

The spirit of the season—TODAY AS IN 1892—*is Kinsey*

HOST: Join me in a tall Kinsey and let's drink to an idea I have for making this a great holiday season.

GUEST: If your idea is half as good as this Kinsey it'll be heard around the world. Let's have it.

HOST: Just this. I'm buying an extra war bond for every boy I know who's away this year. It'll mean extra weapons to fight with.

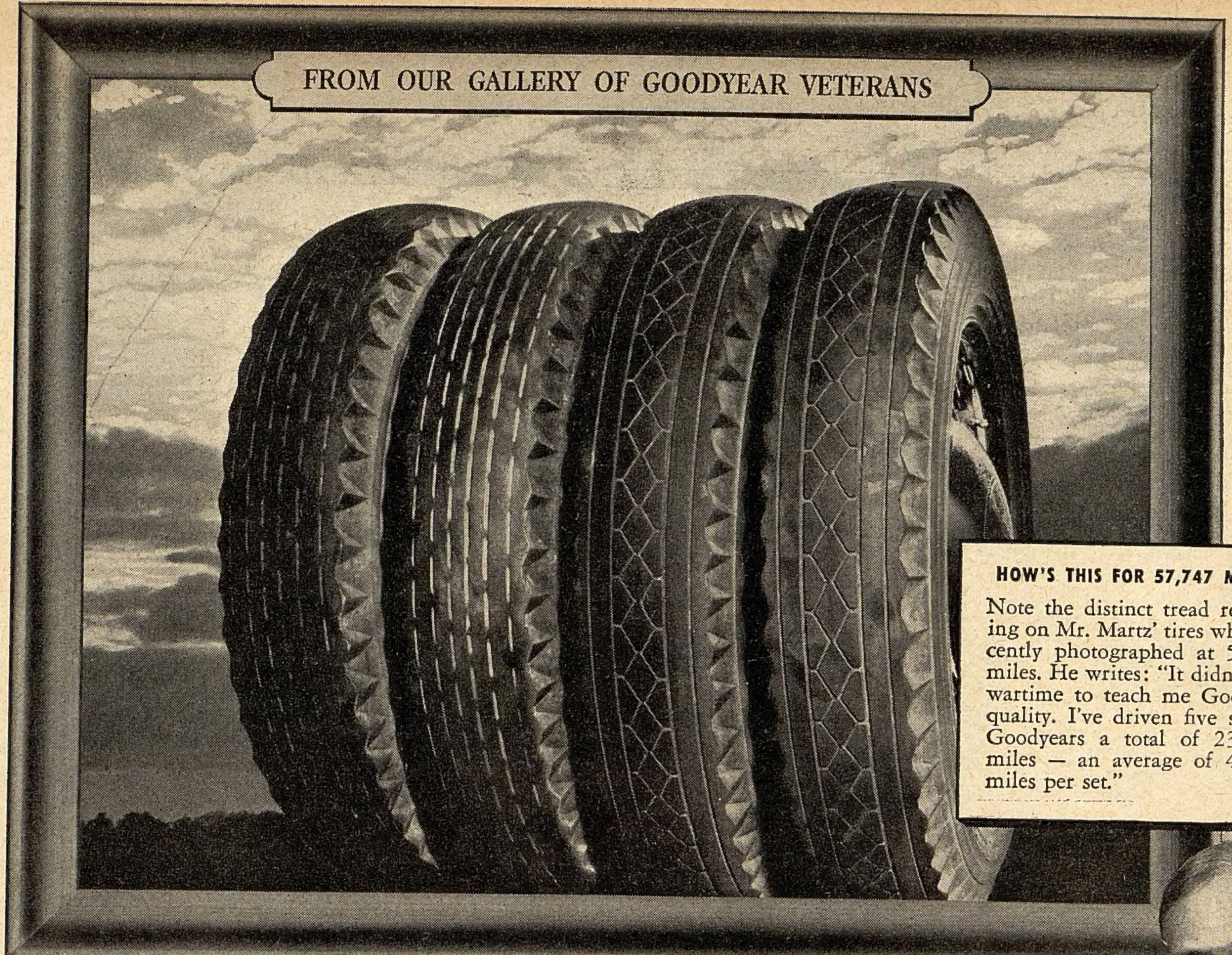
GUEST: Great. I'll join you in that if you join me in giving blood to the Red Cross.

NOW THE MAN IN THE BACKGROUND SPEAKS:

MR. GAY 90'S: *That's a fine deal, gentlemen. I've seen a lot of Christmases but you'll make this one count for something. And choosing Kinsey for your holiday toasts is a good idea, too. Its better taste is assured with America's oldest living distiller, Mr. J. G. Kinsey, still supervising the blending.*

So let your holiday greeting be

"ENJOY THIS DISTINGUISHED WHISKEY, SIR"



HOW'S THIS FOR 57,747 MILES?

Note the distinct tread remaining on Mr. Martz' tires when recently photographed at 57,747 miles. He writes: "It didn't take wartime to teach me Goodyear quality. I've driven five sets of Goodyears a total of 230,000 miles — an average of 46,000 miles per set."

These past two years have proved there's a BIG DIFFERENCE in tires!

One thing two years of rubber rationing have done is to explode the old myth that all makes of tires are just about alike.

Goodyear dealers hear evidence of that every day. Hear it from customers who are still riding on Goodyear tires they bought before Pearl Harbor.

Many of these folks tell them they've driven their Goodyears much farther than any tires they ever owned before. It's made them realize how much better Goodyears are!

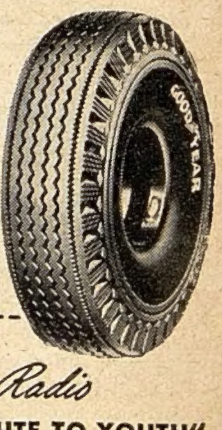
Typical is Mr. Edwin D. Martz of 233 South Locust Street, Hagerstown, Maryland. His Plymouth taxi is equipped with prewar Goodyear All-Weathers that have now passed the 57,747-mile mark, and they still have good non-skid — as their photograph above shows.

In our Gallery of Goodyear Veterans there are many tires like these with 40,000- to 60,000-mile records — *tires that are delivering more miles because more quality was built into them.*

Eligible for Synthetic Tires?

The new Goodyear Synthetic Rubber Tire — now available at Goodyear dealers' to eligible buyers — is a product of this same tire-building skill. Benefited further by Goodyear's twenty years' experience in synthetic development, it is the best synthetic tire that can be made today.

But if you can't get new tires, because rubber is still critical, you can get the extra miles remaining in your present Goodyears — by driving carefully and installing LifeGuards to prevent puncture damages. And as the miles pile up, you'll say like thousands, *"As soon as I can get new tires, you can bet they will be Goodyears!"*


The New **GOODYEAR** SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRE

All-Weather, LifeGuard—T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

BUY WAR BONDS to Speed Victory

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

A New Thrill in Radio

GOODYEAR "SALUTE TO YOUTH"

with Raymond Paige and his Young Americans,
NADINE CONNER and QUENTIN REYNOLDS
NBC Tuesday Nights • See local paper for time

BERNHARD
Always a Pleasure
COOK'S
Imperial
AMERICAN
CHAMPAGNE
NATURAL FERMENTATION IN THE BOTTLE
AMERICAN WINE CO.
est. 1859
ST. LOUIS, MO

Watch MIDWEST RADIO after Victory
FOR ADS LIKE THIS...

SAVE UP TO 50% on this new MIDWEST Radio FACTORY-TO-YOU

FREQUENCY MODULATION

and there will be MIDWEST'S FAMOUS 30 DAYS HOME TRIAL

PUT THIS CHASSIS IN YOUR PRESENT CABINET

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
DEPT. 0000 CINCINNATI, OHIO

To all its old friends and customers... and to the rising new generation, too, Midwest Radio Corporation makes this pledge: Once Victory has been won... once the needs of our Armed Forces for radio and electronic instruments has been met and production for civilian demands is approved... Midwest will again be back with its world-famous Factory-To-You plan for buying highest quality radio and electronic equipment — at savings up to 50%.

SEND FOR FREE CALENDAR
Send us 10c in stamps or coin for a War Savings Stamp and receive in addition an attractive 4-color calendar with International Time Calculator absolutely FREE.

MIDWEST RADIO CORPORATION
DEPT. 29-B ESTABLISHED 1920 CINCINNATI, OHIO

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COVER—The 105-mm. M3, the U. S. Army's newest howitzer.

U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS KODACHROME

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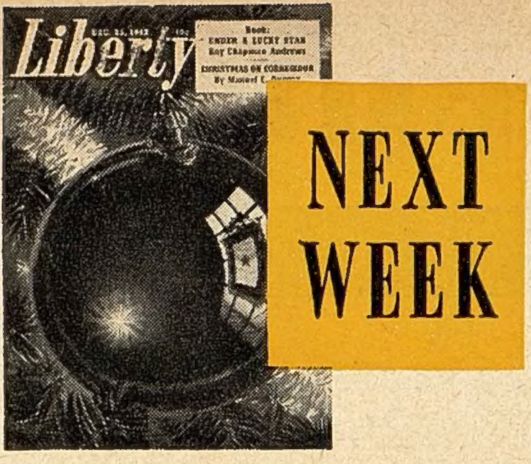
LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER



NEXT WEEK

✓ **CHRISTMAS ON CORREGIDOR**

By Manuel L. Quezon
President of the Philippines

A great leader tells of the tragedy that befell his people and of the hope and faith he holds for ultimate liberation from the Japanese invader.

✓ **MORE BLESSED**

By D. K. Findlay

They crashed into a wilderness of ice and snow but never gave up hope. A stirring short story of a man-made miracle that came to pass on Christmas Day.

✓ **THE MAN IN THE MUD**

By Thomas M. Johnson

The infantryman may not be the glamour boy of our military machine, but his prime importance to final victory is fully recognized by staff experts.

✓ **THE WIZARD OF BLOW**

By Mona Gardner

The harmonica is considered a toy—but read why prominent critics call Larry Adler one of the few young geniuses of our time.

✓ **THE POWDER KEG OF PALESTINE**

By Erika Mann

The timeless conflict between Jew and Arab in the Holy Land is discussed with understanding by a writer who believes in a solution that will deal justly with both factions.

✓ **THE GUN AND THE BIBLE**

By the Rev. George H. Talbott

What is the attitude of servicemen toward religion? A clergyman gives us a picture of the spiritual make-up of the nation's fighters.

✓ **HAVE YOU A SPIDER ON YOUR DOME?**

By Stanley Young

Diamond Bill Haley, professor of tattoo, tells of the facts and foibles of an ancient skin game.

✓ **UNDER A LUCKY STAR**

By Roy Chapman Andrews
Liberty's Book Condensation

Action and adventure filled his life—and yet he was a scientist, too—a man who made his boyhood ambitions come true, and made them one of the world's big news stories when they did.

The trade that grew *like Jack's beanstalk*

. . . in the wake of the development of dependable, year-round steamship service between the Americas

At the turn of the century, our seaborne trade with many Middle American countries was still in its infancy . . . mostly a matter of ships picking up cargoes, hit or miss, when and where they could.

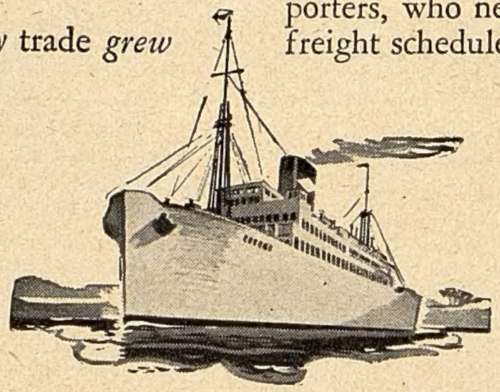
But around 1900, enterprising men began to encourage the expansion of crops grown along the Caribbean—bananas, sugar, coffee, pineapples, cocoa—and secured ships to carry them north. They soon found cargoes for the return trips in northern manufactured goods.

This healthy *two-way* trade *grew like Jack's beanstalk.* By 1910 imports from the Caribbean were almost twice those in 1900 — exports more than double. In 1940, the total export-import trade was six times the 1900 figure.

One of the pioneer shipping lines to Middle America was the United Fruit Company's Great White Fleet. For over 40 years these famous white ships have played a prominent part in the growth of inter-American trade.

Expediting banana exports was one of the Fleet's earliest functions. Since bananas are harvested *all year,* this line was one of the first to institute year-round scheduled sailings. This provided a regular two-way service of great importance to exporters and importers, who needed swift, dependable freight schedules to expand their trade.

Today ships of the Great White Fleet are transporting war supplies. When ships can be spared, they'll return to their great peacetime route . . . serving the economic unity of the Americas.



Great White Fleet
UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

GUATEMALA ★ EL SALVADOR ★ HONDURAS ★ NICARAGUA ★ COSTA RICA
PANAMA ★ COLOMBIA ★ CUBA ★ JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Back the Attack—Buy EXTRA War Bonds!

The new
Breezewood
Pipe
$1.00

A native-born pipe is the new hit among pipe smokers—Breezewood!

Right from the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains comes America's great new gift to pipe-smoking enjoyment. It's Breezewood, cool and sweet to smoke, zephyr-light in weight. Leave it in your mouth, fatigue-free: free both hands for your work. No wonder it's the big hit with pipe-smokers everywhere. Go to your dealer's—ask for Breezewood, buy yourself a Breezewood pipe today!

I GUESS IT WEIGHS 6 OUNCES
I GUESS 4 OUNCES
I GUESS 3½ OUNCES

No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than 1¼ ounces.

Free your Hands for Other Tasks

The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you when working, driving, or whenever your hands are busy.

Copr. 1943. The Breezewood Pipe Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

FARMERS MUST FARM—OR LOAF

AMARILLO, TEX.—We hear much about the labor shortage. If my home community is representative, about three million farmers in the nation who would like to spend the next four and a half winter months in near-by shops will toast themselves behind their stoves instead. Why? Because the draft boards will get them for leaving their essential job of farming if they try to help by temporarily doing additional work.—*Lt. W. K. G.*

HOW TO LENGTHEN THE WAR

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—A few mornings ago I picked up the paper, and two adjacent headlines blanked out everything else on the front page. One told of a B-24 raid on a ball-bearing works in Germany that would do much to shorten the war, and, in spite of our loss of 593 crewmen and 60 bombers, the raid's effects outweighed the loss.

The other headline carried the story of a strike of coal miners and the effects of the strike, mainly the number of steel plants and copper smelters shut down. The unwritten part of this story was prominent by its absence—what this strike would do in *lengthening* the war.

From where we in the service sit, it looks like there are but two ways of curing these strikes and tie-ups. First: Draft labor and make it stick! Second: Take these strikers and outfit them with khaki britches, a tin hat, a rifle, and fifty dollars a month, and let them spend three months on some front where people shoot at one another with real bullets.

I'll bet my great big monthly pay check against the mere pittance the poor miner gets in his pay envelope they would come back (if they didn't end up as ant food) and dig coal, and really love it.—*P. E. Bos. ACRM, U. S. N.*

COVER UP—WAY UP!

MANCHESTER, N. H.—In the two years I've been reading Liberty I have noticed many clever covers, but the cover on the November 6 issue, showing the Halloween antics of a pair of American soldiers at the Japs' expense, certainly should bring cheers for Al Schmidt. It is the cutest cover I've seen in years.

I very much enjoy the book condensations, but please have more mystery stories and less war stories.—*Frances N. Robie.*

BEDTIME STORY

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—Just to get the feeling of spending a night in a foxhole with mud up to your neck, read The Terror Began at Twilight (November 6 Liberty). What we are doing over here seems such a trifle compared to what those boys are enduring. Some of these strikers should read this for a bedtime story.—*Mrs. E. J. R.*

PARATROOPERS ARE TOUGH, TOO

HOSPITAL, FORT BRAGG, N. C.—It seems to me that Liberty should discontinue its Vox Pop section if it believes in publishing such scandalous statements as the one written in by M. A. Cann, U. S. M. C. (October 30 Vox Pop). Why, sure, Bottcher's experiences might only have been those of an ordinary soldier, but where do you get that "us Marines" stuff? I've been in the Marines when it was tough, and find that Army Paratroops deserve the credit that the Marines get.

The Marines fought hard, and we'll keep it in mind.—*A Paratrooper.*

GIVE CONGRESS THE AIR

TUCSON, ARIZ.—Why should not the proceedings of the Congress and the various state legislatures be broadcast to the nation? Perhaps there are quite a few of us who would like to hear just how our representatives are really representing us—or if they aren't. Perhaps such a course would not be legal—I don't know.—*Frank R. Breed.*

"THE GENTLEMAN FROM CALIHAMPSHIRE HAS THE MIKE!"
F. C.

PITY THE "PICCADILLY COMMANDOS"

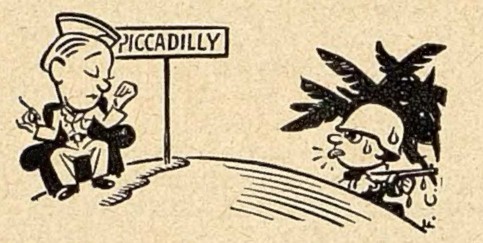
AN ADVANCED BASE IN THE PACIFIC—My buddies and I have just finished reading the latest issue of Liberty that has to date been made available to us, and we find at least one article that to us is, to say the least, disconcerting. I refer to How's It Goin', Yank? (July 17 Liberty) by Lieutenant Arthur Gordon.

Our question is, why hasn't the U. S. O. or the Red Cross or some other such organization done something to ease the strain on these poor fellows? Can you imagine three long weeks in a dank, dark hold of a transport? I only now realize how very fortunate we were, because we had only thirty-one days of such treatment to endure! And the idea of landing them among a group of perfect strangers! Some kind of provision absolutely must be made to arrange for formal introductions to the civilian populations of these foreign lands.

My heart bleeds that the boys over there are occasionally forced to forgo their plans for an evening's entertainment in town—and just for the sake of an unimportant bombing mission over Germany!

Couldn't we persuade the higher-ups to time the missions so that they would conform to a regular eight to four schedule of working hours?

We over here think it nothing short of criminal that those fellows have no place to go except to town, homes to which they are invariably invited for Sunday dinners.



Out here we have developed a taste for C rations.

Another thing—we aren't troubled with bad weather here either, and we have nice warm baths, too—we just leave a can of water in the sun all day. As for colds and runny noses and cold hands while we work—well, they are nonexistent; though we do have minor troubles like malaria, dysentery, and sunstroke, and oftentimes are forced to wrap the handles of our screwdrivers with a rag so we can combat the perspiration. Oh, yes, how fortunate we are!

Well, nobody's asked us, "How's it goin', Yank?" except our own buddies; but the answer is the same, and you can tell it to the whole damn world. We are fine down here, but, for heaven's sake, help out those poor lonely Piccadilly Commandos.—*Sgt. William R. Jones.*

AUTHORS ARE SHY BIRDS

JAMAICA, N. Y.—Why doesn't Liberty run small pictures of its authors at the beginning of the stories and articles? It gives the reader a friendly feeling to see the man or woman who has written the story.—*Anne Mearns.*

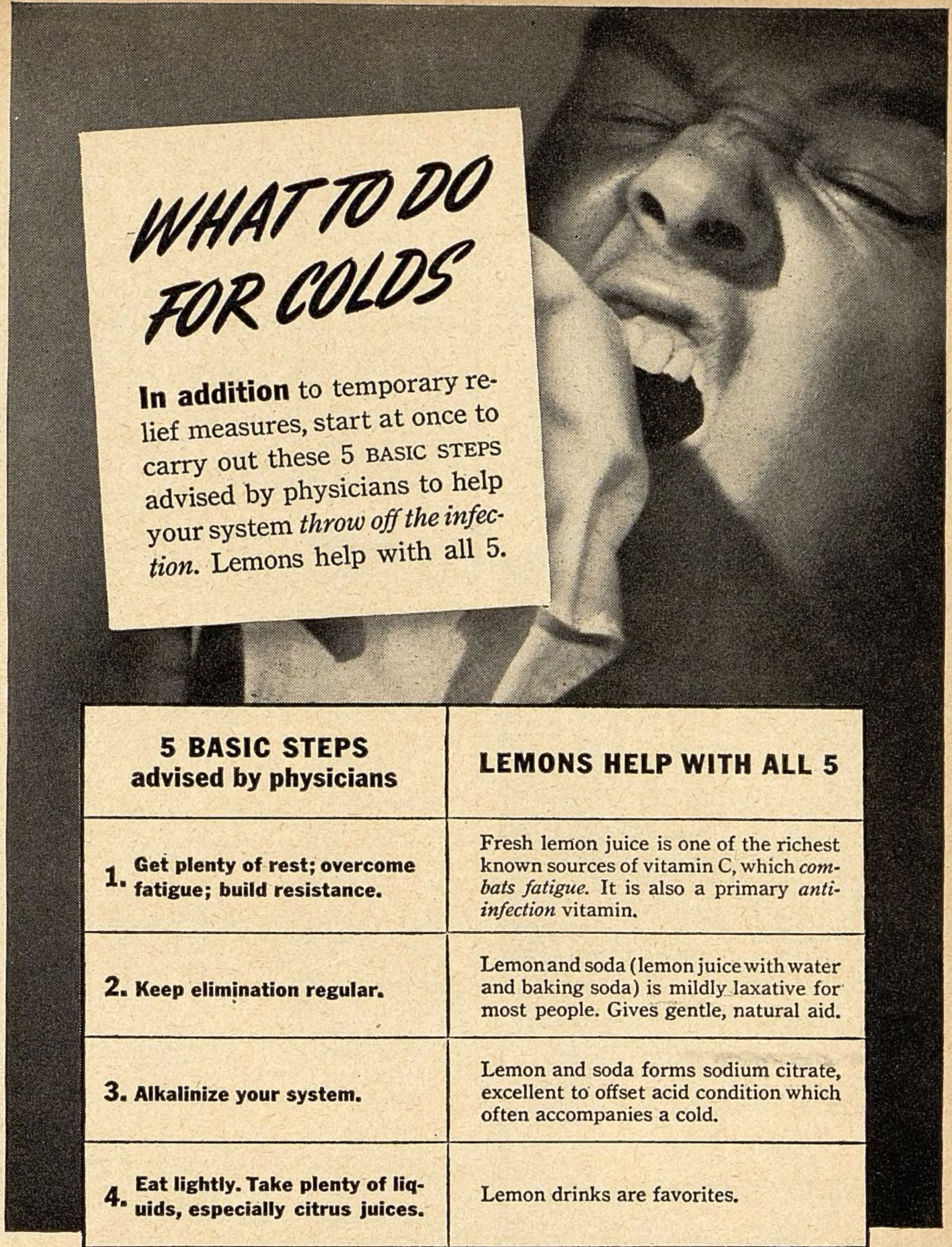
In the Just Between Ourselves column, a Liberty feature of many years' standing, pictures and brief biographies of our writers are given.

PRIVATE GEORGE IS MUCH APPRECIATED

BEAUMONT, TEX.—Lieutenant Stanley Disney's stories running in Liberty are really good stuff, very readable and entertaining to all classes of readers, from the lumberjack to the tender coed. I refer to Mr. Huber in your September 11 issue and George Uses His Head, in the November 6 issue. Let's have more of them.—*Charles D. Smith.*

PELLA, IA.—Thanks so much for the entertaining stories by Lieutenant Stanley Disney. It is such a relief to pick up a story pertaining to the war that can give you a hearty chuckle rather than leave you tied up in a tense knot, as most of them do nowadays.—*Elizabeth Lankelma.*

We are glad to be able to promise more



WHAT TO DO FOR COLDS

In addition to temporary relief measures, start at once to carry out these 5 BASIC STEPS advised by physicians to help your system *throw off the infection.* Lemons help with all 5.

5 BASIC STEPS advised by physicians	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1. Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue.* It is also a primary *anti-infection* vitamin.
2. Keep elimination regular.	Lemon and soda (lemon juice with water and baking soda) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
3. Alkalinize your system.	Lemon and soda forms sodium citrate, excellent to offset acid condition which often accompanies a cold.
4. Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Lemon drinks are favorites.
5. Keep warm; avoid further chill.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

If cold does not respond, see your doctor.

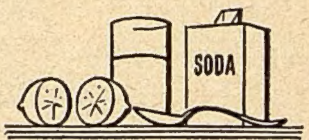
HOW TO USE LEMONS FOR COLDS

Make Lemon and Soda

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours at home or at nearest fountain. (And to induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.)

Then,—continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts.

Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives vitamins and all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



To make lemon & soda *pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.*

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily for health. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

Copyright, 1943, California Fruit Growers Exchange

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

California Sunkist Lemons

For the Taste Connoisseur

*RONRICO
*Best RUM bar none

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy. Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (L) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof.

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ONLY 3c A DAY GIVES YOU THESE REMARKABLE BENEFITS IN CASE OF SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT

Hospital Expenses paid, up to . $540.00
Doctor Expense paid, up to . $135.00
Loss of Wages reimbursed, up to $300.00
Loss of Life by Accident . . $1,000.00

WAR COVERAGE AND EXTRA BENEFITS

Don't wait for trouble to strike! Many a man's savings of years have been wiped out by a few weeks of misfortune. Take out our liberal hospitalization policy now and know that your doctor and hospital bills will be paid. Only 3 cents a day gives you a freedom of mind worth far more. Individuals or whole families (to age 70) are eligible, and you may go to any U. S. or Canadian hospital, under any physician's care.

MAIL COUPON TODAY. No agent will bother you.

Family Mutual Life Insurance Co. L-12
Wilmington, Del.

Please send, without obligation to me, complete information on your Economical Hospitalization Plan.

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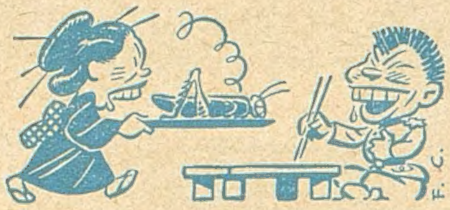
ADDRESS____________________
CITY____________ STATE__________

of these side-splitting yarns in early issues.
—Vox Pop Editor.

JAPANESE LAMENT

If you think your lot's a bad one and your life is just a sad one,
You should see what's going on in old Japan.
These slant-eyed Japanese eat from June bugs down to fleas—
Some they fry, some they stew, and some they can.

There's a sage they call Saiki who is heap much velly slicki—
He can cook a rat and make it taste like ham.
He can boil your auntie's tabby with its sides all gaunt and flabby,
And make you think you're dining on spring lamb.



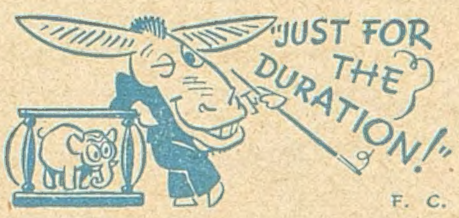
From grasshoppers he makes sauces for the brass-hats and the bosses;
They loudly gulp 'em down and yell for more.
From some seaweed and some matting, with a dash of cotton batting,
He can make a lunch to serve to three or four.

Now if we keep shooting Nazis and the Nips keep eating ratzis,
It won't be long before this war is o'er.
Let them have their cockroach jelly and die from an aching belly.
Then the Stars and Stripes will wave forever more.
W. V. A., Allentown, Pa.

DON'T SWAP HORSES

Birmingham, Ala.—Why not postpone our next Presidential election?

We have made other changes in our living due to war measures, so why wouldn't it be a good idea to unite as Democrats and Republicans and forget partisan politics for the duration and for six months thereafter?



Just continue Franklin D. Roosevelt as President, with Wendell L. Willkie as Assistant or General Manager.—*Roland D. Barze.*

BRICKBATS AND ORCHIDS

Fresno, Calif.—
Poor Liberty gets worse and worse.
My dime would go in vain
Except for now and then some verse
And (thank the Lord!) Ted Shane.
—Bertha Davidson.

Lexington, Ky.—I helped name Liberty when it started, and I do believe it tries to stand for "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Keep up the good fight for us all.—*W. B. Elder, Sr.*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

"THE MOST EXCITING JOB I ever had," says Martha Prewitt, whose Clowns Sometimes Cry is in this issue, "was the two years I was with Frontier Nursing Service in the Kentucky mountains." Miss Prewitt was born in the Blue Grass herself, and very early in life discovered that startled governesses would often indulge in hysterics and hence a let-up in lessons. That, perhaps, was one of the reasons she spent so much of her childhood looking for snakes as souvenirs. Nor at college was she fond of learning, preferring hockey and bridge. However, she did settle down to marriage after trying her hand at such varying occupations as the following: secretary, housemaid, student nurse, war worker, tearoom manager, and an assistant food administrator.

MANY MEDALS have come the way of Major Paul C. Raborg for his services in the American Army, but the most surprising was one that came recently to him twenty-odd years after it was earned. It was the medal of German Occupation, granted to the troops of the U. S. Army which moved into the Rhineland after the armistice of November 11, 1918. The major is military analyst for the New York radio station WINS, and a year ago he brought out a book entitled Mechanized Might. We are sure that you will enjoy his article, To Tokyo, Dammit, to be found elsewhere in these pages.

IT'S QUITE SOME TIME since we gave you an Edward Hope story, but we are sure you will agree with us that We've Got to Be Sensible was worth waiting for. Readers like him for his fun. He inherited Don Marquis' mantle as conductor of the New York Sun's Sun Dial, and was the youngest columnist in captivity at the time. Among his books are Alice's Adventures in the Delighted States, Manhattan Cocktail, and Let *x* Equal Marjorie.

THE EDITORS.

WARTIME ANNOUNCEMENT!

Revolutionary RADIONICS Product of Great Importance

For All Hard of Hearing – their Friends and Families

$40.00

READY TO WEAR

COMPLETE
—WITH RADIONIC TUBES
—CRYSTAL MICROPHONE
AND BATTERIES
. . . *Liberal Guarantee*

★

TO PHYSICIANS: A detailed scientific description will be sent upon request. Further technical details will appear in medical journals.

★

There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and any hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

★

The Zenith Hearing Aid can be supplied only by your Zenith franchised Optician or Optometrist (no home calls or solicitations).

Zenith Radio Corporation
CHICAGO

OFFICE OF
E. F. McDONALD, JR.
PRESIDENT

To: Manpower Authorities, Employers, Physicians,
Parents, Teachers and Hard of Hearing.

Our country's manpower crisis calls for everyone's maximum efficiency. Since I lost the hearing of one ear in an accident twenty years ago, I have been acutely conscious of the handicaps of the hard of hearing. While pioneering in radio I have for some years directed Zenith's research toward development of the best wearable hearing aid that science could produce.

My own company has spent millions, the radio industry tens of millions for research. This research has been paid for by scores of millions of purchasers of radio sets.

We, with this technical knowledge and engineering skill, now bring to the hard of hearing a new precision aid — the ZENITH RADIONIC; an instrument of the highest quality.

A hearing aid is essentially a part of a radio receiver. It wires the human body for sound. It is composed of a crystal microphone and parts of a radio receiver set reduced to miniature size and manufactured with watch-like precision. For many years it has seemed to me incredible that the public could buy a complete radio receiver for $29 or less with which they could hear the words whispered in Europe, Asia, or South America, but people with deficient hearing have paid $100 to $200 for a comparably good hearing aid to hear the human voice across the room.

Zenith's facilities and methods for precision mass production of radio sets, Radionic devices, etc., enable it to bring this superb hearing aid within the reach of all.

Eye-glasses, like hearing aids today, were once the luxury of the few. What the optical companies have done to make the finest spectacles available to everybody at low cost, Zenith is now prepared to do for the hard of hearing — to bring with the aid of modern radionic science a highly perfected hearing aid within the reach of the masses.

ZENITH RADIONIC — low cost battery upkeep wearable hearing aid — complete with miniature radio tubes, crystal microphone and batteries — will sell for $40 — about one-quarter of the price of the better vacuum tube instruments of today. Hereafter no one, child or adult, need be without a hearing aid because it is too high-priced. There are ten million people, of whom over three million are children in our schools, who are hard of hearing.

Even if Zenith never makes a dollar at this low price, it is willing to take its pay in the good will of the hard of hearing, their families and their friends. Thus begins a revolution in hearing aids — a revolution to "lower the cost of hearing" within the reach of all.

E. F. McDonald Jr.

President,
Zenith Radio Corporation

Write for Free Descriptive Booklet

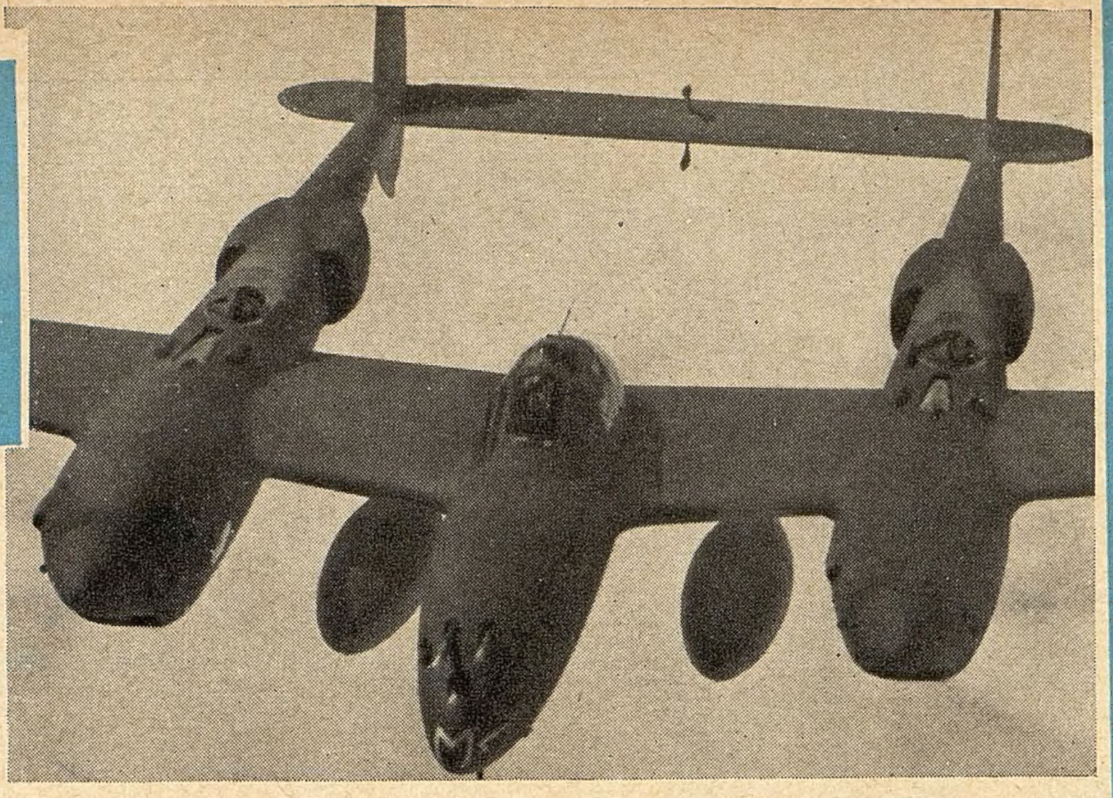
ADDRESS DEPT. LI-2, HEARING AID DIVISION

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION ★ CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



Tanks for an air buggy ride. Carrying two droppable fuel tanks, one under each inner wing section, the P-38 can just about double its normal range.

"Chin Turret" B-17G

Among the numerous changes being made constantly in U. S. military aircraft, to make them more and more deadly and invulnerable, is the new remote-control powered "chin turret" being installed on the B-17 bombers built in southern California by Vega Aircraft Corporation, now being absorbed into Lockheed Aircraft Corporation.

Two .50-caliber machine guns spout death like the fangs of a spitting cobra in this newest model, the B-17G. The chin turret is located directly underneath the bombardier's compartment in the plexiglass nose and was added to protect the bomber from head-on attack against enemy fighters. Bristling as it does with guns on all quarters, as well as topside and bottom, the B-17G will prove to be the hardest-to-shoot-down bomber in the world, while at the same time it will continue to carry a heavy load of bombs to its target.

Remote-Control Bombs

The Army Air Forces reports the use of remotely controlled glide bombs against surface targets by the Germans, but at this writing no reports had been received of the use of this unique weapon against aircraft.

The weapons are actually gliders which are remotely controlled as to direction and have impact fuses similar to those of other bombs. Some have been reported with rocket propulsion. These gliders have a relatively small wing area, with a correspondingly high wing loading, and do no real gliding. Direction of the fall or glide is changeable by means of radio-controlled control surfaces.

Employment Problems

As many as sixty heavy four-engined bombers have been lost in a single Eighth Air Force attack over Germany. But a far worse loss is suffered every month in southern California when some 22,000 workers leave their jobs, necessitating the recruiting of that many new ones to take their places.

It takes about 20,000 man-hours to build a single B-17 Flying Fortress. If 22,000 workers terminate their employment in a single month, this means 4,070,000 man-hours lost, and this number of man-hours would build 203 Fortresses—or three and one half times the number of Forts lost in the heaviest attack over Germany.

Of course new workers are hired, but the Aircraft War Production Council, comprising the eight major aircraft companies of southern California, estimates that it costs $200 to hire and train a worker. The replacement of 22,000 workers in one month costs $4,400,000 even without the necessity of constantly increasing total employment. And turnover of employment always means loss in production, less efficiency, waste of training, and an aggravation of management problems.

Home-front "losses" in Flying Fortresses are just as important as losses in the area of combat. That's why war workers should think twice before quitting a job in an aircraft factory. The crews who fly bombers can't quit—so why should the workers who build the bombers? The war will be over sooner if we have more airplanes!

Rocket Guns

You've been reading how the Nazis are attacking our heavy bomber formations with rocket guns installed on airplanes. Actually there is nothing new about these rocket guns except in their application. The Russians have achieved success with rocket guns fired from low-level fighters against tanks and other ground installations, and hitherto they have been used as ground weapons against ground objects, or as aerial weapons against ground targets. Now the Germans have added a new twist by using them as aerial weapons against our airplanes, and sometimes as ground weapons against our planes.

On the ground the rocket principle has been adapted to antiaircraft guns. The powerful shells are projected to extremely high altitudes. In the air, rocket guns or rocket propellants have been seen on Messerschmitt 109s and 110s, and on Junker-88 bombers. The rocket cylinders are attached under the wings, in addition to the normal armament of cannon and machine guns. Advantages of the rocket guns are their ability to send heavier projectiles a greater distance, lighter weight, and less recoil.

In their present use the Germans stay outside the fire range of our bombers and lob rockets at the formation. Fortunately, the Nazis have not been able to do much damage. But when a rocket shell does make a rare hit, it has great explosive power.

Germany's Aerial Defense

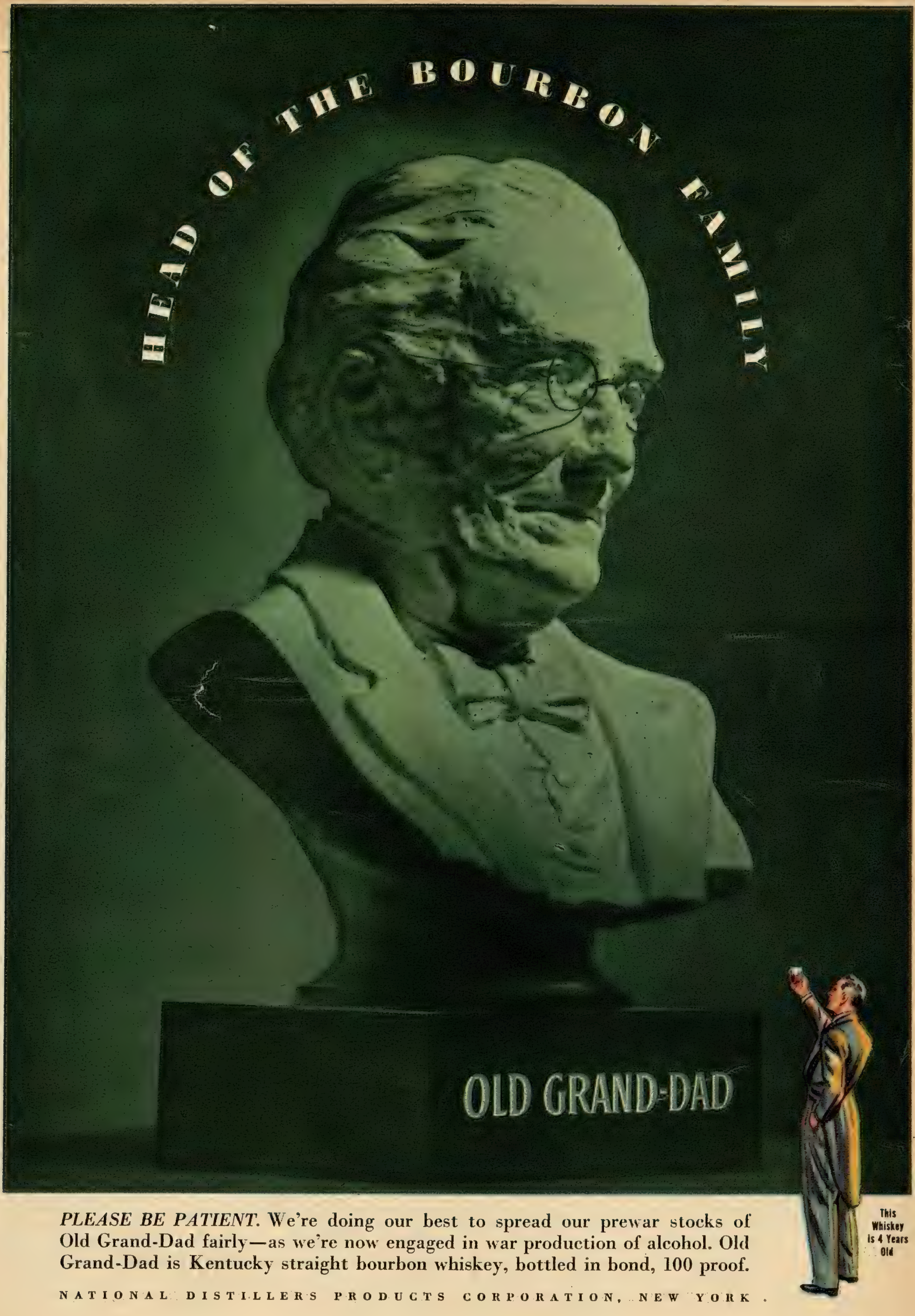
The Germans have tried several defensive weapons against our formations of heavy bombers. One of these is the aerial bomb which is dropped from high altitudes on our formations and is equipped with a time fuse set to explode when the bomb reaches the formation. Some of these aerial bombs are equipped with an aneroid-activated fuse which explodes the bomb when it falls to a given altitude.

One of our Flying Fortress crews reported massed clusters of "silver fire." One cluster struck a Fort and set the plane afire. It later exploded. The clusters are of white disks, probably phosphorus. There has been little information available on this defensive method, but it is a hit-or-miss attack not susceptible of accuracy.

All of the aerial defense methods of the Nazis have been hurriedly put together to stop our formation flying of heavily loaded bombers. And all of these methods are futile if the bombers are escorted by our fighters, which can clear the skies of the high-flying Nazi planes. The present goal of the Army Air Forces is more long-range fighters which can accompany our bombers all the way.

Glider History

From now on you can expect to read of a lot of "firsts" with gliders, but here's one for the history books. Two football squads, one from Duke University and the other from North Carolina U. Navy Pre-Flight School, were transported by transport and glider from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, to Camp Mackall, North Carolina, for an exhibition game. The squads assembled at Chapel Hill and took off in three Douglas C-47 transport planes, each towing a CG-4A glider. Half of the group rode in gliders, half in transports. The trip from Chapel Hill to Camp Mackall, a paratrooper training base, was completed in forty-five minutes. It's the first time in history that two football teams traveled to the site of a game by air, in addition to setting quite a glider precedent.


HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY
OLD GRAND-DAD
This Whiskey is 4 Years Old

PLEASE BE PATIENT. We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Old Grand-Dad fairly—as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol. Old Grand-Dad is Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey, bottled in bond, 100 proof.

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

G·E MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC
TER LONGER
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This girl is making one of the 480 tests and inspections used to make sure that G-E Mazda lamps stay brighter longer.

G-E Research packs a lot of light into General Electric Mazda lamps. The constant goal is to make them stay brighter longer. You'll get more benefits from this research if you keep light bulbs clean . . . sit close to the light . . . turn out lights not in use.

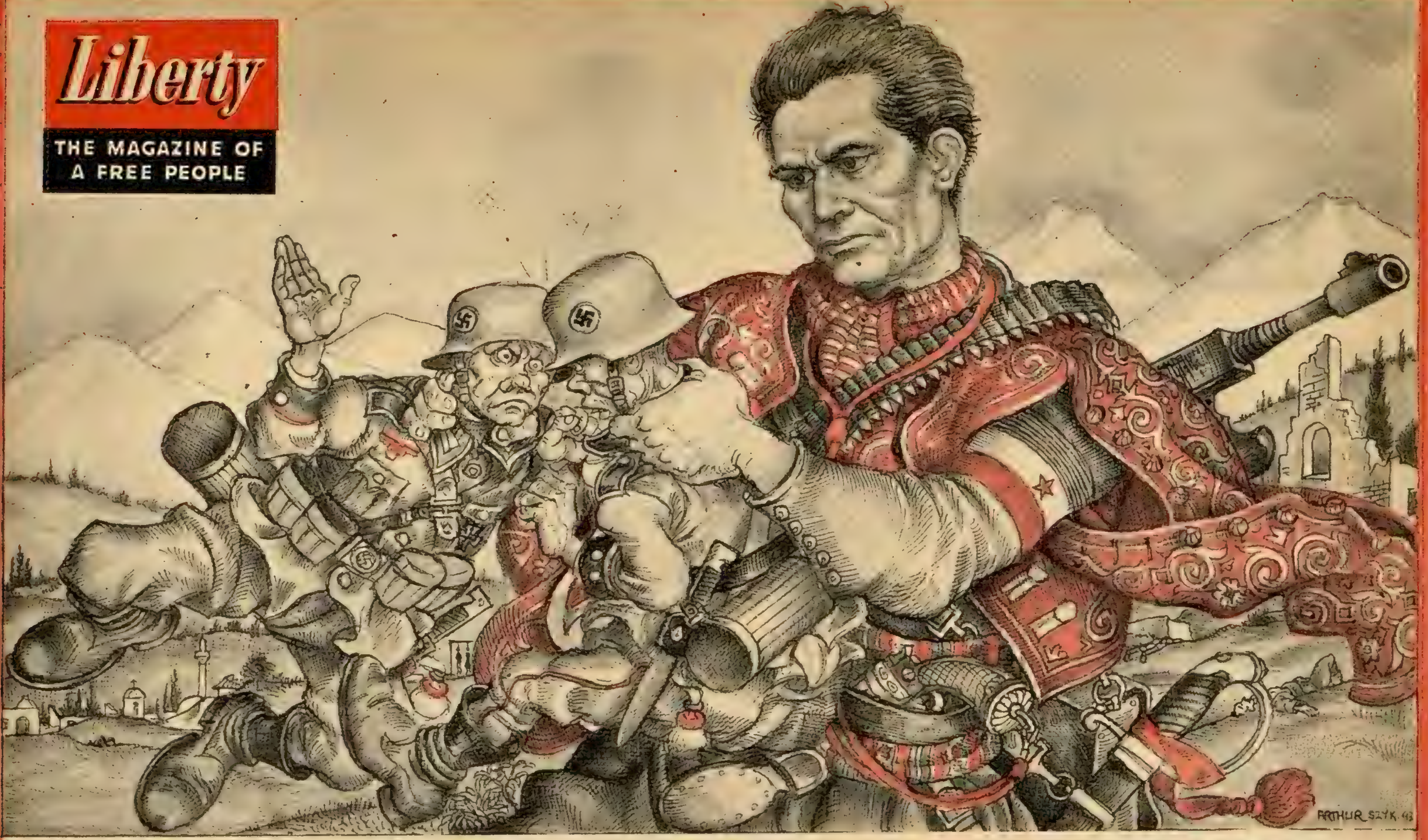
Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p. m. EWT, NBC; "The World Today" news every weekday, 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS.

G-E MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE BEST INVESTMENT IN THE WORLD IS IN THIS COUNTRY'S FUTURE — BUY WAR BONDS

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE



CARTOON BY ARTHUR SZYK

GENERAL TITO Mystery Warrior of the Balkans

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN and ALLEN ROBERTS

Who is this General Tito, called by the Nazis "the Murderer"? A misty figure emerges as a flesh-and-blood military genius by any name

NIGHT was falling and the dim outlines of the rugged mountains were fast becoming invisible. A Nazi regiment had chosen this protected spot in the Bosnian hills to bivouac for the night, secure in the belief that no enemy forces were in the vicinity to hinder their progress toward the Adriatic. Advance guards had preceded the main army and, with customary German efficiency, had leveled the surrounding towns and villages. Only the rows of dangling corpses and the charred embers of a once peaceful village were left to tell the tale of destruction.

Lights were ordered out, and soon the stillness was broken only by the sound of the hobnailed boots of sentries treading evenly around the encampment.

Suddenly a volley of shots rang out, accompanied by fierce shouts. Two sentries pitched forward and lay still; the others retreated in haste. Hand grenades were thrown into the German encampment, now all turmoil and confusion. The Nazis, caught off guard, died like flies and the survivors were taken prisoner.

Hundreds of such engagements and sudden attacks have been occurring constantly throughout Yugoslavia for the past two years, and today they are reaching a new peak in both number and scope. These are not unpremeditated uprisings. They are well planned strategic moves, carefully devised by one who has, till now, been known only as "the mysterious General Tito"—a legendary figure the Nazis are discovering to be a real and effective military genius.

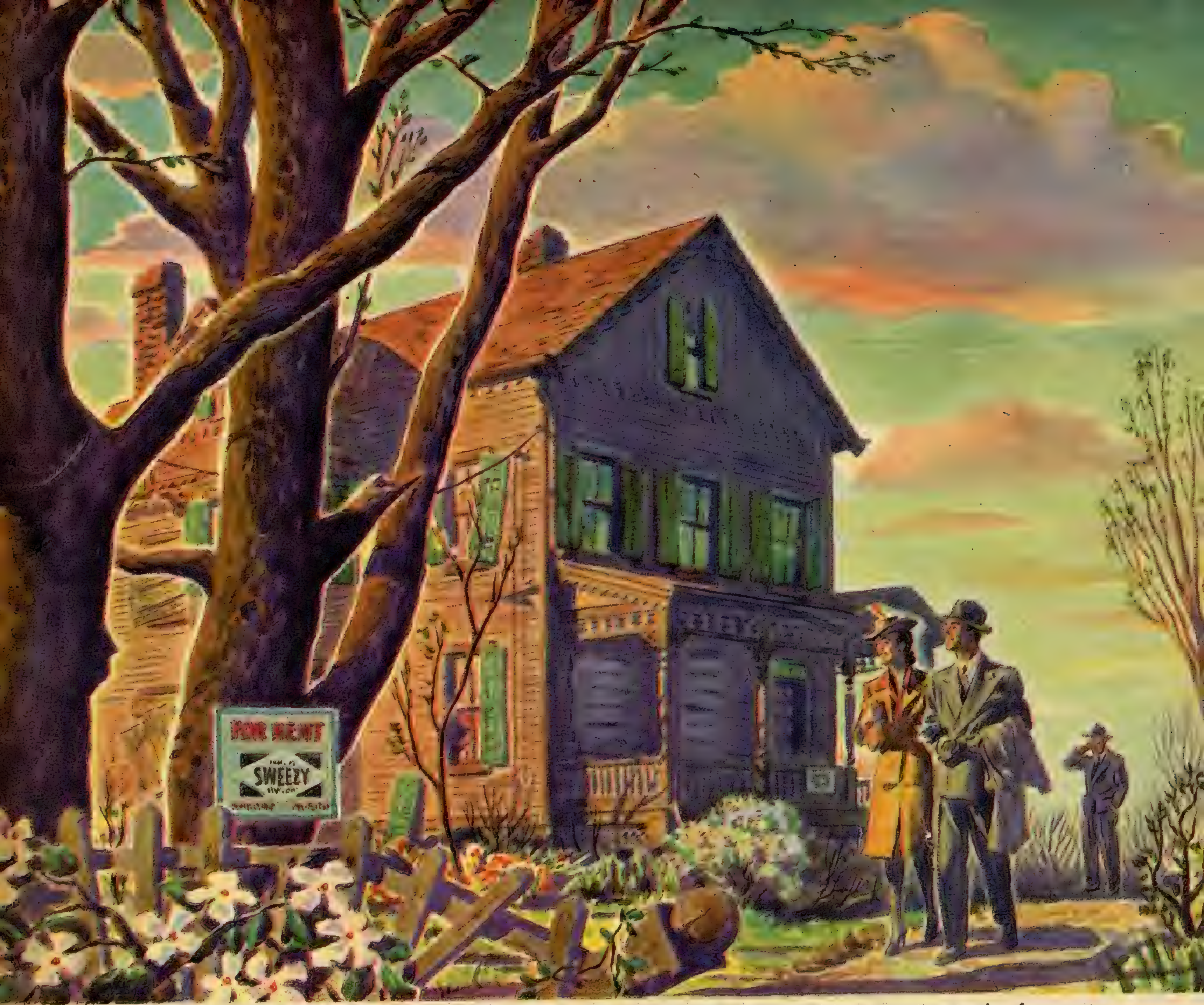
Who is Tito? Who is this man who inspires people to rise against unmerciful odds and fight with new hope? Communiqués refer to him as Partisan Commander Tito. The Nazis call him "Tito the Murderer." His real name is Josip Brozovich, though at times in the past he has condensed it to Josip Broz.

Back in 1914, young Josip Brozovich, a farm boy of poor parentage from the hills of Croatia, served as a private in the Austro-Hungarian Army on the eastern front. Captured by the Russians, he was held in Russia until the beginning of the Red Revolution. When released in 1918, he enlisted in the Red Army of the Ukraine and fought against Generals Wrangel and Petlura, continuing in the service of the Soviet until 1921, when at last he felt himself free to return to his native Croatia—and to peace.

But he was never born for peace. Upon his return he found conditions which impelled him to raise not arms but his voice in behalf of his people.

Yugoslavia had achieved national freedom, but it meant little to the various minorities in the country, the Croats, Slovenes, and Montenegrins. These nationalities were under the dominance of the Serbs, with whom they were united for the first time as the Kingdom of Yugoslavia. It was typical of that era that the great leader of the Croat peasantry, Stepan Radich, who raised his

(Continued on page 56)



"Of course there's Mrs. Manks' house," Mr. Sweezy said. I think he'd decided there was no accounting for tastes.

WE'VE GOT TO BE SENSIBLE

BY EDWARD HOPE

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

I REMEMBER how I felt when I saw the first bud. It was a tiny red pimple on the partly washed-out rosebush at the corner of the porch where the water pours down from the broken gutter when it rains. It caught my eye as I straightened up from putting the loose board back in place, and I just stood and stared at it with wild surmise, like an adolescent at his first blonde.

Spring!

I've always been more affected than most people by the coming of spring. But this spring had a special significance. It meant that our term in the damned house was drawing to a close. My year's lease was due to run out on the thirtieth of April, and Kitt and I had learned our lesson. We'd taken our medicine in big gulps day after day—and Kate and Bill, poor kids, had taken it too—but the end was now in sight.

This house was our first premeditated venture into quaintness, and it would be idle to deny that we'd had plenty of warning.

The Battle family had their housing problem solved until a certain "blessed event" changed their requirements, their minds, and their lives

When the company decided to put me in charge of the new Sheldon plant, Kitt and I took a week down in Sheldon to find a place to live. We looked at efficient modern little houses in respectable sections of the city, and snooted them. We inspected perfectly good apartments with an amused disdain.

The trouble was, of course, that we were New Yorkers. We were both obsessed with the idea that Sheldon, with its population of a scant quarter of a million, was a small town. Our idea was if you're going to live in the country, you may as well live in the *country.*

We'd been stuck in apartments for years and we were fed to the teeth with them. As for the efficient little houses, they were hardly more than duplexes where you were your own janitor. We wanted trees and shrubbery and a little view and maybe a brook. Nothing fancy.

Mr. Sweezy, the real-estate man, never even mentioned the Harvard Road place till he was sick and tired of showing us good sound properties and watching us wrinkle up our noses. In the end, I think, he just decided there was no accounting for tastes and he might as well risk a long shot. Even so, he didn't try to get us to take it. He said, raising his head from the lists he had been going through in a desultory manner, "Of course, there's Mrs. Manks' house, but . . ."

The road climbed behind the brand-new housing project—regimented rows of toy houses, floating on a sea of mud—plunged into thick woods, dunked under a miniature precipice, and came out of the trees on top of the hill. The going was roughish and Mr. Sweezy drove in second, yanking the wheel one way and the other to avoid the worst bumps. The vestiges of a picket fence appeared on the left side of the road and he jerked his head at it. "This is it," he said grimly.

We were sufficiently warned, all right. Mr. Sweezy himself couldn't keep from making portentous asides. "She got the city water a year ago," he said, staring dismally at the Victorian kitchen sink, "but the pipes . . ."

"She'd make you a good price, of course," he shrugged at me, while Kitt was at the dusty bedroom window, looking out at the sunlit trees. "Place like this . . ."

"I was reading the other day," he murmured down the cellar stairs into the damp darkness, "about a wonderful rat poison . . ."

The drive—twin muddy ruts with traces here and there of the gravel of better days—made a loop around the huge oak tree beside the house. The row of dogwoods in blossom cut off the view of a field gone to tall weeds which had once been a vegetable garden. Walking around to the west side of the house to look at the view over the city and the river, Kitt and I surprised a small rabbit under the big tree by the collapsed pergola. The rabbit stared at us for a countable number of seconds before he turned and scuttered for the bushes.

THAT rabbit has a lot to answer for—he and the sunset that developed on three broad brush strokes of clouds over the city. Before we started back we were in the grip of a compelling force that swept reason aside.

Kitt and I decided at dinner that we wouldn't pay a penny more than a hundred and fifty for it. Mr. Sweezy had said he had no idea what Mrs. Manks was asking and I'd have to talk to her. Kitt declared that she hated haggling, and anyway she wanted to see what the shops were like in Sheldon.

I went alone to Mrs. Manks' tiny varnish-smelling apartment to put the thing over.

Mrs. Manks was small and plump and elderly. She fluttered about me. She took my hat and gloves and put them on the little table in the front hall and shooed me into her living room before her.

"Now you sit there," she said, backing me into the one large chair. "Make yourself comfortable. Smoke your pipe. I love the smell of a pipe. You're a much younger man than I expected. From what Mr. Sweezy said, I—you're *much* younger. Quite *young*, in fact."

"I'm—uh—well preserved," I said, and I suppose I bridled prettily.

"Well, you *must* be. You must *be*. Didn't he say you had grown children?"

"Grown, I suppose," I said, "though not really grown up. My daughter's eighteen and my son's sixteen."

"Oh," she said, smiling at some reminiscence. "*They're* still *babies*, Mr. Battle. My *granddaughter* was married last month. I shouldn't be surprised, before the year's out— How does your wife like having her children grow up?"

"Oh, I don't think she—"

"I *hated* seeing mine grow up. Just *loathed* it. I suppose I need some one to mother. Silly. I mean, knowing that's all it is, and yet—I've tried cats and dogs and birds, but it's not the same. Are they *nice* children, Mr. Battle?"

"Oh, yes. They're both away at school now, of course. Kate's going to college next year, and I hope the war'll be over before Billy— If you mean about the house, they'd never do any damage."

MRS. MANKS laughed merrily. "Goodness, you didn't think I was worrying about that dreadful old *house*, did you?"

Maybe I stared.

"Oh, dear! I shouldn't have said that, should I? Only I've *always* hated the place. My husband brought me there to live when we were married—that's a long time ago. It was his family's house and they all lived there and I— Tell you what, Mr. Battle. Let's settle about the house and be done with it. I've got to have seventy-five dollars a month. That'll pay my taxes and the upkeep—such as it is—and I can't take less. How does seventy-five strike you?"

"Why, I suppose—" I said.

"I really can't take less. I *just* manage, you see, Mr. Battle. It's been very hard with the house empty, but there's that horrible development because of the Universal factory and—so, you see, seventy-five—"

"Oh," I said, "seventy-five's all right. I was just—"

"Very well, Mr. Battle. If you want it at seventy-five, take it. Settle the details with Mr. Sweezy. I like you and I hope you'll be happy. Now tell me what you think about the war. Do you like cookies? I made a batch this morning for the USO, and I always make a few extra for myself."

I HAVE a recurrent dream about a large apprehensive-looking camel, its back bent almost to the ground under the weight of a huge load of straw. Beside the beast on a stepladder, a small dark man in a hooded burnoose extracts straws one by one from a sack and deposits them gently on top of the stack. His gestures are those of a magician, and I watch, fascinated. But I always wake up before the camel's back breaks.

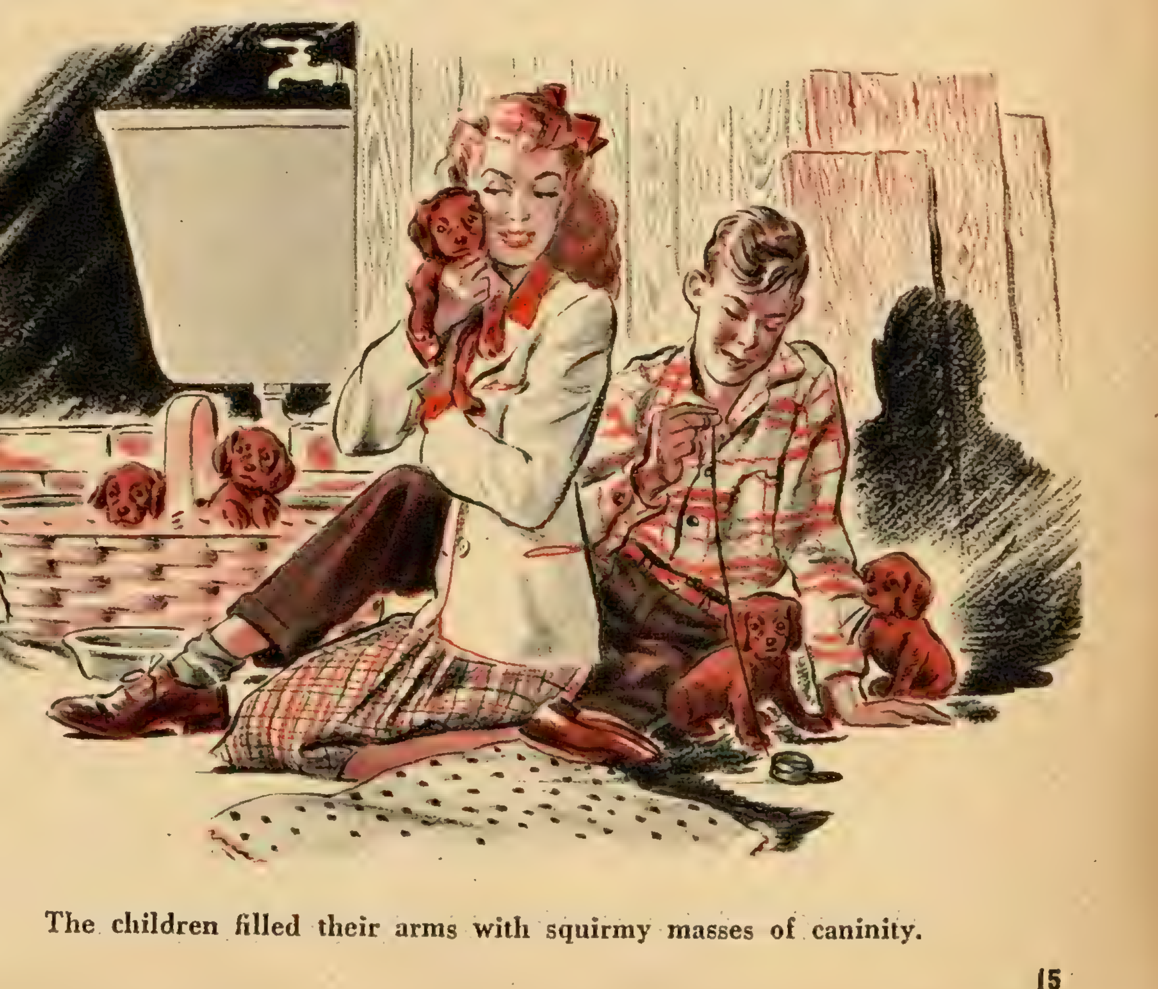
Sometimes it's the shutter outside the bedroom window, scrawking on its one remaining hinge, that wakes me. Sometimes it's the mice, kicking the plaster around in the wall at the head of the bed. Sometimes it's the buzzing of half a dozen wasps that have strayed down from the attic. I've never dreamed my way to the end of the last-straw sequence, which is annoying.

There's no one awful thing the matter with Mrs. Manks' house. I suppose that's why we didn't move out long ago. I mean, if the roof *always* leaked and the upstairs ceiling fell, or if the water *never* ran in the bathroom, or if the heating system didn't warm the house *at all* in winter, I think we'd have taken some action. There's just never been any outstanding defect of lease-breaking proportions.

The grounds were so pleasant in spring, and the economy in rent was such a satisfaction, that we decided to put up with the front door, whose hinges were no longer firm in the rotted wood, so that you had to lift sidewise to open or close it, which was a difficult trick at first, but one that we mastered.

I did protest to Mrs. Manks about the way the water wouldn't run out of the bathtub and the hand basin. She said, oh, yes, it had always been like that;

(Continued on page 48)



The children filled their arms with squirmy masses of caninity.

HE MAKES THE STARS SHINE

BY EDWARD HUTCHINGS, JR.

YOU may not know his name as well as Gable's or Garbo's or Garson's, but Howard Dietz is just as responsible as they are for getting you (and 79,999,999 other people) to go to the movies every week. More so, in fact, because he is partly responsible for Gable, Garbo, and Garson too.

Several years ago, when Dietz made his inevitable appearance as a guest expert on Information Please, he was introduced to the radio audience by Clifton Fadiman, the program's waggish master of ceremonies, as "the man with whom M-G-M is associated."

This mutual benefit association has been flourishing for twenty years now—or just as long as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has been in existence. Without his lively presence as the corporation's advertising and publicity chief, it's anybody's guess how well known M-G-M and its Gables, Garbos, and Garsons might be today. Without M-G-M, however, Dietz would still enjoy a very comfortable amount of fame as a wit, a song writer, and the creator of some of Broadway's most successful musical shows.

When you go to an M-G-M movie you're responding to the beckoning hand of Howard Dietz—press agent extraordinary and also playwright and wit

Howard Dietz is one of those rare people who are able to juggle two careers not only successfully but spectacularly. From 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. for the past twenty years he has been adding to the fortunes of M-G-M by building up its stars and luring paying customers into its pictures. From five on he has been adding to his own fortunes by turning out such smash Broadway musicals as The Little Show, Three's a Crowd, The Band Wagon, Flying Colors, Revenge with Music, At Home Abroad, and Between the Devil; and by writing the lyrics to such memorable tunes as Dancing in the Dark, Something to Remember You By, and I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan.

Though he has the title of M-G-M's Vice-President in charge of Advertising and Publicity, Dietz just calls himself a press-agent—and sometimes even a vice-presagent. He does not, however, fit in with any of the preconceived notions about the craft.

He has held the same job for twenty years—a record for any press agent, but more like a miracle for one in the movie business. His general attitude toward space-grabbing is more relaxed than rigorous. When he discovers a player whom he expects to go places on the screen, he shies away from advertising endorsements, cooking as a hobby, or any of the other timeworn gags. He lets the talent do the work, aiding and abetting it from a public point of view with professional reserve.

Dietz has had a hand in the public relations of several hundred high-voltage stars, running all the way from Lon Chaney, Marie Dressler, John Gilbert, and Jean Harlow down to Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, Spencer Tracy, Judy Garland, and Mickey Rooney. And there is no better testimonial to his nonaggressive policies than the fact that most M-G-M stars enjoy remarkably long screen lives. Prior to Pearl Harbor every star on the lot was developed by the company, not bought from another studio at the top of the market. And, with a few notable exceptions like Rosalind Russell, Norma Shearer, and Crawford, no star, once arrived, ever left the company.

In his personal as well as his professional life Dietz, forty-seven years old, is pretty much the antithesis of the "typical" motion-picture press agent. A sophisticated New Yorker (in the purest sense of the word), he goes to Hollywood just two or three times a year, to see the new M-G-M pictures and confer with his bosses, Louis B. Mayer and E. J. Mannix—whom he calls "the czars of all the rushes." He is married to an English heiress, Tanis Guinness ("is good for you") Montagu. In the winter the Dietzes live in a Life-with-Father house in Greenwich Village. Their summers are spent at fashionable Sand's Point, Long Island, in a house which Dietz designed himself—and almost forgot to put a staircase in. One of the famous Neshobe Island Club (limited to ten members, including the late Alexander Woollcott) who built a house on Lake Bomoseen, Vermont, his social life touches that of the George Kaufmans, Dorothy Parker, Bennett Cerf, Lillian Hellman, Moss Hart, S. N. Behrman, and Harpo Marx. Like the rest of the coterie fanning out from Woollcott, Dietz prides himself on his croquet. And since he took up golf only three summers ago and now occasionally breaks 80, he prides himself on that, too.

Addicted to parlor games, he is the inventor of a fast three-handed bridge game known as "Dietz." He also introduced an adaptation of charades, The Game, to this country. And his skill at anagrams is such that the first time he ever met Alexander Woollcott he bested the master at the game.

When Woollcott peevishly insisted that there was no such word as the one Dietz had selected, Dietz replied that there most certainly was.

Woollcott reared up with his full 250 pounds. "Are you trying to cross me?" he demanded.

"I wouldn't think of trying to do it without an alpenstock," said Dietz.

A NEW YORK CITY boy, Dietz went to Columbia University, working nights as a reporter on the New York American. A member of the famous class of 1917, he was in Columbia at the same time as Oscar Hammerstein II, Morrie Ryskind, M. Lincoln Schuster, Richard Simon, George Sokolsky, Otto Tolischus, Irwin Edman, Lorenz Hart, Merryle Rukeyser, and Silas F. Seadler, who now works with Dietz at M-G-M. While still in college he began to have some light verse published in F. P. A.'s Conning Tower column in the New York World, and in Don Marquis' Sun Dial in the New York Sun. But the first big money he ever earned was a $500 first prize in a college men's advertising contest conducted by Liggett & Myers. His entry was typically "smart"—a drawing of two men in evening clothes at a party. "Isn't this a stupid affair?" said one. "Do you think so?" the other replied. "Then have a Fatima."

In 1917 Dietz joined the Navy and spent the war at Hampton Roads, Virginia, where he edited the naval base magazine. He married Elizabeth Bigelow Hall, and tried free-lancing after the armistice, selling light verse to magazines like Life and Judge, and making as much as thirty-two dollars a week—in good weeks. Finally, having tried his hand at free-lance motion-picture publicity, he approached Sam Goldwyn for a job.

Goldwyn didn't have any jobs, but Dietz put a proposition up to him. If he could get Goldwyn's name in all the New York papers, could he go to work for him? It sounded like a safe bet to Goldwyn, so Dietz, using hotel stationery as a disguise, wrote letters to the editors of all the papers—sprinkling them liberally with references to Goldwyn. And because, even then, a Dietz letter was too good for an editor to pass up, he got the job. After a short apprenticeship he became Goldwyn's director of advertising and publicity when he was still under twenty-five.

Though Dietz has the greatest respect for Sam Goldwyn's talents, he was one of the originators of the famous Goldwynisms. He can, in fact, still dredge up new ones today, although his favorite is probably the story of the secretary who wanted to make more room in her office and so asked Goldwyn if she could throw out the files as of ten years back.

"O. K.," said Sam. "But keep copies."

In 1924, when Goldwyn was bought out by Metro and Mayer, Dietz went along to become director of advertising and publicity of the new company. He brought with him the trade-mark he had developed for Goldwyn Pictures—the roaring lion which is still the first character to appear in every M-G-M film.

Along with Leo the lion—which occurred to Dietz, incidentally, because the lion was the symbol of his alma mater, Columbia—Dietz gave M-G-M its hoity-toity motto, *Ars Gratia Artis.* This impressive Latin phrase, which few people have ever bothered to translate into Art for Art's Sake, was one of Dietz' first efforts to implant M-G-M in the public mind as the Class studio with a capital C. Latin scholars still crop up occasionally to complain that the phrase *should* be spelled *Ars Gratiae Artis,* but Dietz explains that he's sure *causa* and *gratia* take the ablative and dative—which is enough to confound even some Latin scholars. Meanwhile, of course, *Gratia* stays.

DESPITE this dignified beginning, some of Dietz' subsequent activities on behalf of M-G-M were more on the screwball side. For instance, when John Gilbert and Greta Garbo made a very free-hand version of Tolstoy's Anna Karenina in 1927, under the simple title Love, Dietz took the occasion to conduct some scientific tests at the Embassy Theater in New York to determine whether blondes or brunettes were "more susceptible to sex stimulus." This interesting experiment was run by a Columbia University professor, who applied systolic blood-pressure gauges to the arms of a bevy of beautiful blondes and brunettes while they watched some of the more superheated sequences from Love. (The blondes won, of course. After all, Garbo is no brunette.)

On a later occasion Dietz had an arc light put on top of the Capitol Theater in New York to project ads for M-G-M pictures on the clouds. This turned out to be highly successful, but was discontinued after a short time because on cloudless nights the light had a way of swinging around and projecting ads on the side of the Paramount Building down the street saying GO TO THE CAPITOL.

In the days when transcontinental

(*Continued on page 54*)

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Dietz with irrepressible Mickey Rooney.

WINGS OVER THE WORLD

BY DONALD W. DOUGLAS

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

A plane of the N. A. T. S. wings its way over snow-capped peaks near Dutch Harbor, bound for the Aleutian front.

THIS war will give us the planes of 1995 in 1945. But it isn't just in superior flying equipment that the war is preparing the way for great expansion in peacetime air commerce.

Landing fields, trained personnel, weather stations, and markets are just as important to the expansion of air commerce as are airplanes; and, due to the peculiar exigencies of this global war, we will have all these too.

Already we have a line of airfields leading from Maine through Labrador and Greenland to England; across Canada to Alaska and Siberia; from San Francisco down through the chain of Pacific islands to Australia and New Zealand; and from Florida across the South Atlantic to Africa, with branches to Cairo, Russia, India, and China.

Thus commercial aviation will have at its disposal after the war a worldwide network of landing fields which, but for the war, it might not have built for decades to come.

Take, for example, the airfields in Alaska. According to General George, chief of the ATC, "The engineering work done in building major arctic bases will make the construction of the Panama Canal look like small peanuts." And it is these arctic bases that are going to open a new phase of international aviation.

It happens that nearly one half of the earth's land surface—and by far the more productive half—lies in the north temperate zone. Which means that hundreds and even thousands of miles can be cut from traditional routes by flying directly across the top of the world. For instance, Chungking is some 12,000 miles from New York by land and water, and freight has to be transshipped from boat to rail at Canton and from rail to river boat at Hankow, requiring some two months' travel within the country. Using new arctic airfields, our C-54 could even now deliver some eight tons of cargo to Chungking in thirty-eight hours by the 7,655-mile air-line route "over the top."

Commercial aviation leap-frogs half a century ahead as global war demands the planes of 1995 today, hews giant short-cuts, turns wasteland to airfields

The war is not only creating the bases necessary to scheduled trans-arctic flights but is also responsible for a vast program of meteorological research without which polar aviation would not be practical. In some instances the Army has established weather bases in regions so remote that the crews have had to be dropped by parachute.

That's the picture in the far north, where the war has hewn short cuts across the icy wastes to the far side of the earth. In the tropics the war bases will not only provide alternate direct routes to distant lands but will also open up fabulously rich districts which have remained closed to civilizing influences because of transportation problems.

Take, for example, the chains of airfields built by Pan American Airways in Africa, as well as new lines opened or reorganized by the same company in South America; or take the bases that are being built in China, India, Australia, New Guinea, and the various South Pacific islands. And in the last named we should not forget those being created by our enemies as well as by our soldiers, sailors, and marines. Finally, there is the work the Soviets are doing in Siberia—about which little is known, but which we can assume is being executed on a major scale.

All these bases will combine to eliminate the last frontiers on this sphere and to open all virgin territories to settlement and development—and to commerce which will be air-borne.

Of equal if not greater importance are the many new fields and airports built right here at home, discussed in some detail in a recent Liberty article.

One of the first uses to which the Army put American transport and cargo planes was to help increase the production of war materials. Strategic materials, manufactured parts, and sub-assemblies were flown from factory to factory to keep production lines moving. This was a task that required the movement of some 3,000,000 pounds of freight per day by the end of the first year of war, whereas the prewar figure for air freight was only some 60,000 pounds per day for *all* domestic air lines.

This 5,000 per cent increase in airborne cargo necessitated a tremendous increase in airfields or airport facilities, which means an increase in postwar domestic air commerce facilities.

In order to utilize these vast war facilities to which commercial aviation will fall heir, there must be a tremendous increase in trained aviation personnel; and this, too, is being provided by the war.

According to official estimates, our Air Force will total 2,500,000 men by the end of the year. This not only means that an abundance of pilots and ground crews will be available for a postwar commercial air fleet of any size, but that such pilots and ground crews are receiving training in all parts of the globe.

Equally important is the experience in global aviation which air-line officials and employees are getting in their work with the Contract Cargo Division. Which means that, whereas it was previously a major project to put a branch air line into operation in a foreign country, domestic air-line officials are today becoming experts in operations in all parts of the globe.

WITH one exception, these are all the elements needed for a revolutionary increase in postwar commercial aviation. The missing element is business, and the groundwork for that has been laid in the creation of universal airmindedness.

World War II is an air war, and scarcely a day passes that the peoples of the United Nations do not see growing evidence of this fact. A million Americans are working to build planes and twice that number are flying them and keeping them in repair. Airplanes are the greatest single mechanical factor in our lives today.

It is true that the exploits of combat pilots are now getting most of the headlines. That is as it should be. But the public is commencing to hear more and more of the part that transport planes are playing, not only in rushing men and materials to the many fronts but also in evacuating our wounded to base hospitals. And still more will be heard of them as greater numbers of troop and cargo carriers get into action.

Moreover, when the last shot has been fired and combat planes are grounded, transport planes will play an important part in policing Axis countries. At the same time they will be pressed into service to rush to stricken peoples throughout the world the food and medicines which will mean the difference between life and death to hundreds of thousands. And, finally, in both official and private capacities they will be at the disposal of our allies in transporting materials which are basically essential to the restoration of ruined industries and the rehabilitation of their wrecked economies.

Depending on the length of the war, we may have transports of the B-19 size before it is ended. Experiments in that direction are being pursued by several aircraft companies. But the war has taught us that global air transportation does not have to wait for the development of massive planes. Those that we have right now can do the job. In fact, they have already done jobs that are little short of miraculous. Let's flash back to the early days of this war.

First Britain and later America entered the war with tremendous communications handicaps, each having to send huge forces halfway across the world and keep them supplied, despite enemy surface, subsurface, and air opposition. And to make the task more difficult, Britain very soon lost control of her "life line of empire" through the Mediterranean, as well as of her empire fortress at Singapore; whereas the United States on the day of its forced entrance into the conflict lost a major portion of the fleet which would have been used for escorting convoys to the Southwest Pacific battle front.

In these circumstances it was natural to draft commercial aviation into service. While cargo planes existed in numbers that were pathetically small in proportion to the task at hand, it had been proved that they could fly oceans with pay loads; and any transportation factor that would help even a little was important. So the Troop Carrier Command and the Air Transport Command came into being. Personnel and flying equipment of domestic air lines were pressed into service, and under Army direction commercial planes were given an opportunity to show just how much they could do.

The author, Donald W. Douglas, president of Douglas Aircraft Co.

U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES PHOTO

Natives gather round a transport bringing men and supplies to New Guinea.

We will take the performances of our company's planes as examples, both because they comprised the flying equipment of the 50th Transport Wing, as well as 90 per cent of the equipment of domestic air lines, and because they are the craft with which we are most familiar. These transports had been used exclusively as land transports, whereas the job at hand, at least according to tradition, required seaplanes. However, simply by the addition of supplementary fuel tanks these DC planes became blue-water sailors overnight, taking oceans as well as continents in their stride. And in the hands of intrepid Army pilots whose jobs were to get cargo to its destination, they were given an opportunity to show their maximum performance.

THE DC-3s had been limited by the Civil Aeronautics Authority to a maximum gross load of 25,200 pounds, meaning an average pay load of some 5,000 pounds. But under the exigencies of war Army pilots started increasing the gross load, building it up to 29,000, 30,000, and then 31,000 pounds. And finally a veteran Pan American pilot made two flights across the Atlantic and on to India with gross loads averaging 35,000 pounds.

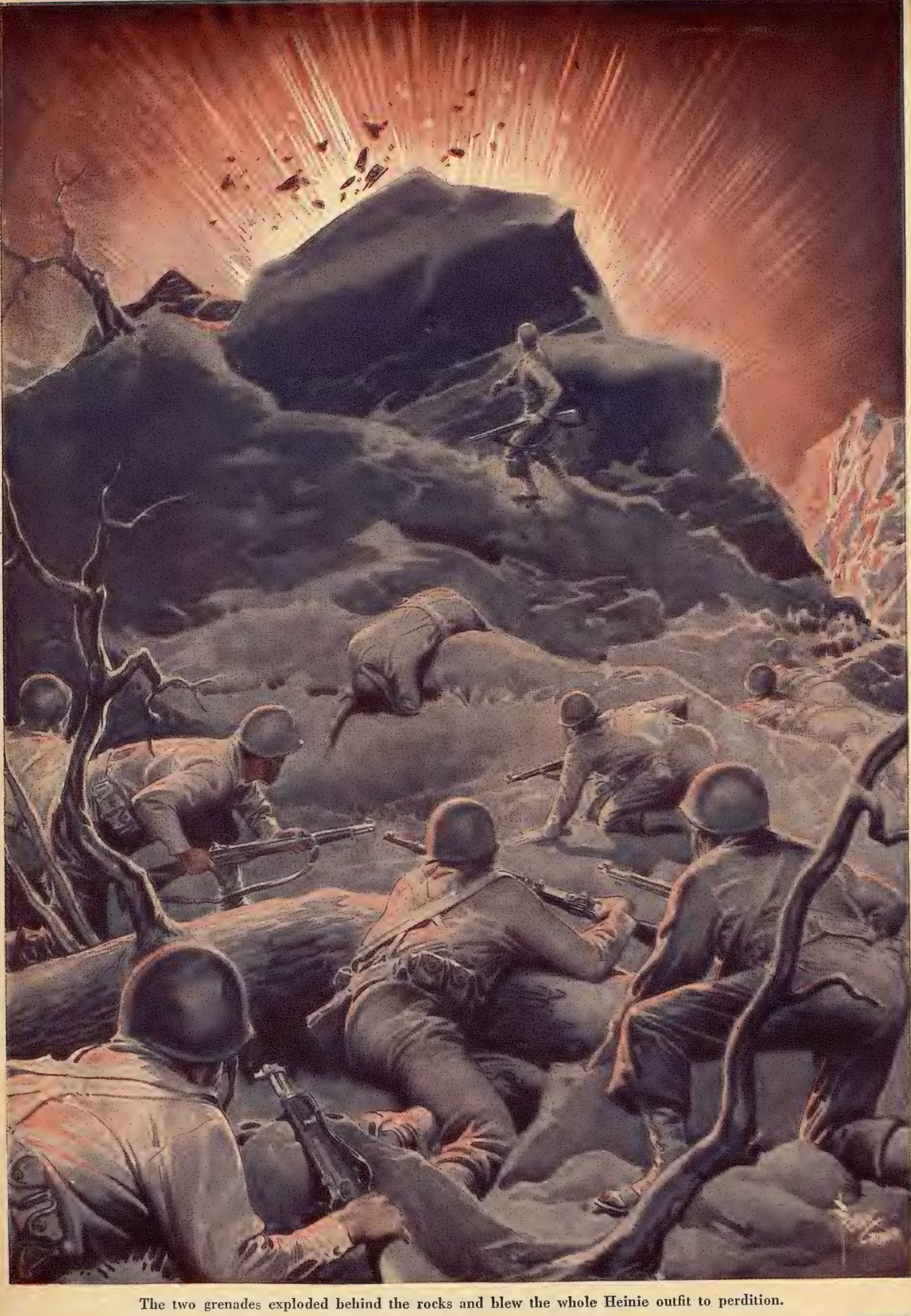
So these planes, which existed in hundreds before the outbreak of the war, provided ready-at-hand equipment for ocean-ferry service and were soon flying the oceans in all directions.

Then the Japanese cut the Burma Road, and the DC family, in the hands of C. N. A. C. and A. A. F. pilots, became the sole means of getting desperately needed supplies to our highly important and strategically located ally. And while the DCs were not built for high-altitude flying, these daring pilots proved that they could fly over the "top of the world."

Next came our thrust in the Southwest Pacific, and the Southwest Pacific Combat Air Transport Command, which was established with DC-3s, was credited with saving our forces on Guadalcanal on three separate occasions.

In the meantime Pan American, with the aid of DC transports, had completed its gigantic task of straddling Africa with airfields and had put into operation a scheduled air-line service across the continent with these same planes. At the same time, here at home the Contract Cargo Division of the Air

(*Continued on page 60*)



The two grenades exploded behind the rocks and blew the whole Heinie outfit to perdition.

DEBT TO AMERICA

He was a soldier under false pretenses, but he had an account to square. The compelling story of a debt that was paid off in full

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

WHAT gave us the tip-off on Shorty Kull was a bit of horseplay with a bottle of shampoo soap. It was the kind of perfumed stuff no self-respecting soldier would want to use, but Eddie Sloan got it in the mail from his aunt. He held it up, surprised and disgusted, while half a dozen of us in the squad room stood around and grinned. Elixir des Roses, it was called.

Shorty Kull was asleep at the time. That morning we'd had a fifteen-mile training march with full G. I. equipment, and it had left Shorty pretty tired. So when somebody said maybe we'd better see how Elixir des Roses worked on one of the boys before we threw it away, why, we looked around for a victim, and there was Shorty snoring on his bed, with his thin brown hair very inviting.

So we whipped up some shampoo suds in a tin basin and we went to work. The dousing must have hit Shorty like a nightmare. He woke with a yell and tried to fight, but four of us held him down while a couple more washed his head. The shampoo he got was the granddaddy of all shampoos. The only thing that finally made us quit was the way we were laughing. It left us weak. Shorty broke away and stumbled for water to get the soap out of his eyes and hair. We followed him, still laughing hard. But after he dried his head we saw something that made us stare. And we didn't laugh any more.

Mixed in with Shorty's brown hair was a lot of gray—silver-gray hair we'd never seen before.

WHEN he saw the way we were blinking at him, he looked into the shaving mirror quick. He got sort of white in the face. You could see fear jump into his eyes, and a prayer. He turned around. He sounded choked up and desperate. "Gee, fellers, you—you shouldn't have done that!"

Eddie Sloan asked, "What's the idea of the hair dye? You a spy or something?"

We'd known Shorty Kull for months. We'd had basic with him and special training. He was all right. A little older than the rest of us—in his middle thirties, I'd figured—but strictly O. K. Only now, with big patches of gray in his hair, he looked different. Maybe ten-fifteen years older. It gave me a queer feeling.

He spread his hands. "Give me a break, will you, fellers?" he whispered. "Don't pass this on to the sarge. Give a guy a break, will you?"

"That dye," Eddie Sloan said, "don't make any sense to me."

"It's no dye. A dye wouldn't have washed out. It's just a—a pencil I been using."

"What for? What *is* the idea?"

"I—I wanted to fight," Shorty said, kind of groaning. "I wanted to get into this scrap. They wouldn't have let me if they knew my age."

Eddie asked what made him so anxious to be a hero, and Shorty swallowed and wet his lips and rubbed his hands along the side of his pants. He was having a tough time talking. The words came out husky.

"My kid," he said. "The Nazis got him. Right at the start. So I—I sort of want to slug back at them." Then the prayer was in his eyes again. "Gee, fellers, give me a break, will you?"

We looked at each other, and then we all turned away, very quiet. Eddie Sloan patted Shorty's shoulder and said, "Sure, pop, sure. If that's the way you want it, I guess it's O. K. with us." We watched, not saying anything, while Shorty got something out of his foot locker that looked like a lipstick, only it was brown. He stood in front of the shaving mirror and ran the thing over his hair and rubbed it in with his hand, and soon there was no more gray hair.

You feel different about a guy whose kid has got it. You want to *help* him hit back, I guess. That's why we all buttoned our lips and tried to forget about Shorty's age.

He came to Africa with us, and to Sicily, but he didn't get much chance to fight the Nazi there. We never even saw a German while we were herding back those grinning Italian prisoners. But things changed quick when we pushed across the water for a landing on the mainland, near Salerno. The Heinies were there to meet us, all right. Plenty of them. And did they give us a reception? Well, look back over your old newspapers.

By the time our outfit got ashore in the middle of the night, the beach was American, though Nazi shells were still falling on it now and then. And some of the roads leading off along the coast were still in Nazi hands. Just a few of their soldiers could hold such a road till their tanks poured down it, so details of our guys were sent off to do some mopping up. Our sergeant picked twenty of us, and we started away in the night.

I walked behind Shorty Kull and ahead of Eddie Sloan, single file. We didn't talk. We just gripped our Garands and kept our eyes on the road. It was narrow, with a steep embankment going up on one side and a steep drop on the other. For a couple of miles we didn't run into any Germans at all. But my heart banged plenty.

Then we came around a bend, and there were rocks ahead, and from behind the rocks a nest of machine guns began to spit flame and pour it into us. I never dived so fast in my life. We all went down, behind anything we could find. How many of our guys were hit, I didn't know. I lay flat. When the German fire died down, I knew we couldn't try to rush the place. They'd blast us to hell.

The sergeant swore. He muttered, "Looks like somebody's going to have to wriggle up the embankment and toss a couple of grenades."

He'd hardly got the words out when Shorty Kull whispered, "Let me go, sarge! I been waiting for a chance like this. Let *me* go!"

He didn't even wait for an O. K. He was already squirming up into the brush on the embankment like a lizard. There were some logs and a lot of bushes to keep him covered, and he was small enough to get behind things that wouldn't have hidden anybody else.

We watched him till he disappeared. Then, for maybe twenty minutes, there was dead silence. We waited, ready to go.

SHORTY and the Nazis must have spotted each other at about the same second, because the machine guns were spattering lead all over the embankment when the two grenades exploded behind the rocks and blew the whole Heinie outfit to perdition.

We made our dash. We didn't have any trouble taking command of the road. Not against dead men.

Then the sergeant and Eddie and me, we climbed up the embankment fast to hunt for Shorty. We found him, all right, with half a dozen bullets in his body and his face all bloody. But he grinned at us. "I owed 'em that," he whispered, kind of hoarse. "I sure owed 'em that for my kid. . . ."

Couple of days later Eddie and I got a chance to go see Shorty in the field hospital. He was waiting for a hospital plane to take him away. We stood next to his cot, and I wondered if his gray hair was showing under the bandages.

"You got twelve of 'em, pop," Eddie said. "You sure paid 'em back."

Shorty closed his eyes and nodded. "I feel good about it," he said in a weak voice. "Real good. I got nothing to be ashamed about any more. I guess I made up for my kid."

Eddie and I looked at each other in surprise. Shorty sounded as if he was fuzzy in the head. Then Eddie asked, "What's there to be ashamed of if the Nazis got your kid?"

Shorty gave us a long look, very thoughtful. Then he turned his head away.

"They didn't kill my kid," he said. "They got him in a different way. He—he was one of them Nazi spies the F. B. I. rounded up last year. *That's* what they did to him!"

THE END

TO TOKYO, DAMMIT

From India to Tokyo! It's a terrific row to hoe. A dashing Briton gets the assignment, and a military expert tells what lies ahead

BY MAJOR PAUL C. RABORG

"THE retreat stops here." Those prophetic words were spoken by Major General Louis H. Brereton, United States Army Air Forces, as he climbed out of a bomber at New Delhi, India, early in 1942.

General Brereton had been ordered by General MacArthur to withdraw from the Philippines to Java with what was left of his air force. From Java he had been directed to retreat again to India.

"The retreat stops here." And the retreat did stop there. Some weeks after that first adamant statement, one of his men asked, "Where do we go from here?" And General Brereton replied, "To Tokyo, dammit."

From India to Tokyo! Few people have grasped the difficulties involved in such an offensive. But the confirmation of General Brereton's statement came about the middle of June, 1943, when the British government announced the formation in India of the separate East Asia Command, an organization set up for offensive action against Japan.

"To Tokyo, dammit," brings forth immediately the very natural question of how the Allies will reach Japan. In considering this problem, it is best to view first the tremendous reservoir of war strength that has been built up in India.

Besides the British development of the huge potential of India's natural resources, the United States and Great Britain have been pouring war materiel and supplies, particularly airplanes, their technicians and their war-operation necessities, into that country.

India has a population of 388,800,000. One person out of every five in the world is an Indian. The largest single steel plant in the British Commonwealth is the Tata Steel and Iron Works of India. The country has the biggest irrigation system in the world; 53,730,000 acres are under sure irrigation—twenty-two times the acreage irrigated in the United States under federal projects. India has 41,134 miles of railroads in operation.

When the war began, there were only 170,000 Indian troops. Today, exclusive of 300,000 soldiers serving abroad, the Indian Army numbers 1,250,000 well trained men completely equipped with modern armaments. All of the armed services are recruited by voluntary enlistments. The average monthly rate of enlistment has been 50,000 men, with a peak of 70,000. However, enlistment is totally regulated by the amount of equipment available.

In September, 1939, the Indian Navy consisted of perhaps a dozen small ships. Today it has more than 300 fighting vessels. The Royal Indian Navy served with distinction and gallantry in the East African campaign; it fought in the Battle of the Atlantic and in the Java Sea. More recently units of India's Navy took part in the invasion of Sicily. All shipyards in India are working to capacity building corvettes, mine sweepers, and patrol boats vital to anti-submarine warfare, and more than 4,000 vessels have been repaired and refitted.

In 1939 the Indian Air Force consisted of one squadron. Today there are ten fighter squadrons. India is producing 90 per cent of her own war equipment. Her output of shells in April, 1942, was 433 per cent greater than that of June, 1940. She is making uniforms at the rate of 5,000,000 a year and is manufacturing Army blankets for the entire Middle East.

THE Indians traditionally have been unexcelled warriors. An outstanding example of their ability to fight is the Fourth Indian Division, which has performed such heroic feats in General Bernard Law Montgomery's Eighth British Army. By the winter of 1942 the Fourth Indian Division had suffered 100 per cent casualties and it had captured 100,000 prisoners. At El Alamein, in November, 1942, one of the brigades of the Fourth Indian Division opened a path for British armor and thus started the final turning of the tide of battle against Rommel. Then, when Montgomery's army was stopped by the Mareth defenses in Tunisia, again that valiant division led and smashed through. As its crowning glory in the African campaign, the Fourth Division captured the German commander, General Jurgen von Arnim, in Tunisia.

The greatest single element making for the success or failure of any battle action is the leader of it.

On August 25, 1943, the war lords of Japan must have visioned an approaching doom. On that day, during the Quebec Conference, it was announced that the dashing and colorful forty-three-year-old Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten had been made commander in chief of the East Asia Command. That was the signal that the British Empire was about to participate in full with the United States in a war to a finish against the Japs.

No senior officer in the present war has seen more real naval action than six-foot-four Louis Mountbatten. In World War I, as a midshipman on Admiral Beatty's flagship, he served in the Battle of Jutland, and he is perhaps the youngest officer in the British Navy who can claim to have done so.

He is probably the one man on active duty in the armed forces of the democracies who holds rank in all services. Besides being a vice-admiral, he is an honorary lieutenant general of the British Army and an honorary vice-air marshal of the Royal Air Force.

Mountbatten is beloved by all his men. He will ask of them nothing that he will not do himself. Though a strict disciplinarian, he is human and fair—the father and the friend of his command. He has unbounded enthusiasm and physical energy that knows no limitation. His driving power never slackens. And he is without doubt one of the most expert strategists of this war. In short, a great leader.

He stands for the highest type of courage. In 1939, while he was in command of a British destroyer, his ship struck a mine and was badly damaged, but managed to make port. After she was repaired he took her back into combat. In 1940 the destroyer was hit by an enemy torpedo and so badly ripped open that the squadron's senior officer ordered Lord Louis to abandon her, for sinking. Lord Louis refused and once more brought her home for rebuilding.

On May 23, 1941, during the British Navy's desperate efforts to assist—with no air cover—the British and Greek troops which had retired to the island of Crete, his destroyer was sunk. The then Commander Mountbatten stood gallantly on her bridge and went down with her into the waters of the blue Mediterranean. For several days he was reported missing—but another destroyer of his flotilla had rescued him.

In April of 1942 it was announced that he had been made Chief of British "Combined Operations"—meaning British "Commandos." Combined Operations, co-ordinated offensive action by the armed units of the land, sea, and air, is certain to be the backbone of the Allied attacks against the barbaric Japs—and no officer of the United Nations has devoted more study to combined attack, or had more actual experience in it, than Lord Mountbatten.

From a destroyer he commanded the bloody raid at Dieppe. General Eisenhower stated that he was greatly indebted to Vice-Admiral Mountbatten for assistance in the successful landing operations in northwest Africa of the Anglo-American expedition of November, 1942.

This new war out of India in the Far East is very different from the combat conditions in other global areas. India and China have limitless manpower. Along with the gigantic task of recapturing Burma, Malaya, Thailand, and French Indo-China, there is the great need to get airplanes, gasoline, war machines, ammunition, and supplies to China. Therefore the problem resolves itself into a matter of roads of approach as well as transport and transportation routes out of and into two countries with the most difficult terrain in the world and the fewest facilities of exit and entrance.

IN the entire Far Eastern area, gasoline and oil have been the scarcest of all vitally necessary war commodities. Practically every ounce used has been shipped from the Western Hemisphere by tanker. Now the Mediterranean and Red seas are open to water traffic. The British Fleet has been freed from sentry duty over the Italian warships. Royal Navy and Allied naval units have seized complete control over the Arabian Sea, the western part of the Indian Ocean, and the western three quarters of the Bay of Bengal—so oil and gasoline for the area can now be shipped to India by water from Iraq, Iran, and the Caucasus.

The great Himalayas border India entirely on the north and northeast. Much of those mountains is covered with jungle forest growth. There are no highways of size or railroads through them. There has never been a road or a railway connecting Burma with India. The country is so difficult that in the past sea transportation has been faster and cheaper.

The monsoons, periodical winds with tropical rains, prevail in summer. During that time military operations are practically impossible. The dry season, lasting throughout the fall and winter, commences late in September or October.

Today many supplies are being flown out of India over the Himalayas to China.

It has been authoritatively reported that American engineers with Indian and Chinese labor are now literally hacking a new road from the Assam country in India over the mountains and through the jungles to and through northern Burma and it has been said that the highway is an invasion route.

It is known that in 1942 China, with the assistance of the United States, had started the construction of a railroad from Lashio, Burma, to Kunming, China. That would have cut out a great V from the Burma Road, very considerably shortening the distances and making rail communications continuous from Rangoon, Burma, to Kunming, which was also the terminus of the French Indo-China railroad out of Haiphong through Hanoi to China.

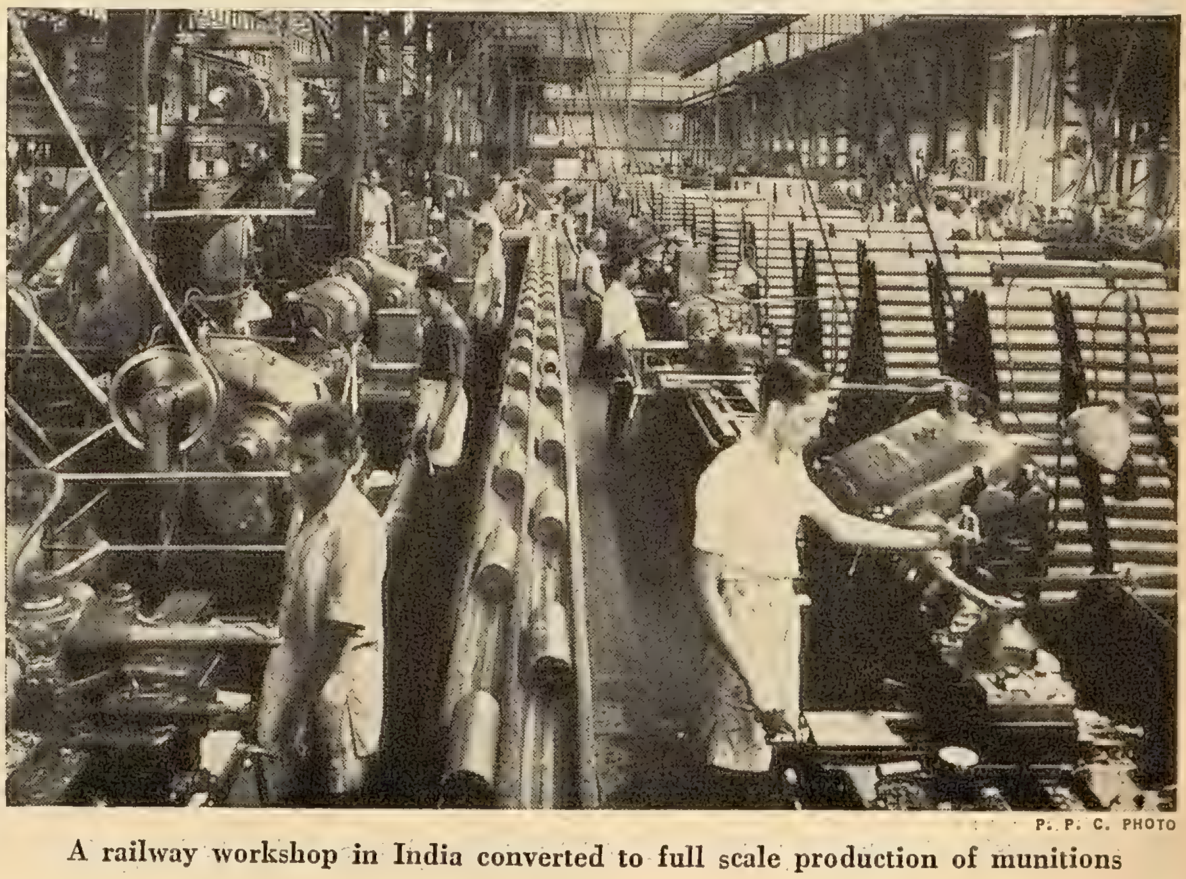
(Continued on page 58)

ACME PHOTO

Lord Mountbatten (right) is greeted in New Delhi by Maj. Gen. George Stratemeyer.

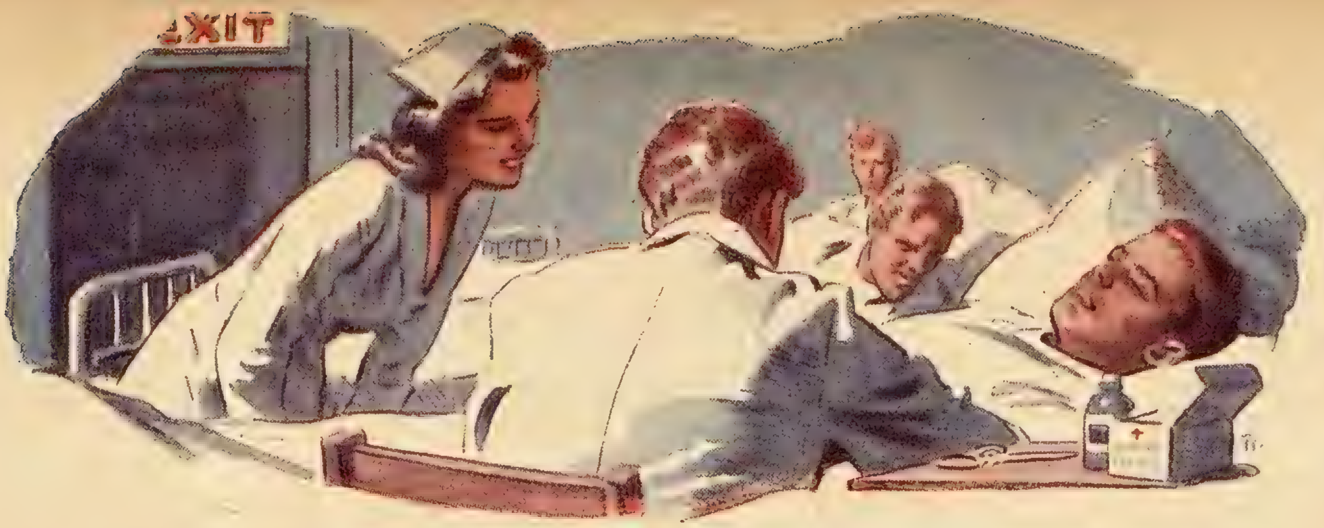
BRITISH COMBINE PHOTO

These men, led by Brig. Gen. Wingate, went 170 miles beyond the Jap lines in Burma.



P. P. C. PHOTO

A railway workshop in India converted to full scale production of munitions



The sharp, sweet torment of working with Hocky.

CLOWNS SOMETIMES CRY

Whenever romance seemed about to bloom for Pat, she withered it with a wisecrack, until one day death stalked the wards and only her quick wit averted tragedy

BY MARTHA PREWITT

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

THE new list of nurses alerted for overseas duty was out. Pat's name wasn't on it. She was so sick with disappointment it was like a physical pain.

"Tough luck, kid," her roommate sympathized.

Pat managed a one-sided grin. "The War Department's being kind. I get seasick."

"I don't see *why* you aren't on it."

Pat shrugged. "It's Martin, I think. She loathes me."

"She's jealous of you! You're more popular with the patients on the ward and with Major Hockaday, too."

"My pal!" Pat said, but the grin came harder this time. Not even her roommate knew that her popularity with Major Hockaday had undergone an eclipse. All she got from him now was the busy signal—which was why she wanted to go overseas about ten times as much as before. It was tough seeing him every day—across a gulf. It'd be better to be in a new place, working so hard she could drop in bed too exhausted to remember. "I'm going to have it out with Martin when I go on duty tomorrow," she added.

"Better skip it. Martin's an old sorehead."

But Pat couldn't skip it. It meant too much to her. She got her chance to speak next morning when she went to pick up the thermometer tray for ten-o'clock temperatures. Miss Martin was alone at the desk. She wore gold lieutenant bars just like Pat's on her white uniform, but on her cap the black velvet ribbon of a charge nurse set her above hoi polloi. She glanced at Pat over her pince-nez, her thin acid face showing disapproval.

Pat took a deep breath and plunged: "I put in months ago for foreign service. I don't get it. I think you're blocking it. Why?"

Miss Martin's gray eyes held glinty pin points of steel. "I don't make up those lists, Miss Nevill, though frankly, when asked, I said you hardly were fitted for that sort of duty. You haven't the right attitude for *serious* nursing, and I doubt if you could stand up under privation and danger."

Pat, remembering some of the punishment she'd taken on camping trips with her stalwart brothers, thought differently, but nothing she could say was going to impress Martin. Her roommate had been right. Maybe, she thought, trying to piece out a silver lining, if I toe the line sedately enough, she'll change.

"Yes, Miss Martin," she forced out.

"Another thing, Miss Nevill"—the pince-nez glittered coldly—"you're not to do any more—floor shows—for the ward."

Pat's eyes widened indignantly. "But my clowning cheers them up! They like it!"

"Certainly they like it," Miss Martin conceded, inferring subtly that drug addicts also like morphine, "but it is not dignified."

Pat knew when she was licked. "Yes, Miss Martin."

She picked up the tray and walked off proudly, small dark head held high, but inwardly she boiled with a new sense of injustice. What harm was there in taking off Carmen Miranda for the boys? Pat was like the South American dancer, small and vivid and brunette, and she'd learned some south-of-the-border songs, delivering them in a husky contralto, rolling her huge black eyes. The ward howled with delight when she did it, and anything that cheered them up was to the good, no matter what Martin said. Still, in the Army, orders are orders, so Carmen was out!

She halted in the doorway of the big ward and surveyed its mid-morning lethargy. In the corner bed the prisoner, a country boy who'd staged an unofficial back-to-the-farm movement and been brought in with a broken ankle, napped comfortably while his sunburned guard stood enviously by, rifle in hand. Beyond him a cherub-faced corporal dozed with his mouth open, and a man with a bandaged eye pored over the funnies. Adam Porter, whose left elbow had been shattered in the Solomons, lay on his back staring at the ceiling, and the kid Jenkins moved restlessly, trying to get away from pain.

"Hi, sleeping beauties," Pat greeted them, "time for temps."

They turned expectantly toward her. She was a high favorite with them, not only because of her skill but for her easy, wise-cracking chatter. Pat, born the only girl in a family of five boys, had learned early that a good gag turneth away wrath and had developed a technique for it. It helped in nursing a bunch of homesick boys. She'd also found—recently, since Major Hockaday went impersonal on her—that it could cover up the flutterings of a heart which, if not broken, was certainly badly bent.

HOCKY—she hardly dared call him that any more—was the ward surgeon. He'd been on the brink of falling in love with Pat, but he'd retreated. She knew why. He'd crawled back into his shell because of a gag she'd made, not meaning it the way he took it. He was too sensitive, but he couldn't help it, any more than she could help wise-cracking.

She went first to the kid Jenkins, whose bandaged hands rested on his chest. "Hi, Gold Brick," she said, but gently, and slipped the thermometer carefully between his lips.

Next she had to shake the prisoner to rouse him. "Bet you wish *you'd* gone over the hill," she said to the guard, and the ward chuckled. They laughed at anything Pat said, and laughter was good for them.

When she reached Adam Porter, she exercised caution. She was worried about this lanky youth with the straight black brows and the stormy discontented eyes. He'd been in bad shape from malaria when the bomb fragment got his elbow. His recovery had been slow, and he wasn't the patient type. There was a desperate childish violence to his moods of late. Pat recognized the stuff of which maniacs are made. She realized that she must be on her guard with him. It wasn't safe to take chances with a patient whose mental state was so unpredictable.

She handed him the thermometer deftly, for he had a trick of trying to hold her hand. He turned away from her this time, saying roughly, "What does it prove—taking my temperature? I'm not sick. I'm a cripple!"

"Cheer up. Maybe you'll get sick. Anyway we have to stick to regulations. The Army says thou shalt have thy temperature took. Here, Adam, be a good boy."

He flopped over impatiently. "*You* don't care whether I'm crippled or not!"

She raised a humorous eyebrow at him. "What do you expect me to do—go around flying at half mast for you?"

As she went on to the next bed, his sullen voice followed her: "Why don't you do your Spanish stuff for us any more? Busy mooning over that little interne James?"

She ignored the reference to Bill James. "No can do. Miss Martin guarantees to scalp me if I put on any more shows. She says I'm not dignified." With that, Pat stalked forward, holding the tray at an exact angle, lips pursed in such a good imitation of the charge nurse that the ward cheered, even Jenkins smiling wanly.

AND that was where Major Hockaday came in.

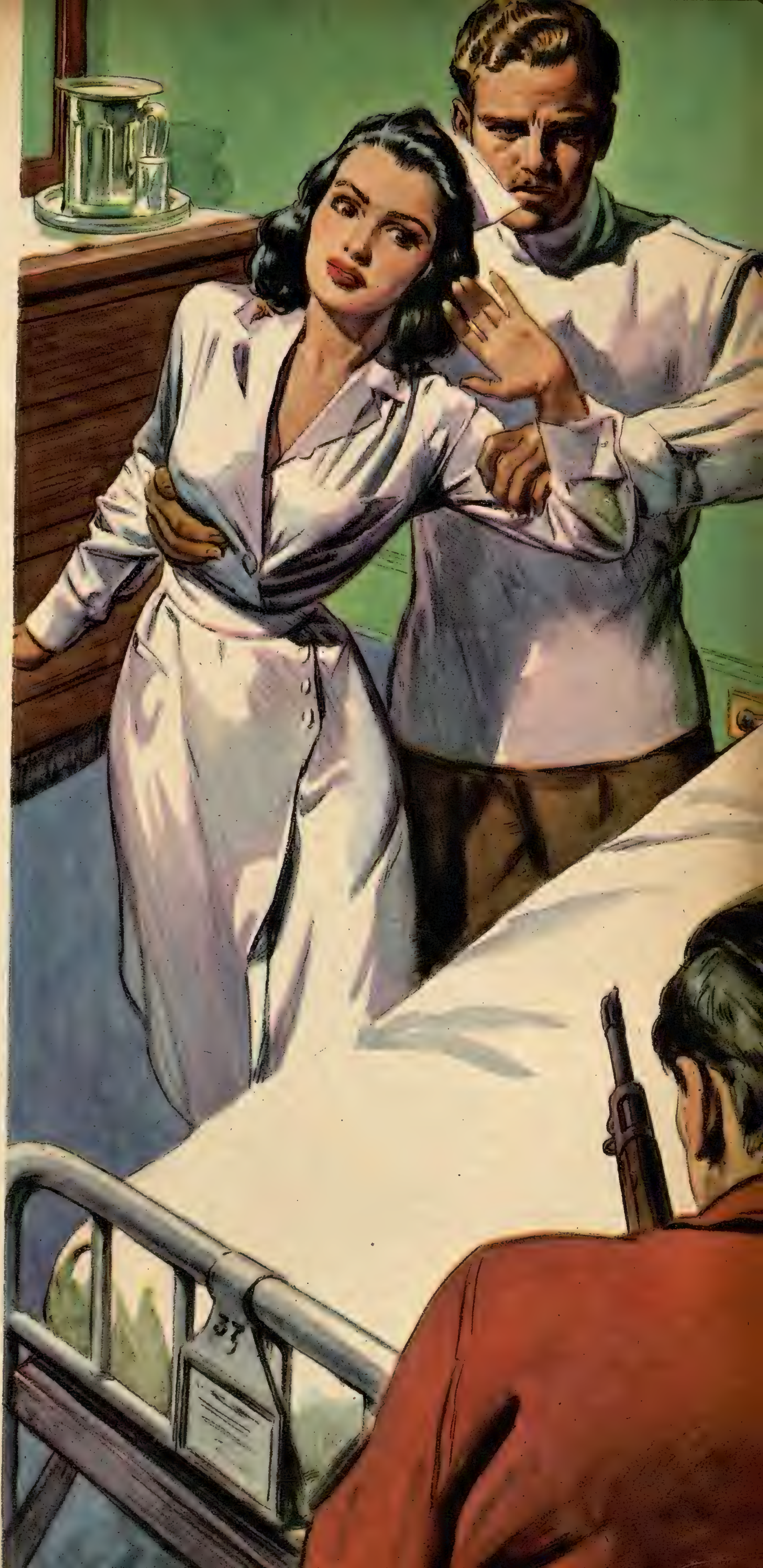
He didn't frown, but Pat could feel his disapproval, as she could sense so many things about him. He wasn't handsome, but there was strength and steadiness in his face. There was another quality there, too, an intangible sadness, or perhaps loneliness. To Pat he was like the little strange boy who comes to a birthday party, wanting to play, but fear and shyness keeping him tortured in his corner. Pat yearned to comfort him, but the little boy wouldn't let her.

She knew that his life hadn't been an easy one. Lack of funds—he'd worked his way through college—and then as a kid he'd stuttered. The other children had been pretty brutal about that. It had developed in him a defensive attitude toward the world. He'd known none of Pat's comfortable happy-go-lucky upbringing. He didn't understand anybody who met life gaily. All this Pat knew, but she didn't see why a bridge couldn't be made for two people so opposite to meet on. The trouble, of course, lay in the fact that all the construction work was on her side of the gap now.

She remembered the brief time when this had been otherwise—the night last spring when she and Hocky had taken a walk down the moon-drenched hillside to the banks of the little river. They'd talk seriously for once, Hocky expanding to her as never before, speaking simply of his life. And then, quite unexpectedly, he had kissed her. A real he-man kiss, but delivered awkwardly, as if it were out of his regular line.

Pat hadn't been prepared for the way that kiss affected her. His very awkwardness made it the sweeter. She heard bells ringing and birds singing and all the phenomena that go with the first kiss from somebody that counts. She wanted to swoon in maidenly fragility against his chest, to cling to him and ask for another. But when a man kisses you, it's not smart to fall instantly at his feet—that's Rule 1 in any woman's book.

(*Continued on page 62*)



Bill said, "Put that gun down, you fool!" Pat tried to stiffen her knees.

Fifty-seven perfect games for Joe Falcaro.

SET 'EM UP IN THE OTHER ALLEY

More Americans than ever before are finding bowling right down their alley. It's one sport the war hasn't dimmed out

BY BILL STERN

NBC Director of Sports

QUICKLY, now—what American sport actually has been helped by the war? The war has put a crimp into almost every form of athletic endeavor you can think of—baseball, football, hockey, golf, tennis, and on and on—but there *is* one it has made the country's number one participant game by a wide margin.

Don't all shout the answer at once. Yes—it's bowling, and more people are bowling today than ever bowled before. More than 16,000,000 Americans are spilling pins on alleys from coast to coast.

How come? What about the thousands of bowlers who have joined the armed forces? What about the terrific pressure of war work on the home front that cuts into peacetime leisure? Those two questions are answers in themselves. As to the bowlers in the armed forces, right now the biggest bowling proprietor in the country is your Uncle Samuel himself. He manages more than 2,000 alleys at Army, Navy, Marine, and Coast Guard stations, and bowling has become one of the most popular on-post recreations. They're even doing it up in Iceland.

The war factory is another answer. Bowling is far and away the favorite recreation of war workers. Most plants have leagues, and many of the new ones have built their own alleys. At last reports the Chrysler Motor Corporation of Detroit, for example, had 725 teams winging at the wood, with more teams being organized. The Employees Club of the Lockheed aircraft works at Burbank, California, estimates that Lockheed workers reported for a million and a half man-hours of recreation last year, and bowling accounted for three times as much as any other off-hour activity.

But whoa up a minute. There seem to be rustlings in the back of the hall. It might be just as well to point out now that this modern American alley game of bowling takes more than one form. The American Bowling Congress, for example, is concerned only with the "game of American tenpins" —also known as the big-pin game and the big-ball game. It's far and away the most widely played of the tenpin games, but there are others and they have their thousands of frenetic followers.

Duckpin bowling, for example, came into being about thirty-five years ago and enjoys growing popularity in both the East and the West. Small balls and small pins are used, the squatty pins getting their name from their resemblance to decoys on a pond. The National Duck-Pin Bowling Congress was formed in 1927 and rolled its first national tournament the next year. Scores are lower than in big pins. Eddie Funaro of New Haven, Connecticut, set a record for a single game in 1941 with a 239.

Duckpins are popular in New England, but New Englanders have another game they like—candlepins. Boston is its particular hotbed. The pins are slender, somewhat cigar-shaped, bulging in the midriff and tapering toward the ends. Three small balls are used and the deadwood is allowed to lie in the alleys until the box has been rolled. Even with this driftwood to shoot at as an added target, the scores are low. The candlepin bowler who rolls a season's average of 100 is considered fairly hot stuff. The fellow who unwinds a string of 150 occasionally can wear egg on his vest and still be received in the best circles—and from there on it gets harder by the minute.

Followers of these three leading varieties of pin-busting have one trait in common. Asked for his opinion on the relative merits of the three games, any given bowler, no matter what his allegiance, will shriek (ungrammatically, out of sheer indignation): "There ain't no science in them two games! They're just baloney luck! Now, my game—*that* takes skill and practice, not to mention—" And so on.

But the big brother is the game of tenpins, the especial province of the American Bowling Congress. The ABC, as it's called, held its first national championship tournament at Chicago in 1901, and its last at Columbus, Ohio, in the spring of 1942.

The champions crowned in 1942—singles, doubles, all-event, and five-man teams—in all probability will retain their titles until the war is over, because in December of 1942 the ABC decided to suspend its national tournament in view of transportation and allied difficulties. The duration singles champion is John Stanley of Cleveland, Ohio, who rolled games of 258, 253, 245 for a 756, second highest singles total in all forty-two ABC national tournaments so far held. (Larry Shotwell of Covington, Kentucky, holds the tournament record with a 774, bowled at Cleveland in 1930.) The coveted all-events crown, for the highest combination singles, doubles, and five-man team score, is the proud possession of Tod Moskal of Saginaw, Michigan. It's tantamount to the world championship and Tod won it at Columbus with a 663 in the singles, a 711 in doubles, and a 599 in the five-man event. That all adds up to 1,973.

Bowling is strictly an amateur event with the ABC. There were approximately 30,000 competitors at Columbus, and all paid their own fares, living expenses, and entry fees. The last-named are five dollars per event; if a man enters, say, the singles, doubles, and five-man team events, his fee would be $15. That five bucks seems like an insignificant sum, but when you multiply it by 30,000 plus multiple entries you've really got something, and the proceeds pay for alleys, tips for pin boys, and prizes—$254,000 worth in the 1942 tournament.

Although the ABC's national tournament was called off this year, thousands

Tony Twinkle Watts boasts an average of 140.

Mrs. Floretta McCutcheon, a beginner at 35, has rolled ten 300s.

of league, city, and state tournaments are being conducted as usual—or, rather, better than usual, because there are more ABC sanctioned leagues in action today than ever before. These are run off just like the nationals, except on a smaller scale, on ABC sanctioned alleys and with an ABC representative on hand. All conditions, rules of play, balls, pins, length, width, and surfaces of alleys, and setting devices, must conform to the rigid specifications of the Bowling Congress. Even the owner of a bowling alley is investigated before the ABC will give his plant a clean bill of health.

ONE reason for the popularity of tenpins undoubtedly is that perfection is possible. The duckpin and candlepin bowler doesn't expect to roll a perfect 300 game—twelve straight strikes, every ball knocking down all ten pins—but the tenpin addict knows it has been done and always hopes. Of course, to even the better-than-average bowler, the 300 game is just a dream, like thirteen spades in bridge, an ace in golf, and roast beef for dinner on four consecutive Sundays. And that brings us up to Joe Falcaro—although not really, because nobody quite comes up to Joe Falcaro. A 300 game? Just another order of ham and eggs. Joe has rolled fifty-seven of them. Fifty-seven perfect games! You can find him at Joe Falcaro's Recreation alleys in New York. Drop in on him sometime and stare at him with your mouth adroop. When Joe bowls, the pins play a rataplan on the alleys.

He wasn't much bigger than a tenpin when he started unloading the big ball on the wood—eight years old—and it was always a toss-up whether Joe would throw the ball or the ball throw Joe. He was fourteen when he scored his first perfect game, and now at forty-eight he stands unchallenged as the doggonedest 300 man in existence. In the season of 1941-42 the Coca-Cola Bottling Company of New York contracted to pay him a $1,000 war bond for every 300 game he chalked up while decked out in the company's jersey. Joe worked the pins like a bargain-basement cash register for five 300s and five $1,000s. Talk about your *grand* slams!

But Falcaro has never bowled a perfect game in a national ABC tournament. In fact, only nine men have achieved 300 games in the forty-two big championships the Congress has held since 1901. Thirteen years passed before any one hit the jack pot. Then Billy Knox of Philadelphia did it in 1913 at Toledo. William Hoar of Chicago became the ninth man to knock the maples for a perfect loop—in all divisions, remember—when he came up out of the woodpile with a 300 in the 1941 tournament at St. Paul. What better proof of the terrific pressure of big-time competition?

They'll unravel yarns for you by the hour, these bowlers. There was the fabulous Sid Sherman of Toledo who rolled a 300 game with his right hand, and then came right back and rolled another 300 with his left hand. No, they won't go so far as to say Sid bowled a 300 no hands. And how about poor Pat Hughes, who slammed out thirteen straight strikes in one game at Bayonne, New Jersey, in 1934, yet scored only a 290? Hughes rolled a strike on his first delivery, but fouled and lost the pins. He also knocked down all ten pins on his next ball, but, of course, was credited only with a spare in that first frame. Thereupon he struck out, yet missed a perfect game by ten pins because of the initial foul. And you need only twelve strikes to hit the jack pot! Hughes has never rolled another ball since that day.

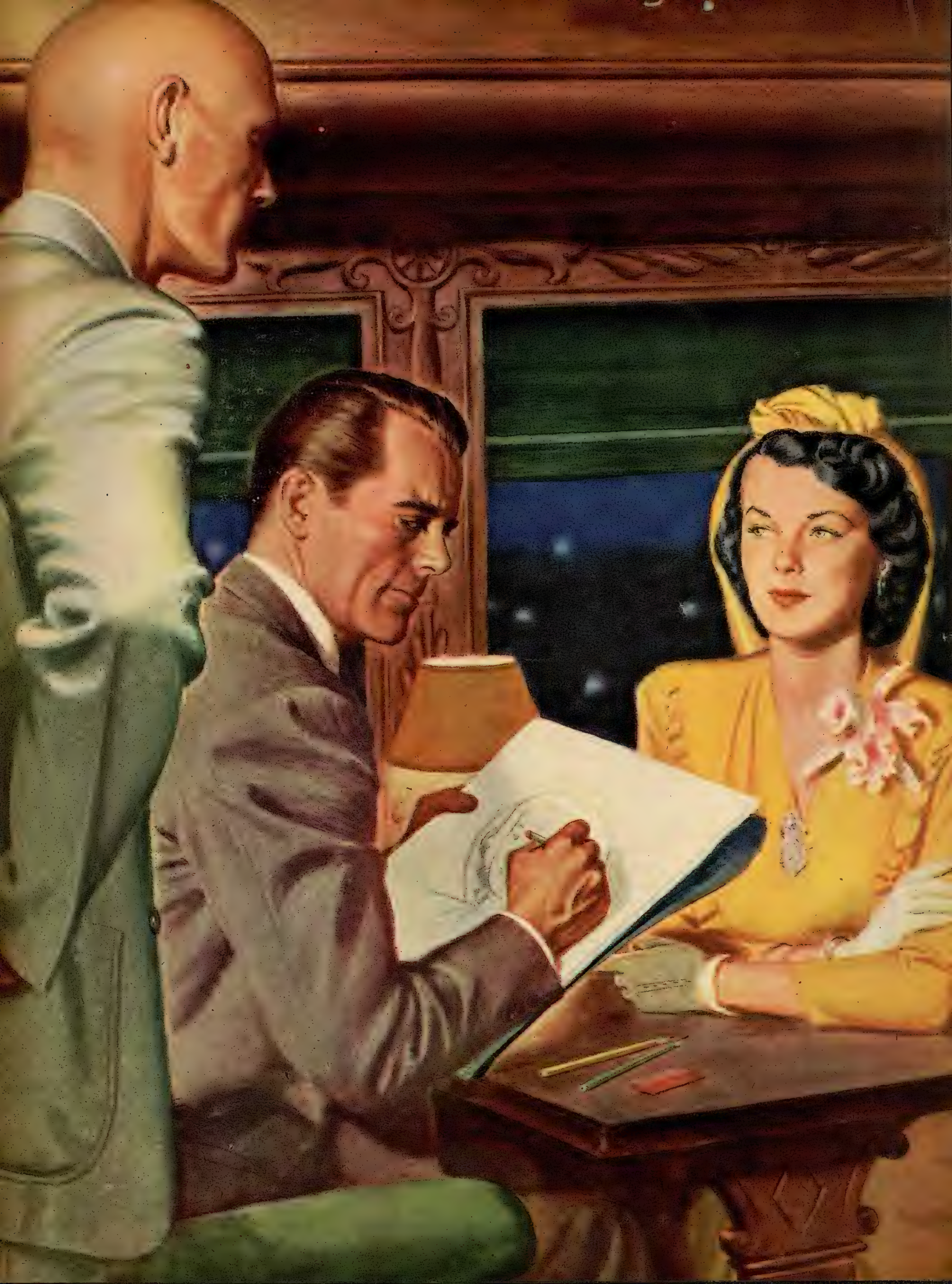
The Billy Knox mentioned above once rolled a perfect game "blind." Knox was a "spot" bowler; that is, he didn't draw a bead on the pins themselves but picked out a spot near the foul line and released his ball always just at that point. On this occasion a curtain was hung over the alley so that Billy couldn't see the pins even if tempted to steal a peek—and forthwith he struck out on twelve balls. (To strike out in bowling, Groverton, is *good;* you're confusing this with baseball.)

Then there was John "Count" Gengler of Luxemburg, Iowa. The Count's pitch was to bet any one anything from a gold tooth to a gold mine that he could roll a 250 at any time just like that. Then he would set himself carefully at the foul line and bowl the entire game without once moving his feet, having some one hand him the ball for every delivery. Seldom did he come away without his 250—and plenty of jingle-jangle.

NOT all the tricks were as simply homespun as this in the unchastened days of tenpin toppling. One of the less subtle subterfuges of home bowlers was to scrub the approach to the alley, with the result that the visiting firing men would slither over the foul line two out of three times. That, of course, disqualifies the roll. Veteran keglers, without so much as asking whether your credulity is good, like to tell of Chicago Joe Shaw's experience with this stratagem. Unaware that the boards had been honed to glassy smoothness, Joe sprinkled talcum powder on the approach to aid his slide up to the line.

On his first delivery Shaw fairly rocketed up the approach. Both feet shot out from under him and he landed in the middle of the alley on what is vulgarly known as the posterior extremity. The ball bounded harmlessly down the gutter, but Joe continued his epic glissade down the alley and scored a strike with his body. Probably the same spiritual effect may be achieved by sticking one's head into a kettledrum during the playing of the

(Continued on page 52)



NO LITTLE ENEMY

With the addition of a mysterious home-front hero, the bond caravan sets out on its tour, the threat to Tom's life still unsolved and his unknown assailant still a menace

BY OLIVER WELD BAYER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

TOM BONBRIGHT, brilliant political cartoonist, was on his way to New York. He had just finished an assignment for the Office of Political Propaganda in Washington, only to be asked to go on a bond-selling "caravan," the tour to last two weeks. In the club car of the train, Tom met ex-Senator Carlinger, for whose late defeat at the polls Tom's syndicated cartoons were somewhat responsible. Carlinger told Tom that he had received an offer of a job from the noted lawyer, Lawrence Kenyon, but that he was going to turn it down.

Among the crowd in the club-car bar, Tom thought he recognized Roger Tally, in a shabby blue diamond-patterned suit. Until a year ago Tally had lived in luxury on the contributions of persons backing a get-rich-quick scheme he had promoted. But Tom and a writer friend, Bill Roberts, had exposed the "Tally Plan" in a book, and thus had acquired a bitter enemy.

At a rehearsal of the Caravan, Tom, seated in the darkened auditorium, was slugged. On regaining consciousness, he found he was in the apartment of Helen Hathaway, leading lady of the Caravan. It was her press agent, Charlie Ross, who had insisted that Bonbright should not be taken to a hospital—to avoid undesirable publicity for the bond-selling tour.

After Charlie left, Tom invited Helen to dinner, then to accompany him on a visit to Bill Roberts. But Bill was found murdered! Slugged! Tom immediately connected the crime, and the slugging he himself had received, with Roger Tally.

To round out the Caravan's program, Charlie Ross was looking for a home-front hero. A report of a rescue of six seamen from a torpedoed tanker by a man named Daniel Stock decided Charlie to try to enlist him as a member of the troupe.

PART TWO

ON the rattling, dusty Cape Cod train, Charlie Ross took all the clippings out of his pocket and read them over again. There were several large photographs of the hero, Daniel Stock, who had rescued the six burned seamen, and of his hired man, who had been with him at the time. The hired man, Jacob Card, looked like any weather-beaten Yankee fisherman, his eyes squinty beneath the long visor of his cap. The pictures of Stock taken by torchlight soon after the rescue showed nothing but a blackened oil-soaked shape of a man being helped into an improvised ambulance. But there were other photographs, evidently obtained from Stock's home, and these held Charlie's attention. He studied them curiously.

The papers referred to Stock as a fisherman and an artist, yet he looked like neither. He had a blandly handsome face, smooth and open-looking, and thinning well barbered hair. His eyes photographed a lighter color than his brows and there was in them a benign, boyish expression. One picture showed him in a dark yachting-type cap and a striped jersey with a kerchief knotted about his neck. This man had the appearance of a comfortable broker perhaps fifteen years out of college. He looked as if he might have come out of a prewar cruise-to-Bermuda ad.

CHARLIE gathered from the stories that Stock had proved to be a very retiring type of hero. Most of the accounts of the rescue were quoted from Card's story. The facts were these: The two men had spent the day fishing off the Cape coast. As they were coming home in the early evening, they sighted a tanker a couple of miles from them, proceeding northward and alone. Suddenly, as they were watching, there was a tremendous explosion and a mountain of flames rose into the sky.

Card, with an unsuspected articulateness, described the scene. "The fire lit the water for miles around like the biggest sunset that ever happened," he told the reporters. "Mr. Stock started up full speed toward the tanker. When we got closer there were awful crashes, and we saw the aftermast broken to pieces athwart the stern. She was listing bad to starboard, too. Mr. Stock kept on going, and I begged him to stop. Fireballs were pouring down out of the sky like it was Fourth of July and little blobs of oil exploded all around us. I thought sure we'd catch fire ourselves any minute. We could see some of the men from the tanker holding to the nets they'd thrown over her side. A couple of lifeboats pulled away packed with men, but the fellows on the net dropped off one by one. By that time the oily water was on fire too and the flames raced all over it. Those fellows never had a chance.

"There were others swimming away from the tanker, though, and a couple of them got near enough so's we could throw them our ropes and pull them in. It was so hot where we were I couldn't keep my eyes open—had to keep my handkerchief over my face and peer out. Then I seen Mr. Stock putting on his jacket and buttoning it up. The next thing I knew, he'd dove off the boat. The oil on the water was enough to suffocate a body even if it didn't catch fire. Seems he'd spotted one of them rubber rafts with three men hanging onto it. They were all burned bad; no strength left in them. When he dragged them over I thought they were dead already. We had to hoist them into our boat.

"I yelled at Mr. Stock to climb in, but he didn't answer me. He was black with oil and his lips were all gummy and stuck together. Next thing I know he'd started out again. The water was sloshing oil right up on our sides. There were awful crashes and crackling coming from the tanker. In a few minutes I seen Mr. Stock swimming with another fellow. That was the youngster whose hands were burned so bad. Mr. Stock swam right up into the fire for him. He went back twice more like that to bring out those other two boys. When he finally let me pull him in, he fell right down beside them like a corpse. I started up for Provincetown Harbor fast as I could. By that time the Coast Guard fellows were out there."

The two men who had first swum up to Stock's boat had witnessed the other rescues and gave the same report. There were many expressions of gratitude and awe from them and from the men Stock had saved. The first mate, who had been hanging to the rubber raft, told a reporter that now he believed in Superman, and there were several editorials demanding a Congressional Medal of Honor for Stock and referring to his deed as the kind of battling on the home front which would help win the war. In the several hours that had elapsed since the torpedoing Daniel Stock had been made into the nation's most spectacular civilian hero to date. He was exactly what was needed to complete the OPP Bond-Selling Caravan. Charlie had called Washington and received an enthusiastic go-ahead.

HE got off the train at Cove Point and inquired the way to Stock's house. A little boy gave directions.

"You a newspaperman?" he asked, his freckled face still full of the excitement that had hit the town.

"Not exactly." Charlie stared at the dusty beach road. The July sun blazing on it made it seem to jig up and

(*Continued on page 66*)

An unreasoning anger rose in Tom. Every nerve was aware of Stock.

SEAMAN HICKS, SIR!

A former national amateur women's golf champion joins the Spars—and has her headaches and heart-warmings like any other duffer seaman

BY ELIZABETH HICKS,

Seaman, Second Class

THE Florida skies had ripped wide open that July afternoon. The cab splashed up in front of the building I used to know as the Palm Beach Biltmore.

"You—you don't drive up the ramp?" I asked.

"Officers' entrance up there," the driver said.

"Oh." I suddenly remembered that I was just an apprentice seaman reporting for indoctrination training.

I walked tremblingly up to the doorway under the sign that said UNITED STATES COAST GUARD TRAINING STATION. I saluted the officer of the deck.

"Seaman Hicks, sir. I request permission to come aboard."

"Permission granted," the ensign said.

We saluted again. Silly, I thought.

The ensign summoned the regimental commander, who assigned me to Company 42, Platoon 7, and led me to the linen room, where she piled my arms full of sheets and towels. "Sixth deck, please," she told the elevator operator. Sixth *deck*? I certainly would have said. "Sixth floor, please."

To Billet 673 I went, once Room 673 and undoubtedly rented for the season by some New York banker whose wife adored the view. The seamen who were in Billet 673 now weren't wasting time with views when I arrived.

"I'm Jennie," one announced. "And this is Agda. And this is Mary Jane. And you're just in time to help us get the room ready for captain's inspection."

"Here—I'll show you how to make your bunk." Agda grabbed my linen and attacked the intricacies of preparing bunk 3, an upper. "Square corners," she explained. "And it has to be neat underneath. No dust on slats."

Some one down the passageway yelled, "Room 673—carpet sweeper!"

Agda went after it. "What," I asked, "is captain's inspection?"

Jennie sat down on an empty bunk, dustcloth in hand. "At 1300 tomorrow we have to be ready. Everything in order—and I *do* mean order. The mate—"

"Mate?"

"Yeah; the girl who just yelled about the sweeper."

"No maid service?"

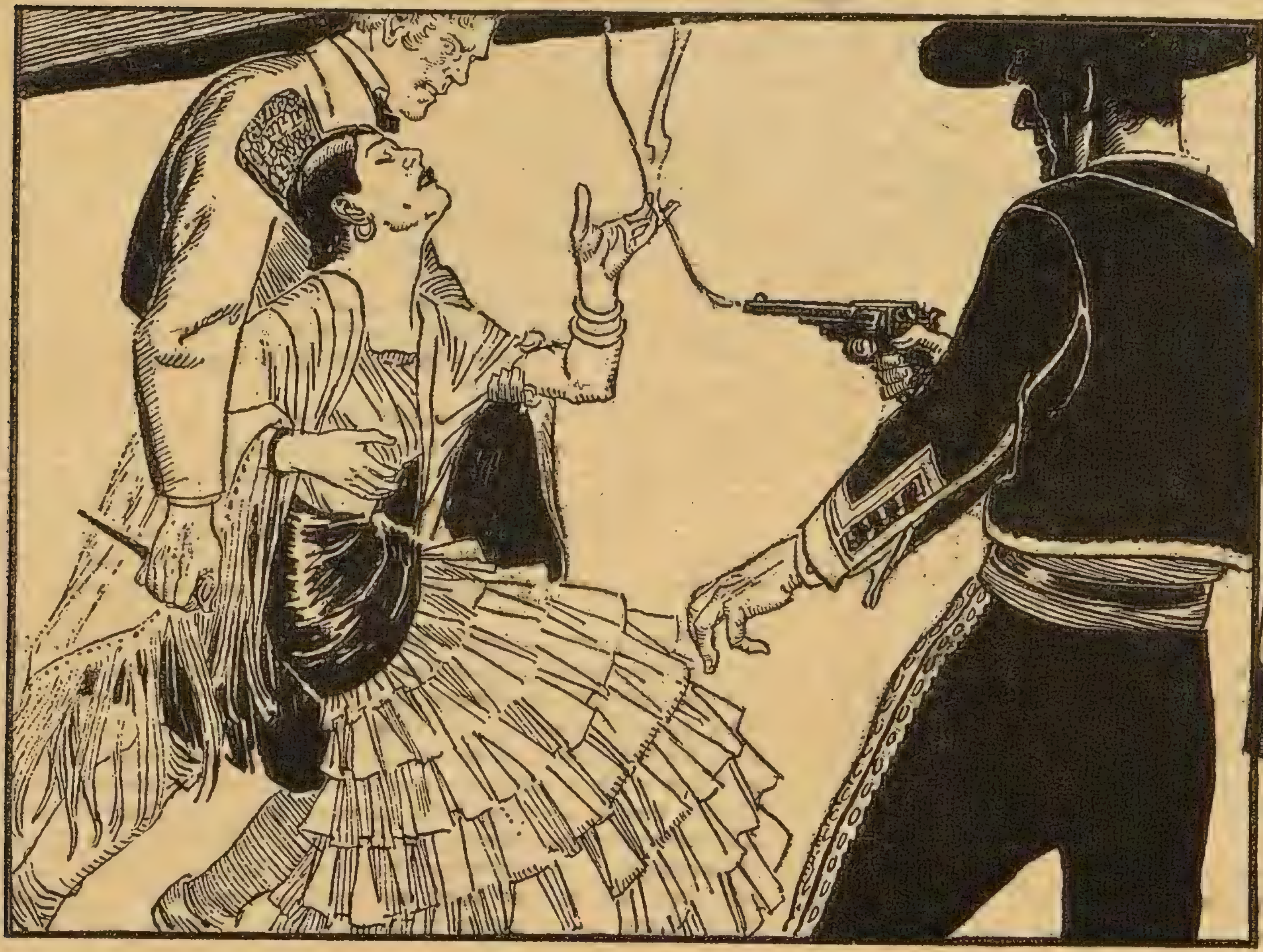
Jennie stared at me. "This is the Coast Guard. As I was saying, the mate—she's the girl on duty on our part of the deck—logs people in and out, checks the cleaning equipment in and out, takes phone calls, and tells us to pipe down if we get too noisy. Well, at 1300—"

There was that 1300 again. My bewilderment was increasing. Jennie ex-

(*Continued on page 53*)

CARAVAN

A Romantic Novel
by
LADY ELEANOR SMITH



A
Liberty
BOOK
CONDENSATION
READING TIME
ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY
FREDERICK
CHAPMAN

Adventure and Oriana drove James Darrell from England to Spain — to a life with the gypsies and to Rosal, the flamenco dancer who loved him better than life itself.

But love for Oriana brought him back, at last, to his own country, to fame, and to Oriana — when it had begun to be too late.

Prologue

It was on a bitter December morning in 1892 that young Mr. Edward Scales set forth on the first important assignment of his journalistic career. He only hoped he'd return with a story that would be a credit to himself and the Morning Globe.

Of course he'd lied when the editor asked him if he was familiar with the works of James Darrell. He had never read any of the books, but it had been easy enough to buy a copy of The Spanish Journey on his way to the station. He wondered, as the train rolled on, what had made James Darrell consent to an interview on his seventieth birthday, when for the last few years he had always refused similar requests. Perhaps just the way writers are, he thought as he opened the book.

Soon he was no longer in the smoky, ill lit carriage; he was no longer even in England. He was walking along a straight dusty road in James Darrell's company. Sometimes they were joined on the road by gypsies in gaudy rags who led shaggy dancing bears, and there was the sound of wild and wicked music to be heard beneath the evening star. Somehow James Darrell made him see all this; made him smell the blood of the bull ring and the jasmine blossoms with which the women decked their hair.

So deeply was Mr. Scales immersed in James Darrell's The Spanish Journey that only by sheer good fortune did he remember to get out at Oxford Station, from which he must walk to Steeple Courtney.

A half hour later a dark foreign-looking man in dingy black ushered him into an eighteenth-century parlor. The paneling was dark with age, and although a bright fire burned on the hearth the general effect of the room was that of having somehow been left unaccountably behind from the past.

The door opened and Mr. Darrell came in. He looked exactly right, an immensely tall, very erect old man.

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Beneath the white crown of his hair his aquiline face was oaken dark and his eyes glittered, light granite gray, beneath strong brows.

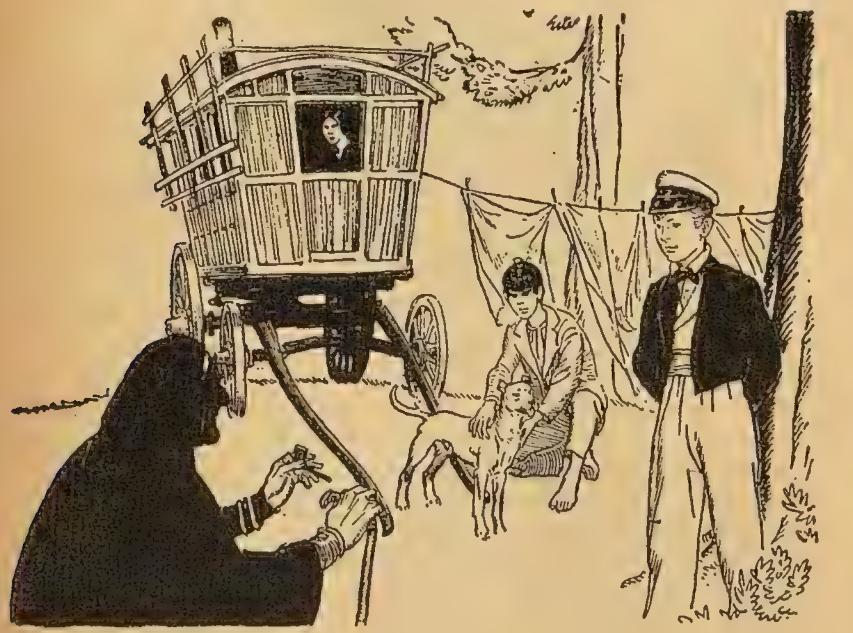
"Good morning, sir!" His voice was deep and musical. "Sit down!" He indicated a chair. He sat down himself and took a pinch of snuff. The interview got under way at once and lasted pleasantly for over an hour.

Then, when Scales announced that he had better return to Oxford, Mr. Darrell insisted he stay and eat his birthday dinner with him. Afterward, as they strolled for a few minutes in the wind-swept garden, Scales perceived a thickly wooded hill about half a mile away, above whose trees rose lovely twisted chimneys.

"Looks like a nice place over there, sir."

There was so long a pause that Scales began to think his host could not have heard him. Then James Darrell said, "You mean the old Hall. Been empty for years. I'm told it's gone to rack and ruin."

They returned to the house, and this time when Scales said he must be on his way he was not detained. His last view of the writer was that of a very tall, erect old man standing alone on the doorstep, his hand on the collar of his dog. And the young man thought again how terrible it must be to be old and forgotten, having once been famous. Poor old chap. Talk about loneliness! And there was no doubt he'd missed a lot of fun, despite that wandering. Probably he had never even been in love.



James Darrell returned to the fire. He had at last granted an interview, because he knew just as well as Mr. Scales that people were beginning to forget him, and he was still vain enough to resent being forgotten. He wondered what that young man would print about him. Nothing, in any case, that would have the power to trouble him, for he had kept his secrets well.

With his thoughts thus straying into the past as he watched the fire, his head nodded, and then, as he slipped into a fitful uneasy sleep, he dreamed that time rolled back and he was young again.

THE boy James was sitting on his heels and staring straight ahead into the fire. His mother looked over at him.

"Staring at the fire," she said sharply, "is just being lazy."

Her son resembled her physically but he was not her favorite child. If she had an affection for anything in the world, it was for the flaxen, fairylike beauty of her daughter Emily. James was thin, dark-skinned, with gray eyes still too big for his face. He was reserved, like his mother. Secretive, his father called it. She would have used another word to describe herself and James. Remote.

Many years ago, living in London, Henriette Duval had expected more from life than the swift quenching of her youth. The granddaughter of *émigrés* escaped from France during the Revolution, she had dreamed, as other girls dream, of a youthful lover, of gaiety and color and noise and all the glittering clamor of city streets. But life had been chancy and she had married Robert Darrell for safety, and come to the little Queen Anne house in a tiny village where her husband acted as doctor to a handful of peasants.

One of her few interests was making pretty dresses for her daughter Emily. In contrast, James went about shabby and untidy. Almost her sole contribution to his welfare was teaching him to speak French almost as well as he did English. But now his father was concerned because the boy was studying Spanish from an old book of his mother's instead of applying himself to his Latin and Greek.

James made no reply to his mother's remark. The doctor turned in his chair and regarded his son with perplexity. He regretted that there were no other children for him to talk to. In Dr. Darrell's own youth there had been the squire's sons from the Hall, a mile away; but the Hall had been shut for years now, and its present owner, Mr. George Camperdene, preferred to live abroad and the house was shuttered and desolate.

James, sensing his father's attention, now spoke gravely: "When the primroses are out next week, Betty is going to take us picnicking in Ackland Wood."

Robert frowned. "Take care not to lose yourself or your sister. It's a wild place and sheltered many a rogue when I was your age."

Ackland Wood had roamed for many years behind the hamlet of Steeple Courtney. Thick trees clustered for more than six miles and the ground was overgrown with thickets of brier and thorn and bramble of holly and yew. The people of the road knew it was easy to disappear here if there were need of hiding, and the wood was frequented by poachers, tramps, and vagabonds.

BUT no such thoughts troubled Betty, the Darrell cook and servant, on that fine spring morning as she shooed her young charges down the green ride that wound its way among the trees. They turned to the right and then to the left, and suddenly the primroses were spread so thickly there was no longer any sign of grass or moss. There, beside a noisy little stream, they ate their dinner. All three ate enormously, and even Emily showed a disinclination to pick primroses until she had rested for a few minutes. Betty, her back propped against a birch trunk, bade them keep quiet until she had enjoyed her forty winks. James immediately interpreted this as an opportunity to slip away among the trees. He chased rabbits, and was enchanted by one swift glimpse of a fleeing deer. Another chase, and he found himself, panting, in a part of the wood strange to him. And then he was lost.

He was hot now, after so much scrambling, and tired and thirsty. He called to the others, but there was nobody to answer him. Then, as he limped a few steps farther, he heard voices. As he pressed on through the trees he forgot his weariness, for this was an adventure.

Two curiously tilted carts were drawn together on the sward, surrounded by a cluster of low, arched tents, and some dark strange-looking people sat about the fire and stared at him.

An old woman growled, "Lost, my mannikin?"

She was a vast old woman wrapped in a cloak of poppy red. Her face was walnut brown and furrowed. Her eyes blazed so brightly that it was easy to believe the devil himself peered out from these two dark windows. She was Hagar Brazil, the *daia* or chieftainess of the tribe.

She asked James his name, and where he lived, and if his father was a grand gentleman. Then she fed him and informed him he should sleep that night with her grandson Sylvester and be returned to his parents in the morning.

The morning was radiant with sunshine when Sylvester aroused him. Following the gypsy's example, James knelt by the stream and plunged his head into the stinging freshness of the water. He felt suddenly blissfully happy. He was at peace as he had never been before. He knew then, definitely, that he did not want to go home.

"Sylvester," he said, "what's the language your people talk together?"

"That's Romany."

"Will you teach me to speak it?"

"Well," Sylvester reflected, "five weeks from now we'll be at Lyndon for the Mop Fair. It's not far from here. If you come to me then, I will."

They sat down on a fallen tree and, at James' urging, Sylvester began to talk. James listened as though bewitched. He heard that the gypsies were descended from the kings of Egypt, that the lure of the *drom,* which meant the road, was inexplicably more fascinating to them than any form of security that the world could offer.

He listened to tales of crystal-gazing, palmistry, and other magic, and how the Egyptian people scarcely tarried anywhere, and wherever they went they trailed with them the glamour of their vivid music and their dancing and their love of everything wild and strange.

"Sylvester," James implored, "ask your grandmother to let me stay with you!"

Sylvester shook his head. "She never will. She said your dad might pay a guinea to get you back."

Despite every form of entreaty on James' part, he soon found himself seated on a horse before Sylvester's father, the Duke, riding firmly in the direction of his own village. Even seeing his family's joyful relief, however, couldn't compensate him for having to leave the gypsies.

A week later James wrote his first story, The King of the Gypsies, and there, of course, the matter should have rested, for his parents had forbidden him ever again to associate with any of the Romany tribes.

But in this matter he was incapable of obedience. He slipped away to Lyndon and met Sylvester clandestinely. He began to study the Romany language and lore, and Sylvester taught him how to use his fists.

That autumn, while he neglected his lessons to run wild with the Brazils, to write fairy tales, and to learn Spanish, he heard that Mr. Camperdene, the squire, and his daughter were coming back to live at the Hall. One afternoon in November a grand carriage sped down the village street. Mr. Camperdene had come home.

Miss Camperdene was with her father; Betty knew that from the gardener's boy, who was her cousin. It appeared she had a strange, outlandish name—Oriana.

James liked the name of Oriana. It reminded him of Romany names, and the day Miss Camperdene was to spend the afternoon with them he allowed Betty to chivvy him into his best suit without registering more than a formal protest.

Oriana drove up in a grand carriage with two liveried servants seated upon the box. She wore a red cloak and hood the color of holly berries, and she exclaimed at once, without even waiting to greet her hosts: "I wanted to meet you, James, because you're the only person I ever heard of who ran away with the gypsies!"

"Who told you that?" James demanded.

"Why, my father's groom." And, looking at Emily's flower-sprigged gown, "I'm not fine enough, am I? But I thought we might run wilder if I didn't dress up."

THIS was Oriana at ten, and she was never to change greatly. She wore a dress of clear white muslin with a red sash, and her shoes were scarlet to match. Her dark hair hung loose upon her shoulders and her skin was very white. She was slim and tall for her age. Her eyes were large, brown, and lustrous, and the tip of her nose turned up in the most engaging manner possible, making her quite unlike any one James had ever seen before.

After they had eaten saffron cake in the parlor, she suggested going out into the garden, and when Emily protested that it was damp underfoot and would soon be twilight, she looked at James and said: "You'll take me, won't you? *You* don't mind getting your feet wet?"

He asked slowly, his anger mounting: "Do you think me such a milksop?"

"I know you are not a milksop," Oriana answered. She looked at him for a second, and dropped her eyes.

She was younger than he, this bit of a girl, and yet she seemed far wiser and more experienced.

"I like you, James," she said earnestly, when they were outdoors. "You've got a *very* interesting face. I wonder what you'll be when you're grown up."

He surprised himself then. Recklessly he gave to this strange girl his most jealously guarded confidence.

"I shall be a writer," he declared.

She considered. "Do writers make a lot of money?"

"I don't know," said James, "and I don't care. But that's what I shall be. I want to meet strange people and write about them, and make every one read my books. I shall write about Sylvester and old Hagar and the Duke. But that's only a beginning. I'm going to travel and meet with adventures, and tell every one about them. Perhaps, when I'm older, I shall run away to sea."

She considered this gravely, putting back her hood.

"If I were a boy, I'd run away with you." And then, eagerly, "We are friends, aren't we, James? And I'd like you to ride my pony whenever you want!"

FOR the next few years, as the children grew up, they continued to see much of each other. Then, when James was fifteen and the two girls thirteen, the old King died, and Princess Victoria, who was not very much older than James, became Queen of England.

Oriana went to stay with her godmother in London for the Coronation. She was away a month, and James knew then that he loved her more than any one else in the world. He was perplexed, troubled by this knowledge that had come to him too soon. Perhaps, had she not gone away, he would not have realized how deeply he cared for her, but he missed her so desperately that he knew how great was her power. That was growing up, he reflected, and he was by no means sure that he was going to enjoy the process.

Then she came home and he went up to the Hall to see her. But he saw a stranger—a fashionable young lady straight from Belgrave Square.

She wore a plaid silk frock with white frilly pantalets, and her dark hair fell upon her shoulders in glossy curls and it was coquettishly bound with a red ribbon. At the sight of him her face danced with glee.

"I've missed you, James!"

He smiled and his heart beat faster, and yet he was confused by the new maturity she wore with such apparent carelessness. He reassured himself; she was the same. And yet, instinctively he knew she was different.

They sat down on the sofa, and, as she talked of processions and bazaars and teas, he watched her covertly. She was far more fascinating than he remembered.

"James, I don't believe you're listening to one single word!" She smiled, hesitated for a moment, and said: "I met my cousin, Frank Castleton. He is really my second cousin. He's grown up—eighteen. His father died a year ago, and when Frank is twenty-one he will inherit a lot of money and a beautiful house in Hampshire."

He knew then why she was different. Before, her interests had been identical with his, but now, in one brief month, she had stepped alone into another world.

That same summer Sir Francis Castleton came to stay at the Hall, and James' dislike of the young man became a sick and fretting ache, tormenting him from the moment he woke until the hour he fell asleep. He longed for autumn to come. But that summer did not see the end of his distress. Every August found Frank at the Hall. He brought with him gaiety and frivolous talk from London, and Oriana enjoyed listening to him.

Once, when the three of them were riding, they passed an encampment of some gypsies named Stanley who were cousins to the Brazils. James, recognizing them, laughed and waved his hand. Oriana would have reined up her black mare, but he pressed on.

"What was the hurry?" she asked. "Am I never to be permitted to meet your gypsy friends?"

He shook his head, smiling. Her question had revived an old argument, for, easygoing as he knew the squire to be, James had never taken it upon himself to introduce the squire's daughter to the Romany people.

From the corner of his eye he caught Frank's smiling glance at Oriana. It was as though Frank said: "Never mind—he's a savage! What do we care? We understand each other!"

But Oriana was unused to being crossed and was angry. She spurred her horse, galloping away from them through an open gateway. Frank stayed behind, and it took James half an hour to find her. At length he ran her to earth in Ackland Wood, where she was resting her blown horse at the end of a green ride. She met his eyes then, and in hers was a disdain he had never seen there before.

"James, I don't care about your gypsy friends. Gypsies disgust me. I merely wanted to see what attracts you to them. How much longer are you going to go on wasting your life? Have you really nothing better to do than to roam about with that pack of tinkers? You had such wonderful plans once! You were to do something great—you made me believe you. But now I see you'd rather be tramping the countryside stealing chickens with your friends the gypsies."

He had seldom been angrier; his gray eyes glittered.

"Oriana, you know better than any one I'm going to become a writer!"

"I seem to have heard that ambition before! And what are you going to write about—the gypsies?"

The scorn in her voice made him want to strike her. He jumped from his horse and went up to her saddle.

"Yes!" His voice shook. "Yes! If that is what I want to write about, I shall—and make people read my books, do you hear? I'll write about what I please and suffer no dictation from any one! Least of all from you! Would you prefer me like Frank Castleton?" Suddenly he caught at her bridle. "You like Frank Castleton because he's rich!"

"I don't want to be poor, if that is what you mean."

"But Mr. Camperdene—"

"Papa has lost some money lately," she said frankly. "Let go of my bridle, James; I am going home."

Suddenly everything seemed to be hopeless. He stood watching her as she rode away.

FINALLY he mounted his own horse and rode slowly toward home, thinking in a daze of the cruelty with which she had lashed him. When he recollected her information regarding Mr. Camperdene's finances, he cursed himself for a blind fool. It was years since he had first noticed the shabbiness of the Hall. He thought of how thick, lately, had been the thistles in the rose beds. He remembered dust clinging like a film to faded brocades, chimneys that smoked, drafts everywhere in the house, and pictures stained with damp in dark corridors.

No, the Hall was certainly no longer the home of a rich man. And then, thinking of Frank Castleton, the black misery deepened. For Frank was rich and he knew how suitable a match between himself and Oriana would be—how much it would please Mr. Camperdene.

As James rode up to his house, he was astonished to find the upstairs windows alight. He knew that he had missed supper, but he didn't care. He was exhausted and stiff and weary. Desolation encompassed him as he unsaddled his horse, stabled him, and then walked slowly to the house.

There, to his astonishment, his mother waited by the back door. "Your father," she told him, "is dead."

A month later James walked up to the Hall. He had not seen Oriana alone since his father's death, for there had been much to do and many wearisome details to be settled. He himself was leaving the solicitor's office where he had been apprenticed for a year. The Queen Anne House had been sold and his mother and Emily were to lodge in Bath with Robert Darrell's cousin. Such money as the doctor had left had gone unconditionally to Henriette. James himself had fifty pounds in the world. Even to one so unsophisticated, it seemed little enough.

But he was not thinking of that as he walked toward the Hall. Across the lake he caught a glimpse of a pale dress, and knew that Oriana waited for him. His heart beat faster when she held out both her hands, behaving as though they had never quarreled.

"Oriana, I'm going away," he said, trying to make his voice sound casual. "To London."

"To try to be a writer?"

"To *be* a writer!"

"I shall go mad if I am to be left alone here." She took her hand away from his. "You know I love you, James."

It was then that he kissed her for the first time—kissed her clumsily in his youthful diffidence. Her lips were full and soft and sweet.

"It will be all right!" he said. "If only you'll wait for me, we can get married! Can't we? Oriana, say so!"

She was silent for a moment, staring at the grass by her feet.

"How long would it mean waiting?"

"Until I establish some sort of position. Your father was so kind the last time I spoke to him. He said he would give me a letter to a publisher he knew."

"But, James"—she spoke patiently, as to a child—"you will not be able to support yourself perhaps for years. How could you expect to support me?"

"I said we would have to wait! Does that matter so much? We're very young. So long as you love me, would it matter if we waited five years, or even six?"

"I *do* love you," she repeated after a slight pause. "I wish you would stay at the solicitor's office. If you did that, we might not have to wait so long. And later, when you were established, you might begin to travel and to write. We'd be together then."

"But Oriana, I want to write now. And I am not going to stay in that office. I hate it!"

No one then would have thought them lovers. The sweetness, the melting tenderness of her face was replaced by a dark and mutinous expression. He looked at her with despair, for the barrier between them was up again, and he did not know how to pull it down.

"I can't wait forever," she declared almost sullenly. "You forget I'm no longer a child. I'm grown up now, and I like my own way of life. Can't you understand that? I don't want to starve in a garret. I want pretty dresses, and a fine house to live in, and jewels for my ears, and—oh, many things you could never give me! The truth is that now we are no longer children, we have grown apart."

"We have *not* grown apart! You said you loved me!"

"That's true, and always will be. But it's not enough. I wish with all my heart it were."

A moment ago, a century ago, he had kissed her mouth. Now, in the twilight, she was immeasurably remote. He no longer dared even to touch her hand.

He said, trying to keep his voice steady: "At least promise me one thing: don't marry Frank Castleton too soon. Perhaps, you know, I shall be more successful than you think."

Her own self-control broke then, so that she wept.

"Oh, James! My poor James! You who want to write about the gypsies!"

"Oriana, even so, will you not give me a chance?"

She still wept, but now she was laughing at the same time. "I'll wait for you, James, one year!"

"Two!"

"Two, then!"

The dusk grew deeper; the grayness was soon blue-black and stars pricked the sky. Quite suddenly he was no longer afraid. He took her in his arms and kissed her again—her lips, her eyes, her throat, and her hair. Suddenly he let her go, pushing her away from him.

"*Now* try kissing Frank Castleton!" he said—and he was gone.

It was as though a spell had been cast about him. Her kisses still lingered, glowing, on his mouth as he walked, and he was too confused to distinguish between their warmth and the coldness of her calculation.

That summer night marked the end of James' boyhood.

JAMES was twenty-one. He had lived for two years in London, and he was no nearer to becoming a famous writer than on the night when he had said good-by to Oriana. Through the letter to the publisher that Mr. Camperdene had given him, he had procured assignments. But it was hard work, leaving him no time for the kind of stories he was aching to write. He had changed—his eyes most of all. They stared out beneath black brows with a look of wary coolness in which there was nothing youthful. Mr. James Darrell had learned a number of lessons in the past two years.

This night, as he let himself out of his lodginghouse into a dark narrow street to buy his usual meager supper, he again remembered, not without resentment, that he had not been in a position to leave London once during the two years of his servitude.

Nor had he seen Oriana. She and her father were traveling this spring in France and Italy. They had corresponded at first with much fervor on both sides, but gradually hopelessness had crept into their letters. Oriana's last letter spoke frankly of Mr. Camperdene's financial embarrassments. She never told him whether or not she saw Frank Castleton.

James was depressed as he thought of her. Then suddenly she fled from his mind as he heard a thudding blow and the sound of heavy breathing coming from an alley. He sprang forward and saw two burly ruffians armed with cudgels in the process of cornering an unfortunate citizen.

James stepped in, swinging a sideways blow at the nearest, but his blow missed in the darkness and he felt the crash of a cudgel on his shoulder. The bruising pain enraged him and, ducking in, he made short work of this assailant by a jolting blow to the chin. But he was still in danger, for the other thug came crashing down upon him. James rushed in with his long, jabbing left, but this man seemed made of iron. As the thug whirled round for a fresh attack, James thought of a gypsy trick, and, shooting out his foot, tripped him heavily. The man fell sprawling on his face, and James hurried back toward the shadows to the victim of the attack.

Bending down over the senseless victim, he slipped his arms about him and started to drag him toward the street. As they struggled along, his foot struck a knife, and he put it in his pocket. At this point his companion spoke feebly, in Spanish:

"If you give me your arm, I think I can walk."

James found a coach and managed to get him into it. The man lay back, his eyes closed, and for a moment James was afraid that he had fainted again. Then, without opening his eyes, he gave an address in Berkeley Square.

IT was an imposing house, and when James got out and rang the bell the door was opened by a grand-looking footman in green plush.

"The Spanish gentleman who lives here has had an accident," James explained. "He's in the coach. Will you help him?"

The majestic footman was joined by a colleague and they rushed down the steps to assist the Spaniard. James watched until they disappeared inside the house. His shoulder throbbed with a dull pain and his left leg felt badly bruised. He was no longer interested in the Spaniard's affairs, only immensely relieved that the stranger appeared to be wealthy and capable of paying the hackney coach.

James slept late, and it was only just before setting out for lunch that he discovered the knife. He looked at it now in amazement, never having seen its like before. Its hilt was incrusted with turquoises and plastered with glittering diamonds. The workmanship was exquisite, and he realized, sighing, that he would have to return this weapon to the Spaniard. Dejectedly he undertook the long walk back to Berkeley Square.

The footman's face lost its impassive expression when he saw him. "Sir, will you please follow me?" he said. "My master would never forgive me if you left without seeing him in person."

James followed him across a large hall toward double doors which, when opened, revealed an amazing room. Opposite the door hung a large Russian ikon ablaze with precious stones. There were huge cabinets against the wall, and these contained priceless collections of jade. By the fireplace hung a Spanish crucifix, agonizingly realistic, carved in wood that had turned walnut-dark with the passing of three centuries.

The Spaniard was seated in an armchair near the fire. His head was bandaged and his olive skin was pale.

"Come here!" he said cordially, and held out his hand. "What is your name?"

"James Darrell, sir. I did not mean to disturb you. I came to give you back your knife."

"Ignacio Fernando María de Zozaya, very much at your service! You may call me Don Ignacio," the Spaniard announced graciously. "Sit down, young man, while I ring for refreshment!"

"Well," he continued when the butler had served them, "Don Jaime, I owe you my life, such as it is."

"Sir, I hope you were not badly injured."

"Oh, I received a scratch, nothing more. The loss of blood made me faint. Some more sherry, Don Jaime? Come—I insist!"

"I must be going. You have been more than kind."

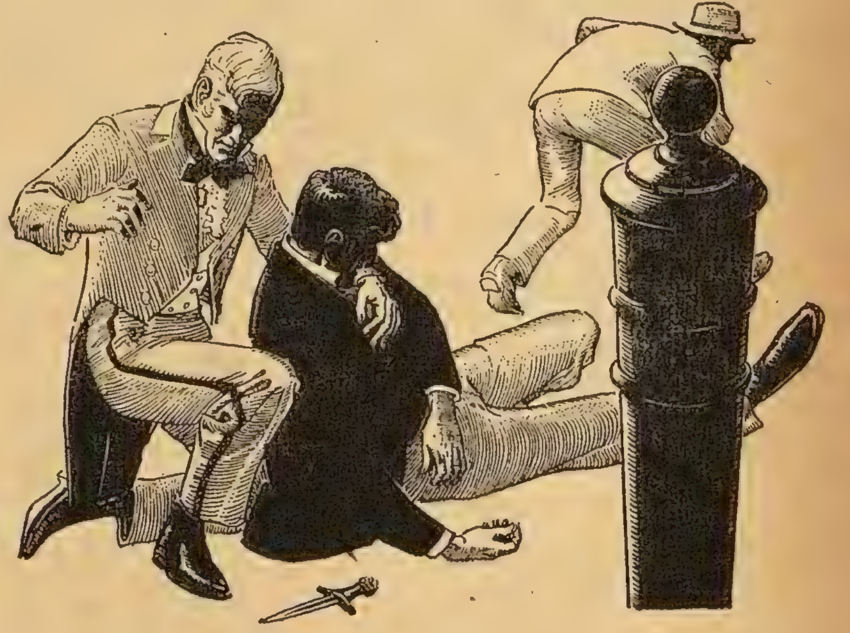
The Spaniard smiled for the first time. "You are dining, I suppose, with some charming young lady?"

James smiled too. "Indeed I'm not, sir!"

"Then you will be kind enough to honor me with your company? Now, before dinner I will show you my collection of jade, and after dinner you shall tell me something about yourself."

James rose willingly enough to inspect the cabinets of jade. He knew that he was going to enjoy the evening more than any he had yet spent in London.

"I am only a collector," Don Ignacio was saying, "in my spare moments. Unfortunately, they are rare. I am a busy man."



James, who had imagined his host to be some species of Castilian grandee, looked at him in surprise.

"I am a diamond merchant," Don Ignacio confided, sighing.

After dinner, as they sat before the fire smoking cheroots, James felt happy and relaxed and well fed.

"Tell me something of yourself," his host urged. "Tell me your profession."

James found it easy to talk to Don Ignacio. He described his life in London, his hack work, and his feeling of discouragement.

"How would you like to go to Spain?" Don Ignacio asked abruptly.

"To Spain?"

James felt his cheeks grow hot and in his eagerness he stammered a little. "I would like it, sir, above all things! But in what capacity?"

"I am reflecting," the Spaniard announced, blowing a cloud of azure smoke into the air. "I am saying to myself that you know, of course, nothing about precious stones. But that, I think, is not a matter of great importance. There must always be a beginning. You have, you say, no family ties of any kind, no other person to consider?"

"But I have, Don Ignacio," James protested firmly. "I hope one day to be married, although there are difficulties."

And somewhat to his own surprise he found himself telling the Spaniard about Oriana.

"And this young lady," Don Ignacio inquired, "if you found suitable employment in Madrid, would she be willing to live there? Your *novia* appears to be a young lady of fashion; how do you imagine she would support the idea of exile in a strange land?"

"She's also a girl of spirit, Don Ignacio; I don't think she would say no. But of course I would have to consult her."

"Naturally. Well, Don Jaime, we can do nothing in haste, that is evident. In any case, but for my accursed accident, I should have been by this time in my office in Amsterdam. There is no hurry. Think the matter over, but write down your address for me before you go."

"I don't know how to thank you, Don Ignacio," James said, getting up.

"I have done nothing, so far, for which to be thanked. I like your company, Don Jaime, and the ease with which you speak my language. Think over what I have told you tonight about Spain. If you write about my country, you will be like Columbus voyaging into virgin territory, for no countryman of yours has written yet about my own land. They are reluctant, perhaps, to venture somewhere so primitive and savage. But you, as I have every reason to know, are adventurous."

James scarcely knew, that night, how he walked home to his lodgings. He had good news for Oriana and he soared above the stars. Soon, perhaps in a few weeks, they would be able to marry. It was late when he returned to his room, but he sat down at once to write her.

He wrote at length, trying to recapture on paper the longing he felt for them to see Spain together. He felt certain, he said, that Don Ignacio would not offer him a post unless its emolument enabled him to support a wife in adequate comfort.

He described briefly Don Ignacio's amazing house, adding how much he hoped that she would soon see it for herself and how impatient he was to see her and kiss her.

It was late when he finished it, and he decided to post it the very next morning. He rose early and ran downstairs into the hall, where he found a letter addressed to himself. His heart leaped as he recognized Oriana's hand; he had not heard from her for weeks, and the sight of her wild scrawl was all that he needed to enhance his mood of joyful confidence.

He opened the letter, noting with surprise that it was written not from abroad but from the Hall.

Dear James:

I am writing to tell you that I was married a week ago to Frank Castleton. My marriage does not mean that I love you any less, although I love Frank, but not in the wild way we have always cared for each other. That is what made me know it was wiser for me to marry Frank.

You and I, James, love each other so passionately that we would have been bound to wreck our lives together. That was the first consideration. The other, of course, was money. I could never be the wife of a poor man. I love luxury—I always have. I kept my word and waited for you two years, and I have missed you so much that sometimes I have despaired. I knew that to see you would be fatal to my peace of mind, and so I have never tried to.

You will never know how many sleepless nights I spent before deciding to marry Frank. I had to uproot something so strong it was as though I tore up part of myself that is still bleeding. You won't believe me, I know, but I have never lied to you.

James, I am going to say good-by to you, and since it is really good-by, even Frank could not mind my saying that we were born to be lovers and to be in love. We always will be, so far as I am concerned. But I am too mercenary for your integrity, and so I can only finish this letter by asking you to forgive me for not being strong enough for both of us.

Oriana.

He read it over and over, standing there rigid in the shabby hall. Then—for he heard some one emerging from a room on the ground floor—he bolted out into the street, forgetting even to shut the door behind him.

He thought he had come to the end of everything—the end of all joy and dreams and ambition. Without her nothing had any meaning, and the emptiness of life became something he could not endure to contemplate. He walked on, dazed, unseeing, unconscious of everything but his own agony of mind.

Her protestations of love seemed senseless to him. She had contracted marriage for the sake of security. She had, in his view, proved herself both coldhearted and rapacious. Now he forced himself to think that she did not love him—that she had never loved him. In his bitterness he was convinced that she had only amused herself with him; she had coquetted, let him love her because there had been no one else for her to flirt with.

Yet he could not help remembering their last meeting—her tears and the passion with which she had returned his kisses. And the memory of her beauty came rushing back to make him sick with longing for the sight of her, the touch of her hand, the sound of her voice.

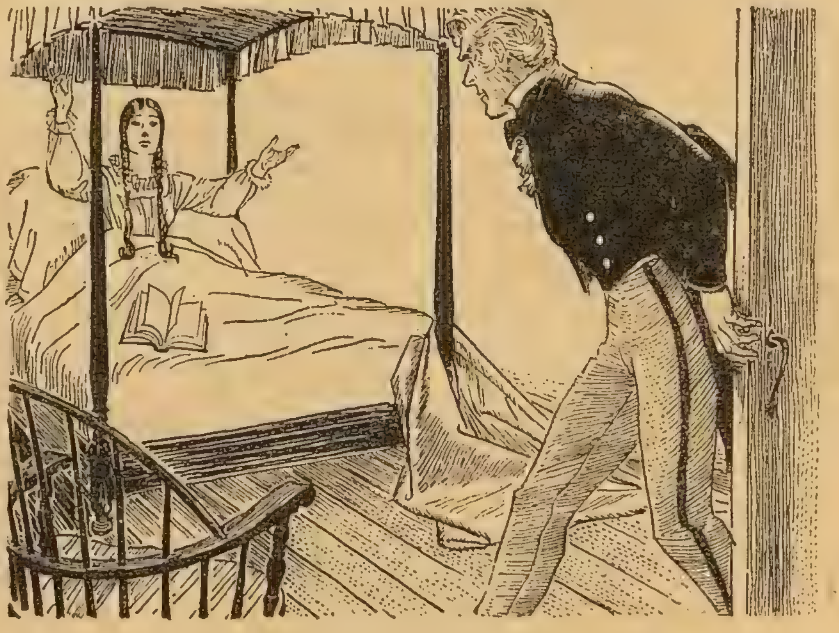
He could not bear to return to his room, so he continued to walk without the slightest sense of direction until suddenly he found himself ringing Don Ignacio's bell in Berkeley Square. After a pause the door was opened by the green-liveried footman.

"Sir, the señor is from home. He's abroad, sir—in Holland. He had to leave hastily this very morning—before dawn."

"I see," James said, and he tramped on, cursing his bad luck, in the direction of Leicester Square. He spent the day in aimless walking, only to tramp home at last and fling himself exhausted upon his bed.

He tried desperately to put Oriana out of his mind. He knew that he could no longer stay in London. He had to escape or go mad.

His preparations were swiftly concluded. Such necessities as he took with him were bundled into an enormous handkerchief, and then he simply walked out of the city. After all his disappointments, at any rate he was now free and called no man master.



For three weeks he traveled, resting at night in country inns or in barns, luxuriously couched in piles of sweet-smelling hay or clean yellow straw. Sometimes he walked alone, and sometimes there were companions he met on the road—drovers, hostlers, and peddlers, the Punch-and-Judy man on his way to a fair, trundling his grotesque dolls in a barrow. He liked all these people and they helped to distract him. Through the long weeks they all served their turn, and one day, years later, their prototypes would serve him once again—when he sat down to write their stories.

Then came the evening he went to the coaching inn. He had begun to see himself, quite objectively, as a failure, a gentleman tramp who roamed the countryside thinking, in the ignorance of his heart, that one day people would condescend to read the tale of his vagabond adventures. He had come to this inn in a black mood and now sat brooding over his dinner.

Outside he heard vaguely the rattle and clash of a fast carriage as it came to a halt. He turned as the door opened—and found himself staring across the room at Oriana. A feeling of violent rage swept over him. He had tried to escape, he *had* escaped, and it was no good. Fate would not allow him even so feeble a victory.

He had tramped the roads to get away from her, and yet the moment he saw her again she was more vivid than ever before. He perceived from the corner of his eye that she was followed by a quiet-looking female, obviously her maid. They sat together and Oriana ordered supper.

It seemed to him that, from all England, he had been deliberately drawn onto this road. It was as though she had beckoned and he had followed. It was as though their paths were always meant to cross. Once more he looked at her, and this time her eyes met his. She smiled—then, meeting his cold stare, shrugged and returned to her supper. She moved slightly, so that she turned that straight, elegant back of hers. Oriana's back was expressive. To James it expressed disdain.

He went to the landlord and bespoke a room. As he wrote his name in the register he noticed that Lady Castleton had already signed and that her room was number 18.

He had no idea of what he was going to say to her. All he knew was that he had to see her, even if it meant breaking down her door. Then, perhaps, he would kill her. He thought of her with more hate than love. He thought of her as a cruel, heartless jade—as a woman the world would be better off without.

He slipped downstairs and across the passage. He noticed that there was a thread of light beneath her door. He opened it softly, without knocking, and walked into the room.

The latticed windows were open, so that the clover-scented night flowed in and made the candles tremble in the breeze. She was in bed, reading. When she saw him, she put down her book and looked at him steadily, saying nothing. He shut the door.

She wore a pale garment that left her ivory shoulders bare. She returned his gaze without modesty, without coquetry. She looked him directly in the face as one man would look at another.

She held out her arms, and without a word he went to her. Her love was a fury, a violence. What was between them now became entirely removed from the romanticism of their youthful love. He knew her then, at last, for what she was—a sensual woman who had always wanted him. Yet he could not help loving her, nor asking then:

"Will this happen again?"

"I don't know," she answered, and turned away her face.

DAWN crept through the windows, and the dark room was soon rose-lit. Only her cheeks, James thought, were pale as white hyacinths.

"I want you to go."

He looked at her and felt suddenly ashamed. He felt ashamed of himself, for he knew that her love had simply controlled and possessed him—that she had demanded him to please herself, and that he had merely obeyed her whim.

He went out of the room, not caring where he went or what he did. He was conscious of a paralyzing exhaustion. He left the town behind him, and when at last he saw a haystack, he fell into it, tired and dazed.

Oriana had shamed everything virile about him by the insistence with which she had bent him to her own will. She was a she-devil. But never, now, would he be able to free himself from her spell. Other women would seem pale shadows.

He wondered of what strange stuff Castleton was made, so quickly to have changed an impetuous, warmhearted girl into the perverse, almost sinister creature who had crossed his path on the night that he would never forget, no matter how long he lived.

At last he rose. He walked to Guildford and took the coach to London. On the third day there he was overjoyed to receive a note from Don Ignacio requesting his company that night at dinner. He was convinced that the Spaniard was somehow involved in his own destiny.

After dinner, as they sat over coffee and brandy, James plucked up his courage and told him of Oriana's marriage.

Don Ignacio poured out some more coffee. "I suppose," he suggested understandingly, "that now you are more anxious than ever to leave the country."

"I am, sir," James agreed firmly.

With a brief glance at the young, unhappy, and defeated face, Don Ignacio remarked: "In any case, I have need of you. I was about to ask you if you would execute a commission for me in Seville."

"Indeed I will!"

"I am a widower with a daughter of seventeen. Since my wife's death, my daughter, Adriana, has been brought up by her aunts in Seville. But I have, naturally, visited her whenever it was possible. We are devoted to one another. Now she is to be married. There is no prospect of my being able to be present, but I wish to send her a fitting wedding present."

James now understood perfectly.

"If you undertake my commission, Don Jaime, you will sail direct to Cadiz, from where you will proceed to Seville, no very great distance. Your expenses will naturally be met, and once you have handed over the gift and a letter to my daughter, you will be free to leave for Madrid, where the position I spoke of before will be waiting for you."

Don Ignacio went over to a gold-incrusted Chinese cabinet and from a secret drawer extracted a shabby leather case.

"Before you definitely accept my offer, Don Jaime, I would like you to know that this is the gift I am sending to my daughter."

HE opened the case, and James gave a cry of admiration as he gazed upon a necklace. He knew nothing about diamonds, but he could see that these brilliant stones were something out of the common.

"I must explain to you that these stones are unique," the Spaniard said. "Some of them are supposed to have been a part of the famous necklace that ruined Marie Antoinette—all of them are famous. And that is why I do not wish to send them over by any one in my employment—any one remotely connected with me. Do you understand?"

"I understand," James said. "It would be a temptation to robbers all the world over."

"Exactly! But you, my friend, are, so far, in no way connected with my business. You are, as I have reason to know, a man of high courage. You are honest, as I knew first when you returned my valuable dagger. I must warn you that the bearer of this necklace might easily find his life in danger. What do you say?"

"Of course I say yes," James answered promptly. "And I'm honored, Don Ignacio, that you should trust me in so secret a matter!"

"Well spoken!" the Spaniard returned delightedly, and then explained to James the precautions necessary for his journey. He was to travel as a gentleman of means desirous of visiting Spain to write about the country. He was to wear the diamonds, night and day, secured by a strap around his waist. When the necklace had been safely delivered, he was to write informing Don Ignacio.

On the day James sailed, he wrote to his mother, explaining he had obtained a post in Madrid and would probably remain abroad for months. He stood on deck as the boat slid away to sea, watching the misty outline of the shore recede, waver, and finally disappear. He wondered whether any one had ever before left his native land with feelings of so much rejoicing.

Then he became aware that a young man had stopped at the rail beside him. The stranger introduced himself as Jeffrey Lucas, and as they talked James learned he was from Hampshire and had just been appointed attaché in the English Embassy at Madrid.

It wasn't until the next day James could ask the question burning on his lips.

"You say, Lucas, your estate is in Hampshire? Did you ever hear of a Sir Francis Castleton?"

"Frank Castleton? Of course. I know him well. Our lands march together. Why?"

James was silent for a moment. "Why," he said at length, "I knew him slightly when he was a boy, and I hear he was married some weeks ago."

"He married a Miss Camperdene. I visited them just before I came away. She's a lovely creature. She reminded me of Byron's line—do you remember? 'She walks in beauty, like the night.' "

"I remember," James said, and changed the subject.

As the days went on James knew that, despite his eagerness to land in Spain, he would be sorry to leave the Southern Star. He liked young Lucas and was sorry he could not travel with him to Madrid. Then, too, he loved the sea as much as he had thought he would when he was a small boy.

The next morning the coast of Spain was a faint sandy line. When he thought that soon he would be landing there, James' heart leaped with joy. He wished that Oriana was with him, breasting this new adventure by his side. Oriana as she had been, gallant, impetuous—not Frank Castleton's spoiled, luxurious wife. Once she would have thrilled to this adventure as he thrilled to it now. Almost he could imagine her dark hair whipped by the wind across the whiteness of her brow; her smile; and her hand pressing his as they stood there together in the sunshine, a new life unfolding for them both.

FAR away, in his London office, Don Ignacio sat at his desk talking to his manager from Amsterdam, Mynheer Vandervelde.

"You should have informed me when Da Silva first left Amsterdam," he said grimly. "Two months lost! Do you realize that he could have reached Spain by this time?"

"Señor," the Dutchman said, "may I say I think you are exaggerating? Just because a rogue like Da Silva is missing—"

"That's not the point. The point is that every rogue in the business knows that I have been collecting diamonds for a necklace for my daughter and that it is on its way to Spain! They do not know how—but they will work hard to discover that."

He sat thinking of James. He had learned to love him as his son, and now the boy might be in peril.

"Great heaven," he said to himself, "and I thought to help him! I should have financed some book of his stories or dispatched him straight to Madrid. I'd never have sent the lad across Spain had I known that Da Silva was missing!"

That same day James was starting his journey to Seville. He had procured a guide, a gypsy called Pablo, and two magnificent horses. The heat was intense and the sun smote down in a white glare, but for the first time since his childhood James felt that he had come home. They traveled all the morning. The loneliness of the road astonished James.

That evening they approached the *posada* where they were to lie the night. James was received by the landlord and his wife. They seemed a dark, secretive pair, and he remembered, as he ate his supper, Don Ignacio's anxiety. Already the Spaniard's warnings had ceased to sound as melodramatic as they had in London.

James could not sleep that night, but in the morning he scoffed at himself for his overcaution.

He rode into Seville just before sunset of the next day. After the wildness and desolation of the plains it was startling to see crowded streets again and know that he had arrived, not, certainly, at his journey's end, but at his first destination.

He had become Don Jaime to Pablo during the last twenty-four hours, consummate proof of his powers to ingratiate himself with the Egyptian race. Pablo had promised to take him somewhere, "unknown to foreigners," where he would hear the best *flamenco* music in Seville.

But James had no intention of wandering about the thieves' dens of Seville until he had presented the diamonds to Doña Adriana.

She lived with her aunts in a long white house standing in a garden thick with the dark pencils of cypress trees. They all received him graciously, and exclaimed aloud in delight at the diamonds, and James sighed with relief at having successfully accomplished his mission.

He parted reluctantly with Don Ignacio's family, and promised lightheartedly to visit Adriana and her husband. Little did he think he would never see her again.

Late that night, since he was now free of his mission, he sat in the Baile Flamenco with Pablo and Antonio, a picador. The place was crowded with wild-looking people, many of them gypsies. Here was color and laughter and music. The frenzied wildness of the singers, the rippling of the guitars, all combined to produce music of such fierceness that James thought of the tales he had heard of witches' sabbaths. His blood had begun to pound when a girl ran to the stage and began to dance. She sprang into the air like a creature possessed. Lithely rolling her hips, she contorted her supple body as though it were boneless, flinging herself into a series of lascivious and enticing poses. Then, as the music swelled to a climax, she sprang once more into the air, to sink motionless upon the floor. In a second she was bowing to the sound of vociferous and noisy applause.

"That girl," Pablo said in the grudging tones of one who hails from Cadiz, "is good. Who is she, Antonio?"

"She belongs to those good-for-nothing gypsies," the picador replied. "Sometimes she comes to work here for an odd night or so."

James scarcely noticed her as she ran around the tables collecting money in a tambourine. As she approached their table, Pablo distracted him by asking loudly, "Are you staying for the Sunday bullfight, Don Jaime?"

"I can stay if I leave early Monday morning."

The gypsy girl came up behind them and said impudently, in a husky, rather deep voice:

"Don Jaime, have you any silver for my tambourine?"

She was very young, with a wild little vivid face that was burned a clear, sunny brown, flashing teeth, and the usual devastating gypsy eyes.

James smiled at her vaguely and gave her a silver coin.

The next Sunday found James, Pablo, and Antonio at the *corrida.*

James' eyes were at first dazed by the violence of so much color: the fighting capes, magenta, lined with buttercup yellow; the bright flowered shawls draped by women in front of their boxes; the sun glare on the sandy arena.

After the second bull had been killed, Antonio went down to talk to friends, and a gentleman behind James asked if he might take the seat next to his.

"Certainly, until my friend returns."

The newcomer was a short, stocky man with a cigar-brown face, a cast in one eye, and a wide smiling mouth.

"My name is Tomás Da Silva. My profession is that of librarian. I am, in fact, on my way to Madrid, where I have some work waiting for me."

"I too," James informed him, "am on my way to Madrid. I leave tomorrow morning."

"Really? I suppose, in that case, you wouldn't do me the pleasure of dining with me tonight?"

"I should be delighted," said James, and then the picador limped back to his seat and the spectacle of the bullfight continued, brutal and vivid, as the sun poured down upon sand now dabbled with patches of dark blood.

AT dinner Da Silva proved a good host and tried his best to be helpful as well.

"If I can be of any use to you in Madrid, Mr. Darrell," he said, "you have only to make your wishes known."

"Thank you!" James said. Then his thoughts absorbed him. He was exasperated with the monk's life he had been leading, and determined to find a mistress in Madrid.

"I'm sick of living alone," he thought. "I won't let her ruin all my life for me—that's what she'd like to do. She's got her rich husband; she doesn't care. But I am starting again, and I shall live now as though she had never existed."

Da Silva's voice cut through his thoughts:

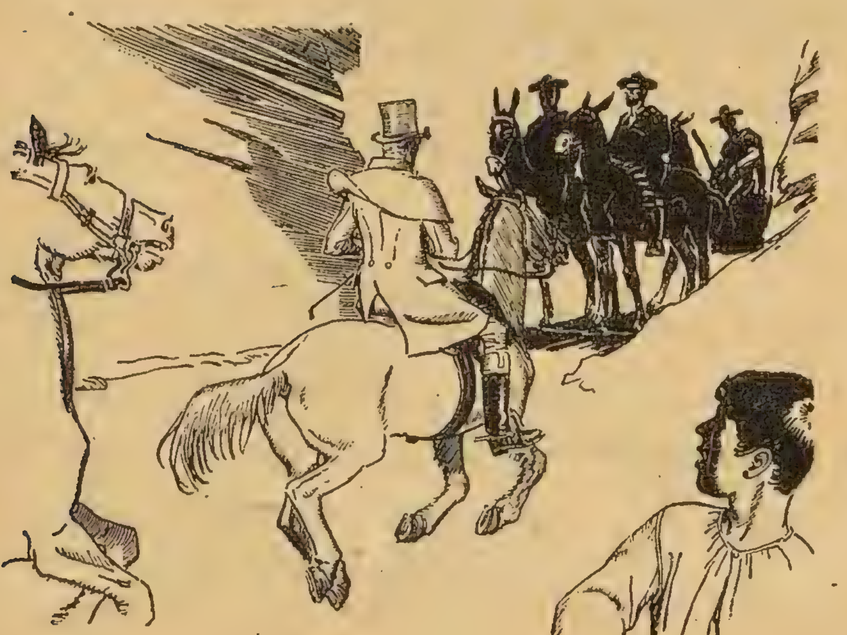
"If I started tomorrow, would you have any objection to my traveling with you? It's dull traveling alone, and besides I believe I can save you some money. I know every inch of the road from here to Madrid. You will not need to engage another guide when your present one leaves you in Cadiz."

The next morning they were on the road, and Pablo, who did not like the newcomer, sulked all the way to Cadiz. But there James took a final farewell of his guide, and the next day set forth with Da Silva early in the morning on the first stage of their long journey.

James was delighted with a black stallion he had bought and hoped to sell for a profit in Madrid. Da Silva, a bad horseman, ambled along by his side on a sedate and elderly cob. James was in wild spirits. At last he was starting his new life. He had delivered the diamond necklace, and ahead of him lay the long, adventurous ride. Free to speak at last, he informed Da Silva that he was proceeding to the offices of De Zozaya, the diamond merchant.

They paused for the afternoon siesta, and when they resumed their journey Da Silva suggested that they should press on until the evening, when they would reach a first-class inn. James assented eagerly, and so it came about that the sun was setting as they approached a gloomy, savage gorge. Here rocks jutted sharply on either side to form a natural tunnel. The dying sun was shut out, and the road became dark. The horses' hoofs drummed with a hollow, muffled sound.

His horse shied, and he saw that an ugly boy had run forward to beg for alms. James was searching his pocket for some coppers when three men bestriding mules came abreast through the gorge. There was something menacing in the silence with which they awaited the next move.



He remembered the tales he had heard of Spanish bandits and wished with all his heart that he had brought his pistol with him. He felt thankful that the diamonds were safe.

"Come on!" he shouted to Da Silva, and, spurring his horse, rode straight at the three men. He was never to know quite what happened, although he saw that the bandits flourished great clubs and felt one of these strike him violently on the back of the head. His horse plunged, and there was a clattering of hoofs. He knew nothing more.

Ten minutes later, when Da Silva had searched James' body and the saddlebags all in vain, his fury was ungovernable. Heated altercation broke out between the hired bandits and himself. He tried to evade paying them what he had promised, and only his fear of their recriminations induced him to agree to their threatening demands.

"You've the body to strip, and there's the black stallion! There's a fine suit, isn't there, and a purse of money, and doubtless a watch! Such plunder as you seldom find! Now, out of my way—I've no wish to be caught anywhere near here!"

When he had gone, the bandits set about their work. When they finished, they left James' naked body lying just outside the ravine, by the side of the road. Then they too rode away. The gorge was silent once more.

So long a period of darkness and oblivion as was to be James Darrell's lot can never afterward be measured by known standards of time. It is as though a sponge erases some portion of life forever from the mind of one who is thus struck down. Everything is black and blank, and will always remain so.

During all that time a veil of darkness was dragged across his mind, and after many more periods of darkness and oblivion it was frightening, one day, to open his eyes and see a face looking down at him. He had no recollection of ever having seen her before. She was smiling, her sparkling face was nut-brown beneath a mop of black hair, but there was something wild and singular about her eyes.

"I am Rosal," she said.

He closed his eyes again, but during the next week the waves of pain were not so frequent and he progressed enough to know that sometimes an old woman looked after him in place of the girl.

"Where is she?" he asked the old woman.

"Out making money to keep you," was the curt answer.

A few days afterward he saw her again. He was in a roomy tent fashioned of skins. He lay on a divan of comfortable mattresses, and the girl sat cross-legged by his pillow, fanning him.

"You're good to me," he said suddenly.

"I love you," she said frankly in her young husky voice.

"We love each other? Is that what you meant? I'm sorry, but I can't remember anything—"

"You're Jaime—Don Jaime. You love me. Don't you remember? You saw me dance in Seville and fell in love wtih me," she said. "But I went away. Then you had an accident on the road, and you were robbed. I found you and brought you here. Now you are nearly well."

"Who am I?" he asked. "What's my other name?"

"I can't tell you," she answered, "but as you get better you will remember. You loved me when first we met. It was our destiny, our *baji*."

"But you married some rich man, didn't you?"

"Don Jaime, I never married any one!"

She slid down beside him on the mattress and pressed her fruitlike cheek close to his.

"Don't you love me?" she whispered.

"Yes," he lied, for he was tired.

HE didn't understand at all, and he wondered why he had fallen in love with her, as she insisted he had. "Don Jaime?"

"For heaven's sake, call me Jaime and have done!"

"Jaime! When you see me dance you will love me all over again!"

"Rosal"—he looked at her pleadingly—"who was with me in Seville?"

She got up, stretching herself like a lithe young cat.

"In Seville? When you told me you loved me? You were alone; there was nobody else. We were alone together."

Rosal was sixteen. Her parents were dead and she fended for herself. She was an admirable dancer and an expert fortuneteller. She owned her own tent, cart, and pony. She was exceedingly pretty and had many suitors, among them Juan, the famous gypsy bullfighter known as El Flamenco. But she treated them all with contempt.

She fell in love for the first time in her life when she saw James at the Baile Flamenco. For her there were no halfway measures; she wanted him more than she had ever wanted anything, and she was determined if possible to possess him and be possessed by him.

She was a primitive creature, and she sat up at night preparing gypsy love charms in the potency of which she firmly believed. One day, she assured herself, he would become her lover—her first and only lover.

On the night she had first seen him at the Baile, she had heard, by the grapevine system of communication among the Egyptians, that the young man was to be robbed and murdered for the sake of some valuable jewels he was carrying to Madrid. She had not much time, but she made the most of it. She found the three disreputable gypsies who had been hired by Da Silva, and she bribed them to spare James' life. She would have preferred him unhurt, but when she was told that this was impossible she wasted no time in arguing. And so she crouched near the ravine on the night of the robbery, and when they delivered him into her hands, she took him to her tent and nursed him as well as she could.

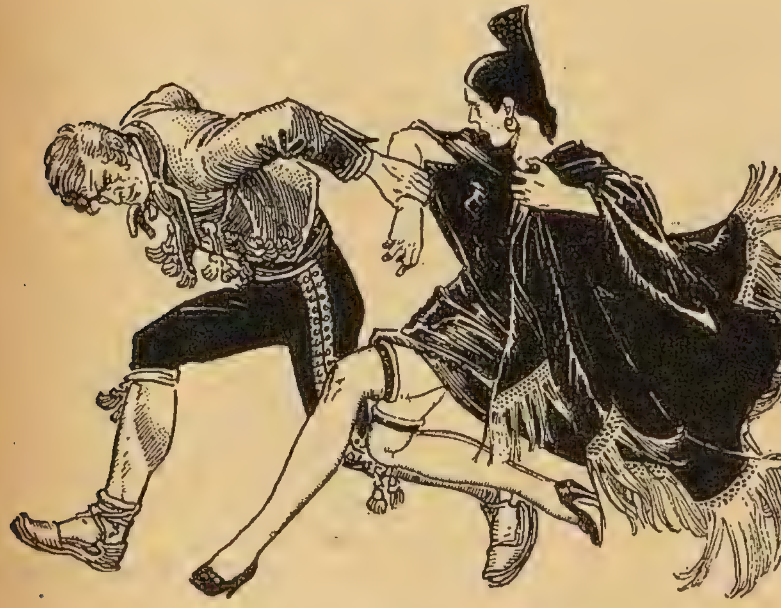
When she first realized that James remembered nothing, she had no scruples about lying to him. She wanted him and was determined to have him; for Rosal was a wild and sensuous little animal, lighthearted, thoughtless, and pagan.

Now—due, she was firmly convinced, to her gypsy spells—James lay in her tent, helpless, and she was convinced that he would never want to escape. Soon, when he was better, he would know how much she loved him, and he would love her.

James was quite certain that, whatever he might have said to Rosal in Seville, he did not love her. While his tired brain tried to cope with so much that was still confusing, he found he regarded her as a stranger—a half-savage girl who was wild and hard and insolent.

"I can't go on staying with the Ursari," he said to her, when he felt stronger. "I'm well enough now to find out who I am!"

"I thought, Jaime, as you have no money, you would help us, perhaps, with the horses and mules. How can you trace your friends without a penny?"



"Yes, until my memory is better, I'll stay. But I want my own tent and I want to take off this beard. Get one of the men to give me a razor."

It was then, looking in a strip of mirror, he saw that his hair had become white.

Some weeks later he said to her suddenly: "This isn't the first time I've traveled with gypsies."

"You learned our language quickly."

She was in one of her melting and altogether charming moods. She had slipped her hand in his, and he retained it, finding it comforting. She wore a frilled dress of scarlet cotton and a bunch of red carnations in her hair.

At first he had been irritated by her possessiveness. Now he regarded her somewhat differently. He was not, and never could be, in love with her, but he was beginning to need a woman, and she was the only one he knew.

She came close to him, pressing against him. He could feel her heart beat; he could touch the swell of her young breasts. He kissed her. Her lips were crimson, fresh, and sweet. But suddenly he drew away from her.

"I never meant to kiss you!" he said.

"That's a lie! My lips pleased you, didn't they? You know I love you, and yet you torment me. I wish I'd left you to die upon the road!"

"Sometimes I wish you had!"

He left her and walked by himself for an hour or so, and tried, as he often did, to remember something about the past. But his effort was useless. It was only when he was thinking of something else that brief flashes of recollection returned to haunt his mind, and he stored them avariciously, a meager hoard of treasure. At times he remembered some shadowy English village, with children, even more intangible, picking primroses in a wood. And there was some one else—a woman who had made him very unhappy. But he could remember nothing whatever about her.

He returned tired and cross to his tent and immediately fell asleep. He was awakened some time later by a rustling sound near him, and he saw Rosal kneeling beside his pillow.

"Jaime, I must come to you! I can't stand it!" She slid nearer, with one of her supple movements, and dropped her shawl, and the olive bronze of her skin caught a silver sheen from the moonlight pouring into the tent.

His heart began to pound like a drum. Then, to his astonishment, he saw tears streaming down her cheeks. Her tears glittered in the moonlight.

"You don't want me, Jaime! Oh, Mother of God, why was I born?"

Her grief was childlike and pathetic.

"Listen to me," he said. "I *do* want you! Do you hear? I shall marry you! *Now* will you stop crying?"

A few minutes later her head was on his breast and she was quiet.

The gypsy wedding took place three days later, and afterward Rosal led him to a place in the forest, hidden away among the chestnut trees. There was moss on the ground, thick and soft as a king's carpet.

Later that night, as he lay in her arms, he called her by a name that was not hers. He called her "Oriana" in his sleep, and smiled, resting his head on her breast. When dawn came, she was still awake.

It was not long after that his memory began to come back—first Oriana's name and then his own. After that he was often moody and remote with Rosal. Much of the physical pleasure they had enjoyed together was from then on lacking in their relationship. Then his memory began to flood back and he began to write again.

Sometimes he thought that, had he been alone in the world, he would have liked to return to England. But he had no ties there. He had written once to his mother in Bath, only to receive a letter from his uncle telling of her death, and that his sister had married and gone to India.

His only ties were those he had formed in this sun-scorched land across the seas, and any idea of taking Rosal to England he dismissed as fantastic. As for leaving her even for a few months, that too was impossible; for once separated from her, he doubted very much if he would ever have the will power to return. From what he knew of her, he realized, without conceit, that she would be quite capable of killing herself. He decided he had better make the best of a bad business. When he finished the book he was writing he supposed he could send it to some publisher in London.

THEN, after a year, Rosal decided they should live in Granada, and obtained a post for James as secretary to the gypsy bullfighter, Juan, or El Flamenco. With her usual shrewdness, she had divined from the first that James' gifts as a scholar must be utilized to earn his living. She knew how deeply his pride had suffered during those months of horse coping for the Ursari. And so, using all her considerable powers of coquetry, she managed to insinuate him into Juan's employment.

For more than two years, they made their permanent home at the Albaicin, where hundreds of gypsies lived in caves burrowed like swallows' nests in the face of the mountain. Rosal knew that James must have a permanent home, and this was the best she could devise. He had much free time to write, since the nights Rosal danced at the Baile she seldom came home until morning.

One evening, after he had taken Rosal to the Baile, he walked to the fashionable café patronized by El Flamenco, and found that the bullfighter, who was always unpunctual, had not appeared.

A few minutes later he heard an English voice, speaking careful Spanish, call for some Valdepeñas, and impulsively he turned round to look. There was something so familiar about the man that James continued to stare, bewildered, since even now his treacherous memory often played him false.

Suddenly the young man looked at him.

"Surely I'm not mistaken?" he asked. "It *is* James Darrell, isn't it?"

"Yes," James admitted. "But I'm afraid—my memory is bad."

"I'm Jeffrey Lucas," the young man replied. "Don't you remember we met on the Southern Star?"

Lucas was frankly mystified by the exotic appearance of this acquaintance from the past. James was burned dark and clad in peon's dress, with clinking spurs and frilled shirt! When James removed his rakish hat, Lucas perceived with astonishment that his once dark hair was blanched gray.

James grinned at his surprise. "I was ill, here, for about a year. I wonder you recognized me."

There was a pause, and then James inquired: "May I ask what you're doing in Granada?"

"I'm on my way home by Gibraltar." Young Lucas smiled. "You must promise that when you're next in England you'll come and stay with me. Is it a bargain?"

James was silent for a moment, thinking of the past.

"I'm afraid I'm unlikely to return to England," he said at last. "If I ever do, I promise I'll visit you. But—I have —commitments here."

"Well," Jeffrey Lucas remarked, "I suppose I must be on my way to my lodgings—I have an early start before me. Is there any service I can render before I go?"

"There's one," James plunged suddenly. "You can tell me news of your neighbor, Lady Castleton. You see, she's an old friend of mine. Is she well?"

"She was a year ago, and I've heard nothing to the contrary since. But it's common knowledge she and Castleton don't get along. He's a queer fellow, of course, and her ladyship likes her own way. There are no children, and for some time now they've agreed to disagree. When she's in Hampshire he's in London, and vice versa. People say he drugs, but as to that I know nothing."

"Thank you," James said simply.

"If you have any messages for Lady Castleton, I'll be delighted—"

James protested with violence: "On the contrary, I want you to give me your word you'll never mention having seen me!"

He thought grimly of Oriana's mockery, should she ever learn of his life with the riffraff of Andalusia. Exactly, he thought, raging, the raggle-taggle future she had predicted for him long ago in Ackland Wood!

Lucas, disturbed by his stormy face, assured him: "I won't mention your name."

"Thank you! And—if I ever go back, I shall remember my promise, too!"

So they parted, and James reluctantly returned to the café, where he was greeted by a remarkable variety of ribald jokes.

Juan had arrived in drunken uproarious spirits. "I have been to see Rosal dance!" he shouted.

James was unable to understand why so simple a statement should be accompanied by such complicated grimaces. However, he replied that no doubt Rosal had been pleased and honored. Whereupon Juan collapsed into fits of almost hysterical mirth.

"That's just it," he gasped, wiping his eyes. "She wasn't pleased at all—far from it. But, as I pointed out, a contract's a contract! Don't you agree, Jaime?"

JAMES was assailed by an unwilling suspicion. He knew that Juan, in so far as he was capable of being in love, was in love with Rosal; that her indifference infuriated him and that often, when drunk, he boasted that he would one day possess her.

As the torero again burst into uproarious fits of laughter, James demanded impatiently: "What have you done? Answer me!"

Juan's features suddenly assumed a forbidding scowl. "Done?" he muttered. "Something I've always wanted to—and to hell with you, Inglés! I've seen Rosal dance naked, that's what! You know, don't you, some of the girls dance naked Saturdays at the Baile if the house gets enough *parné?*"

"Of course I know. And Rosal is one of those who doesn't!"

Juan looked at him mockingly. "Well, I've just seen her dance naked. And very lovely she was! I congratulate you!"

James dragged him to his feet by the collar of his frilled shirt. But Juan was no coward and he taunted: "Rosal keeps you by these Saturdays, and you pretend to know nothing? Why, Jaime, you don't need to work! You—"

James' fist smashed straight upon the bone of Juan's chin and the bullfighter slumped unconscious upon the floor.

The waiters, distracted by this affront to El Flamenco, their god, ran forward to revive him, roughly ordering James out of the café.

He went straight to the Baile and softly let himself in by the kitchen door. He knew the place well. As he walked past the public dance room and up the dimly lighted stairs, he heard the strumming of a guitar, and, opening a French window, found himself on a narrow balcony. Here another window blazed forth cheerfully into the night, and, pressing forward, he put his face against the glass.

He saw a smaller dance room brilliantly lit by candles. A guitar player sat in a chair at the end of the room. At the other end there reposed three elderly gentlemen in an awestruck row.

In the middle of the room Rosal and two other girls were dancing. They were naked except for long black silk stockings and shoes with high red heels. James watched for only one moment. Then, as he stared at that slender amber body posturing so ignobly, he smashed open the French window and crashed into the room.

He did not look at Rosal, but on a chair he saw an embroidered crimson shawl he knew to be hers. Picking it up, he flung it over her and dragged her roughly out of the room and down the stairs through the gathering crowd.

AS they left the Baile, he clutched her arm in an iron grip.

"You know you deserve to be beaten?"

She brightened a little. "You want to beat me?"

"I'd like to kill you!" he said.

"Kill me, Jaime, if you want!"

He said briefly: "I've lost my post with Juan. I knocked him down tonight!"

"Oh, Jaime," she whimpered, "I never knew he would come to the Baile on a Saturday!"

As they climbed the steep mountain road to the Albaicin, James thought of Oriana. Even Oriana could scarcely have conceived a night so squalid as this one had proved to be, with his gypsy wife dancing naked and himself dismissed by a drunken bullfighter!

"Get in!" he muttered, as they reached their own cave.

He sat down to drink a glass of red wine and wondered what he should do. His book was not yet ready to send to England, and he had, in any case, little enough faith in such an enterprise.

He thought, I'll take her to Morocco. I've always wanted to go there.

Rosal lay on the bed watching as he brooded. She was happy. He must love her—love her very much indeed—to have objected so passionately to her nudity at the Baile. She knew no other gypsy dancer whose rom would have made the scene he had made. She lay in ecstasy and did not at all mind if he wanted to beat her.

But nothing was further from his thoughts.

He got into bed with her. He was cold and wet; she was warm. He slid closer to her and they embraced.

Later, much later, he called aloud a name he had once before pronounced—and that on the night of their gypsy wedding: "Oriana!"

Rosal turned away from him. He slept then, but she was wakeful and suspicious, all her joy gone.

The next morning she got up early, while he was still asleep, and went to mass. When she got back to the cave, James was dressed and had made his own coffee.

"We're going to Morocco!" he said.

"How shall we live in Morocco?"

"Much as we've lived in Spain. I can shoe horses and shear mules. You can dance—so long as you're dressed." He gave her a long look. "I'm taking you to the Baile tonight."

"The Baile? But—"

"Nobody shall think we're afraid to show ourselves! We'll have supper and you must wear your prettiest frock."

She took a long time to dress that evening. The frills of her dress were crisp and white as foam. A scarlet triangle of fringed shawl draped upon her shoulders. There were her shoes with high red heels, and coral-colored combs to stick in her jetty locks.

James was pleased with the result and on their way down the hill he bought her a bunch of scarlet carnations, which she pinned, flamenco fashion, in a topknot on her curly head.

He said, "You're pleased at the idea of going to Morocco?"

"Pleased?" She laughed. "I'd be pleased to go anywhere with you, my Jaime! Anywhere you say! It makes no difference!"

Their arrival created a stir and murmur of excitement. James ordered a bottle of wine, and when it came he suggested, "Let's drink to Morocco."

They did, and then he said, "We shall start a new life," and thought that perhaps he had neglected her and swore to himself he would make her happy and keep her out of mischief.

The Baile was packed now, and the fun was wildly boisterous. There was the wildness of flamenco music, a blue haze of smoke, a hoarse noisy hum of voices.

And then, suddenly, the entrance of a god, as El Flamenco strode into the room. He was drunk. His black eyes were brilliant, his tawny cheekbones flushed. He had fought valiantly that same day, and there were cheers as he came swaggering into the room.

"Drinks for every one!" he shouted. "Drinks for all my friends!"

He saw James and Rosal, and the flush on his cheekbones became deeper.

"But not for any cursed Inglés or for his mistress! Do you hear?" He turned to James, staring insolently.

"No, Inglés, you are *not* drinking with me! I don't like kept men! Nor do I like the *putas* who keep 'em!"

James was ice pale. He thought that he had never been so furiously angry before as he was now. He rose.

Juan rose, too, and came sauntering across the room toward his enemy.

"You hit me with your English box, didn't you, my fighting rooster?" he sneered. "That's why I came here tonight—to call quits to your affair!"

Rosal sprang to her feet. "Your knife—quick!" she whispered to James, and he ripped it open swiftly, as he had learned from the Bear People.

Juan's hand was in his pocket, and James waited tensely for the gleam of his weapon. He felt stupid, dazed, when he saw that Juan held a pistol in his hand. A pistol! Gypsy men fought always with knives or with their fists.

There was a violent explosion and a flash of fire—that was not so swift as the flash of fire that was Rosal springing across his breast, so that her warm body shielded him.

SHE was crumpled in a disheveled heap of white, and as he knelt beside her, holding her, he saw a patch of scarlet seeping through the bodice of her dress. It did not look out of place, for her *manton* was red, and the heels of her shoes, and so were the gypsy combs stuck in her hair. What seemed strange was that the clear brown of her skin had faded in one moment to an ashen gray and her bright lips had paled.

She looked up at him with those wild beautiful eyes, so that he perceived with clarity all the imperishable, hopeless, and passionate love she had lavished on him, and its intensity spoke to him then as she herself had never been able to speak.

She smiled faintly and murmured, "You make me happy."

"Rosal—"

"Happy, Jaime."

She shuddered then, and sighed as though she were too tired to speak again.

"Get a doctor!" he heard himself cry.

As she lay in his arms, it seemed as though she strained to keep her eyes open; it seemed as though she must look her last on him.

When she spoke at last, it was the merest whisper. "Not a doctor—a priest!"

He heard nothing after that, as her face blanched and her eyes glazed and her head fell limp upon his shoulder.

It seemed ages later that James heard some one sobbing beside him. He did not know until afterward that it was Juan, who had killed her, mourning.

For some days James could not believe that she was really dead. She had been too passionately alive, too warmhearted, too impulsive and eager, easily to be forgotten. He could not believe that he would never again hear the lightness of her step or the husky tone of her voice; that he would never again see her dance.

When the drawn-out gloom of the trial was over and Juan had been committed to prison for ten years, James found that he had no desire whatever to return to England. And so, determined now to devote his life only to his writing, he sailed for Morocco.

MORE than two years later in England The Spanish Journey was published. It became an overnight sensation. To an epoch already drab with what was one day to be known as Victorianism, The Spanish Journey came as a shock—a jolt. There, defiantly flung down before the taste of the time, was a gauntlet electrifying to other writers of the period.

James Darrell, suppressing only what was personal to himself, wrote with simplicity of all that he had seen of the wild gypsies and their gaudy life, of beautiful, savage Spain, of all the strange people he had known, and, in the London to which he had at last returned, found himself famous.

But in all his success he was alone. He had made inquiries about Don Ignacio, only to discover he had died long since. The people who sought out the new celebrity meant nothing to him, and at last, driven by his feeling of aloneness, he went to Oxford. Finding from the house agents that his home was to let, he drove over to view it. It was silent, shuttered, and thick with dust. James wandered about the dusty rooms, looking at the paneled parlor, the dark twisted staircase, the kitchen where he remembered having once been happy when he was a child.

He went out then, toward the Hall. But the Hall was shut and dark against the blackness of the encroaching trees. Here he was reminded as never before of Oriana. She had gone away somewhere else to live, to make another life. But she seemed so near to him that he could almost hear her breathing at his side. He remembered walking with her in the park on starry summer nights; he remembered riding with her on autumn mornings, when she pressed her black mare homeward across the fields because she was hungry and there were muffins for breakfast at the Hall.

Musing as he was, he almost forgot she had been his mistress one breathless summer night five years ago. Had that between them really happened, or had he dreamed it when he was sick to death in Spain?

His passionate desire to see her again became so acute he could scarcely refrain from writing to her. Then it was that he remembered how casually, how cruelly she had parted from him on that dreamlike night; how she had been interested only in possessing him; how he had been shamed, in his manhood, by her masterful ways.

I'm damned if I'll write to her! he thought on his slow walk back to Oxford.

But he could not help hoping very much indeed that she, who once had sneered at his gypsy friends, had read The Spanish Journey.

The next day he took a long lease of his old home. Then he returned to London. But he felt so strange in London. He could not help wondering whether he was dreaming this part of his life, or whether he had dreamed the years in Spain. He felt at ease only when he was working. Then he was safe, shut up in his own secret world, happy, absorbed, as his pen raced across the paper. It was only after he had worked and sought relaxation that he realized the extent of his own loneliness.

Perhaps, too, he missed Rosal, even after two years without her. He thought of her often—always a stab of misery. It was only since her death that he realized the full extent of her devotion, and then he felt very humble.

Occasionally when he felt restless he dined at an old-fashioned chophouse. There, in an ecstasy of creative imagination, he often sat and pondered half an evening over a chapter. Then his mind burned so that he could scarcely wait to finish dinner and hasten back to his desk.

One night as he sat alone he heard his name called;

and started, to find Jeffrey Lucas standing beside him.

"Of all the unpredictable fellows!" Lucas declared, laughing. "You've become famous since I last saw you in Granada!"

"A long time ago!"

"Let's have some wine! And I say, James, when are you coming to stay with me?"

James was silent for a moment. He realized then, not for the first time, that it was useless to fight against fate.

He said, "Whenever you ask me, Jeffrey."

"Will you come and stay in June, toward the end of the month?"

"I'd be very glad to," James responded.

"Come for as long as you like. You'll meet an old friend—Lady Castleton will be in Hampshire, I believe."

"Is she well?" James asked, with a desperately overdone carelessness.

"Oh, I think so," Lucas replied.

"And their marriage?"

"Even worse than when we talked of it that time in Spain! I believe Frank Castleton has to have nurses to check him taking drugs." There was a pause. Then he went on: "Come and stay at Ardley for as long as you wish."

And he knew his sole reason for wanting to visit Hampshire was his burning desire to see Oriana once again. No matter how long he stayed away from her, it was impossible to dismiss her from his mind. There she was, eternally looming in the background of his life, always dominating that other ghost whose wraith floated in the smoke of gypsy fires.

JEFFREY LUCAS lived in a gabled mellow Tudor manor house nestling among parks and woodland. James had not been inside an English country house since his last visit to Oriana's old home, and now, experiencing once more the same familiar atmosphere of unobtrusive comfort, of a life that seemed changeless, of a past that was rich and interwoven with history itself, the years in Spain seemed more than ever like a dream.

The first morning, Jeffrey said to him casually at breakfast:

"It seems Lady Castleton wants us to dine with her on Wednesday. Will that suit you?"

Somehow James managed to make his answer equally as casual. But when Wednesday arrived, he felt numb, drained of all emotion. He kept on remembering the day when he had first recollected her name, in Spain, and the countless days he had thought of it since.

Then evening came, and, still unable to believe he was not dreaming, he found himself, though he scarcely remembered how, in an Adam drawing room fragrant with masses of lilies.

She was not alone; there was an elderly woman with her, and an indeterminate married couple. She was dressed in black lace that made her pale skin seem luminous. She was exactly as she had been five years ago. For her time had stood still.

"James!" she said in her warm voice, and then: "Your hair? When did you go gray?"

"I was ill long ago in Spain."

She turned to introduce her friends, hoping that she had disguised her emotion at his changed appearance. For she knew then that, despite all his fame, he was lonely, unhappy, no longer the wild boy who had walked so boldly into her bedroom one summer night long ago.

So she said gently: "I've put you next to me at dinner. We've so much to talk about, haven't we, James?"

"Quite a lot," he answered calmly, but she noticed that a muscle twitched in his cheek.

They walked across the hall into the dining room, and he knew that he would never forget the scent of lilies that seemed to be everywhere in her house.

After dinner, while the others played whist, they went into the garden. Dusk flowed over the lawn, and on the terrace a peacock passed, trailing its plumes indifferently.

"James, what has happened to make you so much older?"

"My life hasn't been an easy one until lately."

"Are you in love with any one?" she asked.

"You know I am."

"It has always been the same with me, too," she said.

"You call that love? My dear, I should have thought one of your own stableboys would have served your purpose admirably! You never loved *me* that night. You never wanted me! Any one else would have done as well!"

"That's not true, James. I loved you! I still love you, and always will. Try to understand a little. I was very young when I married Frank. It amused him to teach me many things I had no need to know. He's a queer, perverted creature, and I'd rather not discuss him, except to say never has any one more bitterly regretted a marriage than I have mine. Well, I was younger then, James, and I wanted to possess you, having always loved you. And it amused me to send you away—I was so sure you'd come back. But you never did."

"Have you had many lovers since?"

"One. I sent him away soon enough. Yes, I even sank to the banality of a lover, trying to get you out of my mind. It was a failure from the first. And you? Were there many women in Spain?"

He told her briefly then of Rosal.

As she said nothing, he concluded: "If I had never crossed their lives, they would have been happy enough together, she and Juan."

"Perhaps you are wrong. If she had had to choose, she might have chosen three years with you rather than ten—twenty years with the bullfighter!"

"Why do you think that?" he asked curiously.

"I suppose because I chose wrongly myself."

"You haven't told me anything about your husband."

"He's been ill for years—consumption, you know—and now he's dying. He began to drug even before we were married."

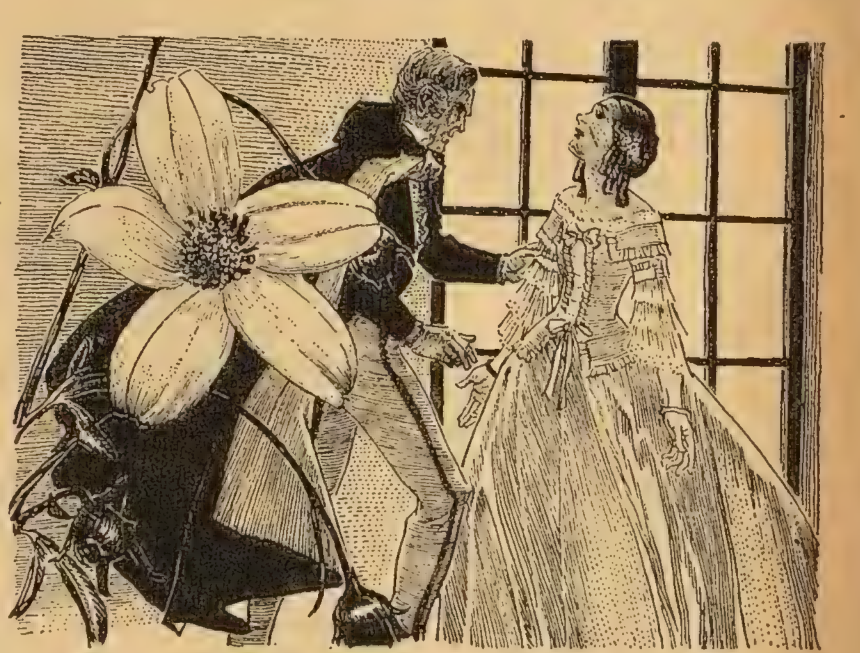
"But he was in love with you!"

"I know. He thought at first that I could save him. I thought so too, when I first found out what was the matter. But I couldn't, of course. I was too young. And now—"

"Do you hate him, Oriana?"

She considered for a moment, her head on her hand.

"No; I'm sorry for him. Indeed, I never had any particular reason for hating him. He gave me all that I wanted—this lovely house, jewels, money, all the luxuries I was determined not to live without and with which I was soon so intolerably bored."



"Try living without them!" he suggested ironically.

"I'm ready to do that."

He took her in his arms, and it was as though they had never been parted. He drew her close. Her perfume, the warmth of her body consoled him then for much unhappiness, so that at last he was at peace.

"When can you come back?" she asked.

"Tonight! I'll come across the fields after your guests have left."

"I'll leave the drawing-room window open. You'll see the light across the park."

They were close to the house, and before they went inside he took her in his arms.

"If you don't come, I shan't want to live!" she said.

"Why can't we still be young, now we're beginning to see clear?"

"We *are* young, James! You're only twenty-six!"

"Perhaps in years. But there's nothing young about me. I lost my youth when I lost my memory. Don't you understand?"

"My dear love—"

"Well," he said, "we're going to be happy now. We've been through enough hell!"

"I agree. But we must be discreet. Come in before we wreck our lives a second time!"

Later that night James found himself on the road again, walking straight toward Oriana's house. He was conscious not only of a fierce exaltation but of a sweeter feeling—a feeling of peace as he saw a light shining from one of the French windows on the terrace. He was coming home. He felt he had been a wanderer many years.

His feet fell softly on the terrace, and when she heard his step she came out to meet him.

Later that night, the episode of the coaching inn was erased forever from his mind. There in her lovely room, where gold stars sprinkled the white wallpaper, where bright carnations were massed everywhere, he found that the possessiveness of her youth had vanished along with her passion for luxury, along with her high-handed ways.

Now she revealed a tenderness, a glowing warmth, that he had not known before, and when he had possessed her, he discovered that her cheeks were wet with tears. She could not endure to let him go, and it was not until daylight that he left her, swearing to return again that night, however late.

As he walked across the bird-haunted park to Ardley in the sweet freshness of that early June morning, he thought that he would not mind very much if he were told that he must die. For the first time in all his life he had known the delight of perfect happiness.

They continued to meet every night in her house, and every night seemed more entrancing than the last. And sometimes it was as though the Spanish years had never really happened.

"It can't really have been true," he said once to Oriana. "There can't be two lives so different!"

"There may be a hundred different lives, for all of us. What do we know?"

"Not much," he admitted.

"You were growing old, although you were young, out there in Spain. In a few days you've become young again here with me. You're not so old now as that arrogant boy who stormed into my room one night at the inn."

"And you? You were so perverse that night—so sweet now. Oriana, when can we really be together?"

"Always—you know that!" There's a caretaker at the Hall who is paid by me. I can always go down to my old home, you know, and stay there in two rooms."

"Would you really do that?"

HE was in a lighthearted mood as he walked across the fields freckled with cowslips to spend his last evening at the Palladian house. Never, never again would they be parted for more than a few days, or a few weeks at the most. They would be together alone in Oxfordshire.

She admitted him as usual. Tonight she was wearing a rich dress of crimson, with a huge skirt, exactly the same color as the dark carnation in her hair.

She said in a tone that carried all her fear and anxiety, "I had a letter today! I must go to London—to Frank. And from there the doctors say I must take him to Switzerland."

He said, "I don't understand what you mean."

"I thought I'd made myself clear. Why pretend not to understand?"

"Clear! Castleton's dying—a wreck—eaten up with consumption and drug-taking. And you say the doctors insist that you must go to Switzerland! Let him go, but don't stand there telling me it's your duty to go with him."

Her lashes lowered. They were like tiny but exquisite black fans on the pallor of her cheeks.

"He wants me to go with him. He wrote to me, as well as the doctors. It was painful, horrible. But, you see, I've got to go."

"Why do these doctors want to send him abroad if he's dying?"

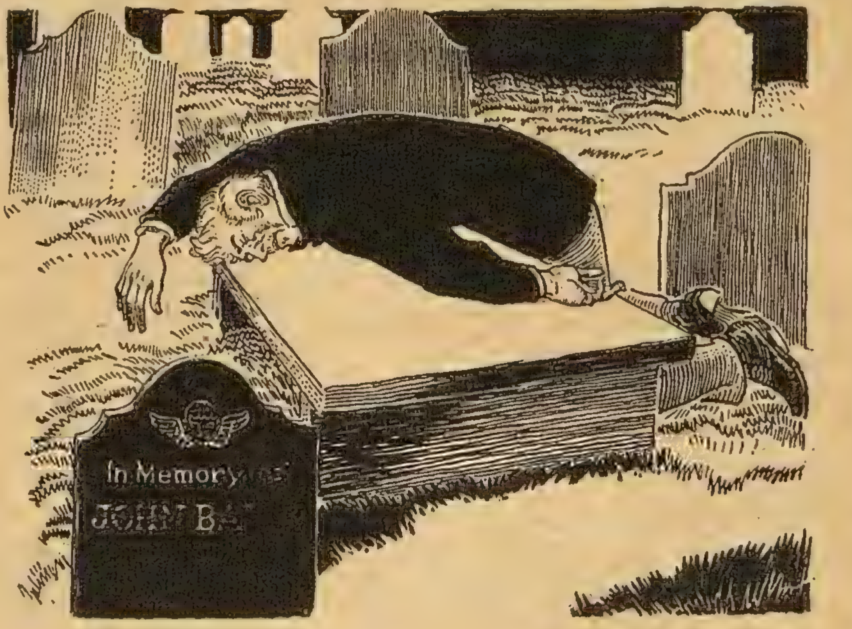
"He may live six—eight months longer if he goes, and he wants to live! It's their duty to keep him alive. James, he doesn't want to die."

"Why should *you* go with him? What possible good can you do?"

"None," she agreed, sighing. "But as he wants me, I must go."

"Oriana, have I not had to do without you for years?"

"In a way. But in another way we've never really been separated, have we? James, be reasonable. I married Frank with my eyes open. I got money and jewels and luxury. He's always loved me in a queer perverted way. Do you really think I'm going to let him die alone? If it was Rosal, would you have let her die like that?"



"That's just what happened to her, Oriana. Only—I didn't know."

"You see?" she said. "Another good reason for not letting it happen again. We love each other, and we have years before us because we're young. You didn't know Rosal was going to die, or you would have been more patient with her. Well, I do know Frank is going to die, and I'm going to be patient with him. I'm going to see that he's as happy as he can be these last months."

He said, after a pause: "You're right. I can't argue with you. I don't want any more on my conscience. But it's strange we can only be together for a short time and then the fates contrive to separate us."

"Do you really think that anything could separate us after last week?"

"Death, Oriana?"

"Least of all death. Don't you believe that if I died before you I would always be somewhere close to you?"

Gypsy superstition, long dormant in him, became alert once more.

"Oriana, I hate morbid discussions!"

"I don't mean as a ghost," she persisted, "because I'm not sure I believe in them. What I'm trying to say is that when people have been as close as we have, for so many years, surely death can't really mean that the candle's blown out. You and I—well, I'm prepared to swear that, whichever one of us dies first, we'll always, in some way we don't understand, be together."

"Stop talking about it!" he commanded.

He got up, and she saw that he was pale. He took both her hands.

"Oriana, you're right to go to Switzerland. I was selfish because I can't bear losing you again just as I've found you. He's got the right to have you with him. I see that now. I saw it a moment ago when you reminded me of Rosal."

"You'll write to me?"

He nodded, and taking her in his arms, he kissed her mouth and her throat and her eyes and her hair. He said nothing; he was incapable of speech. Without another look at her he left, and as he walked away he thought suddenly of the warm pulse beating in her throat. A moment ago he was touching it. Now that their parting was over, it no longer seemed like a moment. It was as though a hundred years had passed since the door was shut between them and he was left alone on the other side.

THREE months later James sat working in the room that had once been his father's study. It was even more untidy now than it had been in the past, piled as it was with shelves of tumbling, dusty books. The old-fashioned desk was littered with papers, but the open windows overlooked a garden misty with the blue-gray of Michaelmas daisies.

Sometimes, as he sat working in what had always been his favorite room, it was as though people from the past still roamed the house, ready at any moment to wander into the study and interrupt him. His father, large, weather-beaten, stiff from riding miles across the fields; the remote figure of his mother, with her strong French accent, her petulant complaints, and the perfume she used; his lovely little forgotten sister, who had so enjoyed listening to his stories. Outside, tapping at the window, the dark, faunlike face of the gypsy boy, Sylvester, waiting to lure him away from all that was civilized; and, of course, more vivid than any of these, a little girl in a red hood, with a mischievous face and eyes like great black cherries.

All these belonged to his youth. Though he never tried to read his mind or his emotions to discover this, it was perhaps because of it that he had chosen to live here rather than in London when Oriana had left. There was, of course, no Rosal to prowl about the Queen Anne house in search of him. James was as happy as he could be without Oriana. They wrote constantly, and he found that she had that rarest of all qualities—she was one of those to whom he could write of anything and everything. He wrote to her not only of their love, their passion, and their friendship, but also of everyday matters—the neglect of the empty Hall; gossip of the villagers she had known; gypsy *patrin* on the crossroads; and a hundred other little details that would have interested no one else in the world. She was furious to learn that her father's grave had been ill tended; when James occupied himself with the matter, she wrote back:

"It makes me particularly angry, because when I die that is where I wish to be buried. Not only because of all the old Camperdenes in the church, but because your father is buried there, too, and so many village people who were part of our childhood. That little churchyard that we know so well is the most peaceful place I ever saw. I love the way grass and nettles have grown about those old battered tombstones, so that in summer there is clover; there are harebells and butterflies; all sorts of sweet, familiar things that make death seem natural, devoid of terror. That, surely is how it should be."

Now, on this September morning, he sat working on a chapter of El Moro, determined that he would finish it before he allowed himself the luxury of writing to her. It was difficult, sometimes, in England to remember those secret, hidden cities he had only been able to visit disguised as a Moor.

As he rewrote carefully he heard, with one part of his mind, a peal at the front-door bell, and a few minutes later his Moorish servant came timidly into the study.

"Sir, a gentleman desires to see you. A Mr. Lucas."

"Come in, Jeffrey!" James called, and as Jeffrey obeyed, one glance at his pale face and downcast eyes made him ask, gripping the edge of the desk:

"Something's wrong, isn't it? Oriana? What is it? Please tell me!"

Lucas tried to speak. He raised his hand as if to take James'.

"She's dead, isn't she?"

"Yes," Jeffrey said.

"What happened?"

The room swayed in a crazy way as he spoke, and he felt sick. He sat down.

"An accident," Jeffrey said, not looking at him.

A deathly chill made him shiver as though an icy hand touched his heart, and he could not believe that it was still beating.

"An accident?"

"Yes. You know how she loved to drive her own horses. Well, those mountain passes in Switzerland—I suppose she was driving too fast, and, you see, the heavy diligence came round the corner—there was a collision, and her light phaeton hadn't a chance. She was killed instantly."

"She was?"

"Yes. James, you must believe that!"

Lucas fidgeted. "This summer she talked to me one day. She wanted me to know. She realized I was your friend. Perhaps she had a premonition that she wouldn't live; I don't know. Anyway, she gave me a letter to give you. Here it is."

"Thank you," James said in an absent tone of voice, taking it. "I am sorry to have caused you to travel so far. It was kind of you—you're always kind! Good-by."

"I'm staying here tonight," Jeffrey said.

"I've got to finish a chapter," James said vaguely.

"Would you like me to leave you?"

"Yes, go now. I don't want anybody. All this—I can't—I can't think properly! I'd better go on writing."

Jeffrey went out of the room and James opened Oriana's letter, and read it slowly, carefully, and then again—and yet again.

Beloved,

I have left this for you in case I die first. You will probably never read it. But if you should, I want you to know that you are not only my dearest love—you are a part of me that always has been, always will be. I suppose our roots are somehow entwined, like those trees we used to see in Ackland Wood. Apart, we only seem to make other people suffer, but when we are together we are one flesh, as they say in the prayer book, although they have never said it about us, and never will now, if you read this letter. I hate that, because my only sin against you was refusing to marry you.

Beloved, I have left instructions to be buried in our own churchyard, where I shall be close to you. Don't grieve too much, because I am quite sure that this is not our final parting. Don't ever come to me piously with flowers, I should like the briers and long grass to grow above my headstone. Since it cannot say I am your wife, I would rather be forgotten. You will know where I am, and that is all I care about.

Good-by, my dear and only love.

ORIANA.

He sat down heavily at his desk and tried, like a drunken man, to scribble words across the pages of his manuscript.

But it was useless. He was far away. He was at the Hall, and at the Palladian house in Hampshire; he was in Ackland Wood; he was everywhere, chasing her ghost that flashed across his vision. There she was, near to him, elusive, her dark hair sweet with the perfume of gardenias. Her eyes mocked him; he chased her tempting mouth and tried to touch her pale cheeks. Once again he saw the warm pulse beat in her throat. But she was intangible—a wraith. She was dead.

Soon he found relief in his anguish, for his eyes were no longer like stones and he was able to weep.

It must have been much later when Jeffrey came to him, for he saw that it was dusk.

"Yes," he said, in answer to his arguments, "I'll eat anything you want. Anything. But afterward I'm going to the churchyard. I'm going alone. I want to find a place there. A place for her. Somewhere she'll like. Somewhere peaceful."

Epilogue

"WANTS to see *me?"* Edward Scales repeated in a shrill tone of protest. "The *editor?"*

He removed his boots from the desk, combed his hair, straightened his tie, and insinuated himself with an elegantly concealed timidity toward the inner sanctum.

"Sit down, Scales," said a grizzled, bearded, ferociouslooking man. "You remember a story you did last winter on James Darrell?"

"Yes, sir; of course I do. He was seventy—it was his birthday, and he asked me to dine!"

"He died—somewhat dramatically—yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

"You wouldn't realize, I suppose, that yesterday was All Souls' Day? Well, we wish to do a particularly detailed obituary of Darrell, whom many critics consider the finest writer of our day, and it so happens that, as he was such a recluse, you were the last person we know to have seen him alive. Cast your mind back. Try to remember any details about the man, his house, his life —anything you can think of."

"How did he die?" Scales asked impulsively.

"Oh, he was over seventy, and it appears he'd wandered out late at night. To the churchyard, of all places! He was found in the morning lying across some old tombstone. Don't sit there dreaming! Get on with it."

Scales returned lugubriously to the office, where for at least ten minutes he was exceedingly saddened thinking of Darrell. Poor old chap, wandering out like that at night into a churchyard! All Souls' Day? Was that the same as Halloween, something ghostly? Ruminating, he looked out the window.

It was raining and all the city was veiled in a mist of leaden gray.

It was raining down in Oxfordshire, too. Rain fell in the churchyard, pattering down upon the overgrown forgotten graves. Here, where briers and nettles grew, and long wet grass, Oriana's tombstone was half concealed by so much wildness.

There was nobody living in the village to remember her, and so she had been left undisturbed as had been her wish, and on her headstone the letters were fading.

Now she would be alone no longer. For once more, after so much loneliness, he would be beside her again.

Later, years later, credulous people would swear that at night they still walked together in the churchyard, and then there would be wild tales told of their love for each other and of their parting. Soon, before the end of Victoria's reign, they were to become a legend.

But the truth was that they rested tranquilly in the little churchyard with its yew-darkened lich gate. There were never any ghosts. The slumber of these two was as quiet as their lives had been stormy; so that in the end, their story finished, they lay in peace together beneath ivy turning above headstones on which were cut their names, but nothing more.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

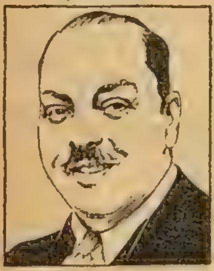
By E. A. PILLER

HOW does an American soldier feel about fighting—and, if necessary, dying—to help win the war?

Few soldiers can tell you, because until the moment is upon them they don't expect to die—and, being human, don't think much about it. But if a soldier knew he was going to die—how would he answer then about the war and the men fighting it with him, and the people at home, and his country and what it means to him?

Louis Paul presents one answer in **This Is My Brother,** a book which I unhesitatingly say every American civilian should read—and which I think fighting men will find clarifying and helpful.

Simply told, it is a fictional account of an American corporal, Bill Hilton, whose patrol was surrounded by the Japs one day, whose nearest comrade was killed, and who, with the remaining members, was taken prisoner. They had removed their uniforms, which were filthy with jungle mud and the stains of war, and changed into native pajamas they found in a hut. And for that reason the Jap lieutenant chose to regard them as spies—to be shot, but not until he might attempt to torture out of them information about their battery, which was concealed where it blocked the Japanese advance.


Louis Paul

Bill tells of the torture, mental and physical, he suffered as his comrades were killed one by one—of the long, anguished period when, waiting for his own death, he set off on a mental quest, searching his own mind—his past, his country's history, the lives of the men with him—to find out for himself what it means to "die for your country."

Martin Flavin

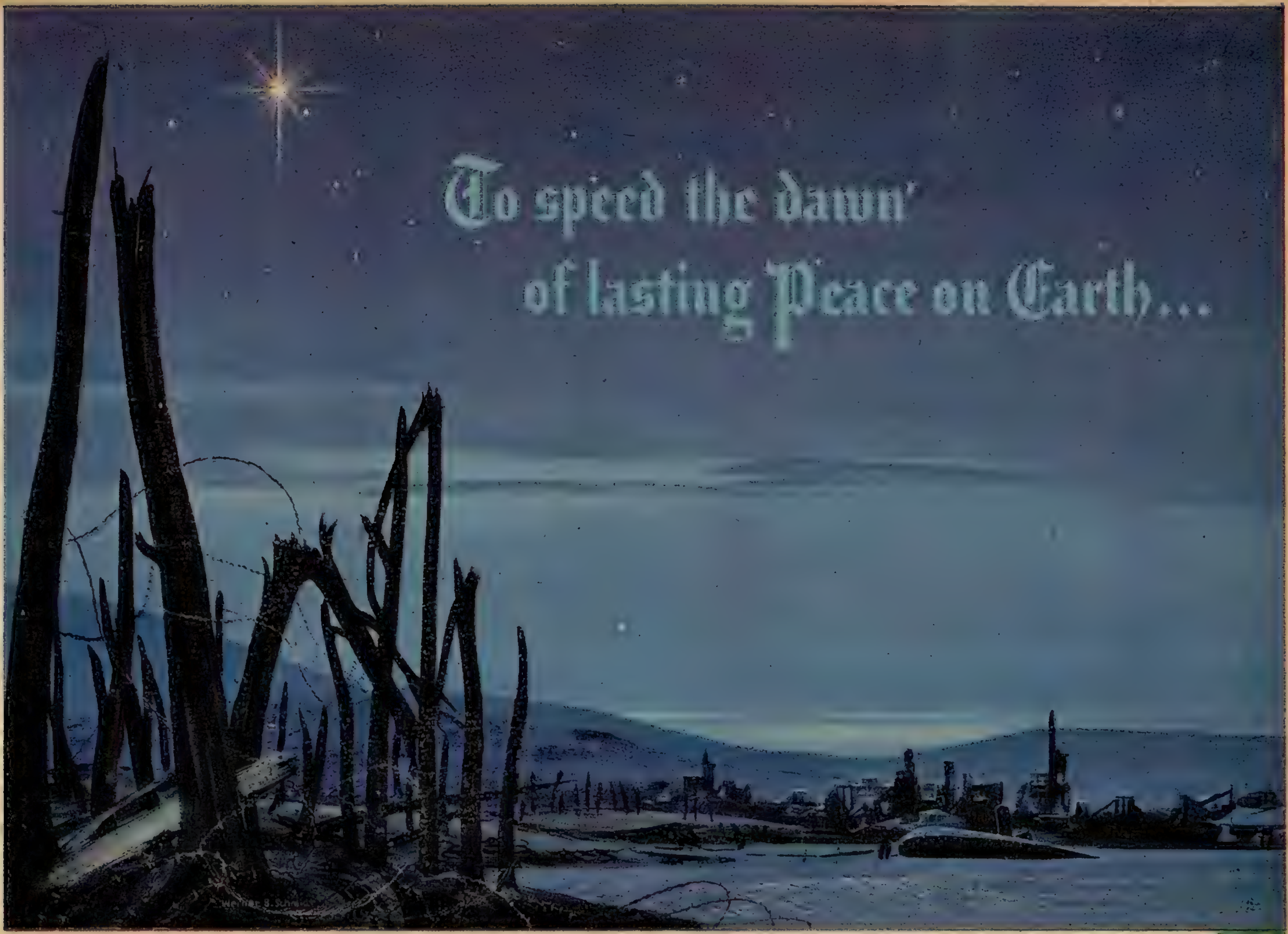
He learned; and as he learns, as he unrolls the story of these five American boys, the reader learns with him. It is a grim story, its shocks only occasionally cushioned with relief. But out of it will come both understanding and, strangely enough, for those whose sons or husbands have already laid down their lives, a consolation.

For it is the universal story of men who fight for something bigger than life, who know themselves to be a part of the continuing struggle for freedom in a civilized world.

ANOTHER but quite different American story is **Journey in the Dark,** by **Martin Flavin,** the 1943-44 Harper Prize Novel.

This is the portrait of Sam Braden, an indigenous American if not a typical one. Sam was born into poverty, the fourth child of a lazy father whose job as marshal could not support his family and whose income had to be supplemented by Sam's mother, who worked tirelessly at home and sewed for others to balance the family budget. None of the other Braden children amounted to much, but Sam was successful. He left school to work when his mother's death cut the family income, and he climbed out of poverty on his own hands and feet—so far out that in time he could marry the rich girl he had loved since boyhood. But that marriage was unhappy because she didn't love him. He married again (a girl who did love him) and had a son, and lived out two wars, wealthy but not happy, taking only a journey into the dark, as we all do.

It was only after his son's death in the present war that he found a satisfactory place for himself in everyday life as a war worker, with a daughter-in-law and a grandson to care for.


To speed the dawn
of lasting Peace on Earth...

War upsets the spirit of Christmas.

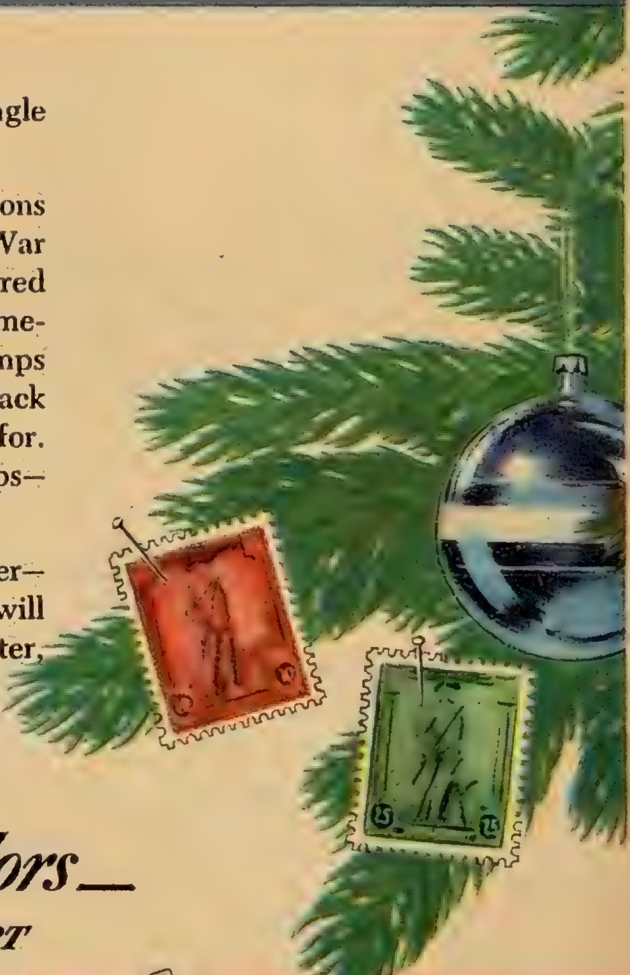
There will be fun this season. There will be laughter. But also there will be restless thoughts of fighting and of men far away.

Over here, there will be gifts this Christmas. Funny little toys that make children giggle . . . sensible gifts that make life better. And, over there, cherished packages will be opened eagerly by those far from home.

Over here, we will have decorations, too. Crisp holly and familiar trimmings on family trees. And, over there—back of the fighting—there will be stark trinkets of war that dangle bravely on make-believe trees.

So, when you think of decorations for a war Christmas, think of War Stamps. Here's the traditional red and green—with a deeper, more timely meaning. Use red 10¢ War Stamps and green 25¢ ones to help bring back the Peace this season stands for. Teach children to buy War Stamps—as part of the price of freedom.

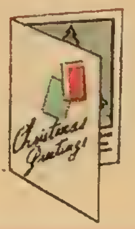
And when the holiday is over—your red and green War Stamps will start an extra War Bond for a better, brighter New Year!



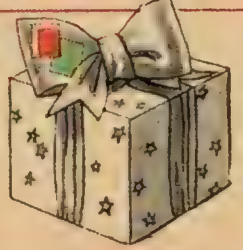
—use red and green War Stamps for your Christmas colors—

A SUGGESTION FROM CALVERT

A simple straight pin will hold red and green War Stamps at the ends of Christmas tree boughs, in holly sprigs and wreaths.


Christmas Greetings!

Tip a red War Stamp and a green one on each greeting card you use. It's a timely touch of Christmas color this year. Moisten one corner of each stamp.



Decorate family Christmas packages with red and green War Stamps. Pin them on your ornamental wrappings. Or fasten them lightly with gummed tape.

(Everyone dealing in Christmas merchandise is invited to use this suggestion to promote the sale of extra War Stamps. Free reprints are available without the Calvert name. Address: Calvert Distillers Corp., Room 1522, Chrysler Building, New York 17, N. Y.)

WE'VE GOT TO BE SENSIBLE

Continued from Page 15

all the drains were too small. And she stopped in next day with a jar of her own strawberry jam.

The children were polite but distinctly reserved about the place when they came home for their spring vacations. I remember that both of them were delighted at their first sight of the grounds—Kate because of the flowering shrubs and the lovely old trees, and Billy because the field behind the dogwoods would be ideal for flying his miniature airplanes—but they were taken aback by the house. Kate said it was—well, Awfully Quaint and Rather Charming in Its Own Way, but she wondered where she was going to hang her dresses. Billy said it certainly was a funny old shack and he didn't suppose our friends would see it anyhow, since we didn't know anybody in Sheldon; and would I mind if he had a go at repapering his room?

I put quite a lot of money into the place before they came home for the summer, but the more repairs you did, the more there were to do. We laughed at first, but the joke wore out, and in the end we settled down grimly to live out the lease. We acquired a disillusioned colored woman who did dispirited general housework and kept her opinions to herself.

We were without running water for three days in May, when a pipe under the lawn broke. The electricity went wrong for a week in September after a violent thunderstorm. In November the wind blew a tree down across the barn (called garage) door, and for a couple of days I walked the three miles to and from the bus.

I think I can be pardoned my emotions at the sight of that first bud on the rosebush.

IT was only a few days later that the dog turned up. It was a Saturday, the first day of Kate's spring vacation from Vassar. She and Kitt were shopping and I was alone, except for Rosemary, who could be heard lamenting that nobody knew the trouble she saw.

I was working on the front porch, nailing down the boards that constituted the worst menace to life and limb, and I was in a cheerful mood. You could smell the spring, and the branches of the trees were knobbly with buds. I was on my knees, nailing away and dreaming idly of an apartment I had heard about in a new building in the Sundial Hill section.

I became aware of being watched, and turned my head to find myself nose to nose with a sad-eyed red setter.

"Hullo," I said. The animal was in a miserable state, paws caked with mud and burs in the fur on her chest. She wagged an ingratiating hairless tail.

"POOR fella," I said. Her ribs stood out, countable through her matted coat. I made sympathetic noises and yelled for Rosemary.

There was a lot of the stew from last night's dinner in the icebox, and the large cubes of meat in it represented precious red point-coupons. There was a covered dish of peas and string beans, enough for a generous salad. And at least half of a bread pudding.

At my behest, Rosemary mixed these in a bowl and added milk. The dog just stared at the food when I put it before her. I went back to my carpentry.

I had finished the porch and was tying up the honeysuckle when Kitt and Kate came back. I had dismissed the incident from my mind, except for a mildly guilty feeling about giving away all that good food. I put the car in the barn, and when I came back to the house, Kitt and Kate were sitting on the living-room floor, clucking and cooing and being generally mawkish over the dog.

"Oh!" I said. "She's still here. I thought she'd have gone away by this time."

"Gone away!" Kitt cried. "Of *course* she hasn't, poor baby. Have you, loveypie?"

"I sort of gave her everything in the icebox, and I thought she'd go home."

"But that's just it, daddy," Kate said. "She's lost. She's nearly starved to death and her poor coat's in the most awful condition and her nose is hot. She's worn out and sick and miserable."

The setter's ears drooped and her large brown eyes looked pleadingly up at me. I said, "Well, I hope you didn't mind my giving her most of our week's food."

"Mind!" my womenfolk yelped together.

"She can have *all* of my rations," Kate declared.

Kitt was in a sententious mood. "I think," she said, "that we can afford to share what we have with a poor lost creature who can't shift for herself."

"It's all right with me," I agreed. "What time's dinner?" For it was my duty, in a household of maudlin women, to maintain a certain masculine aloofness.

The dog lay quietly in a corner of the dining room while we ate, and did not beg or otherwise betray a lack of manners, which may have been because she knew she had eaten most of our substantial food already and we were managing on a cheese soufflé and canned peas and potatoes. After dinner, quite as if she had always lived with us, she settled herself on the rug in front of the fireplace and washed her paws. And later she stretched and sighed and went to sleep. We looked with satisfaction on the bulge of her abdomen.

AT bedtime there was an argument but, with all the common sense on my side, I prevailed. I let the dog out. "They're well known wanderers," I said. "She's been out hunting and she'll go home now."

"Well, but—" Kate protested.

Her mother said, "Of course, if she doesn't go home, we'll have to try to find her owner."

"Any owner who'd starve a dog like that," Kate declared, "is a case for the S. P. C. A."

I began to turn out the lights. Kitt yawned and picked up her sewing. But Kate planted her feet.

"Suppose she thinks we've turned her out and she has no place to go. We *can't* do that!"

Kitt remonstrated: "We've got to be sensible, dear," she said. "If the dog has got a home and knows her way back to it, we can't keep her here." I think that was the first time any of us said we'd got to be sensible about the dog situation.

I turned out some more lamps.

"Well," Kate stated grimly, "if she's going home, she'll have left by now. I'm going to see."

She opened the door and the setter came in and went back to her place on the living-room rug. She did the ritual three turns, trampling the grass of her ancestors, and settled down with an air of finality, her muzzle on her bunched paws. She sighed and slept.

In the morning I let her out again, and again she showed no interest in finding whatever other home she had had. She came back in, and lay with her head heavy on my foot while I breakfasted. As far as she was concerned, her wanderings were over.

For three days we read advertisements in all three of the Sheldon newspapers, but there was nothing about any setter, red or any other color. Then I put in our advertisement and ran it three days. It brought me a sample from a local manufacturer of dog food.

I don't know whether the animal set out deliberately to attach herself to the Battle family. She certainly insinuated herself into our lives in record time. In a week it was as if we had brought her

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

INFANTORY: Dr. Stork's catalogue of merchandise on hand.

SAWSAGE: Hot dog for a carpenter.

MELLOWDY: A ripe tune.

CORROBBERATION: Burglars verifying one another.

SCALPTURE: The top of your head in plaster.

PA'S TERIOR: What the old man sits on.

SFEAR: Dread of a fast ball.

'S'COOL: A place where children sit in a breeze.

SOFISTICATE: Gene Tunney, the Sockrates of the prize ring.

SILLYBLE: Part of one of these words.

up from puppyhood, or she had done as much for us.

She was always waiting for me at the bedroom door when I got up in the morning; always placed herself at my side at breakfast and looked unobtrusively hungry enough to get her share of my toast; always met me at the car in the evening; and always wagged her tail dutifully, even if she appeared otherwise asleep, when I entered any room she was in.

She must have had a full daily schedule, for she had similar small attentions for each member of the family and she never failed any of us.

She breakfasted with each of us in turn and did pretty well for herself in snacks. With Billy, when he was home, she romped over the fields and chased thrown objects and tracked imaginary game. She spent her mornings in Kate's room, afternoons with Billy—who was most active at that time of day—and evenings on or under Kitt's feet. She even found time to win the hitherto unsuspected affections of Rosemary, who treated the rest of us with a weary toleration but displayed big white teeth to the dog.

KATE named her Kathie (for, she said, I seemed to like variants of Katherine) and she accepted this as easily as everything else. She answered to it from the beginning. You had only to say "Kathie!" in a moderate tone and she would come galumphing in with an air of breathless eagerness.

It was at about this time that the kitchen sink collapsed from natural causes and soaked Rosemary and flooded the kitchen. That was a Sunday and I was at home, so Billy and I propped it up on a couple of boxes, bent the faucets back into some sort of alignment, and got the thing working on a temporary basis. I telephoned Mrs. Manks, who said she'd been expecting the old thing to give way for years and doubted that she'd be able to get a priority to replace it. She asked what we had done about it and, when I told her, said well, wasn't that clever?

I took Kitt and the children to inspect the apartment on Sundial Hill the next day, and any one who had seen and heard us might have thought we had just come from living in a mud hut. It was neat and trim and brand-new. Its plumbing worked with quiet efficiency, and its closets were the kind you could walk into, and even that warmish day its radiators were hot.

We laughed like children out of school and planned how we were going to place the furniture, and kept saying, "Just think . . ." We stopped in the Hotel Sheldon's Early American Room for cocktails (beer for Billy) to celebrate before we went back to Harvard Road. Perhaps it was just as well.

Kathie greeted us enthusiastically as ever, dividing her attentions nicely. The smell of dinner gave us pleasant anticipations that not even the failure of the hot-water heater could chill. I mixed another cocktail for Kitt and myself and we sat down with that feeling of giddy relief you get when you awaken from a nightmare. Kate and Billy came downstairs fresh and smiling.

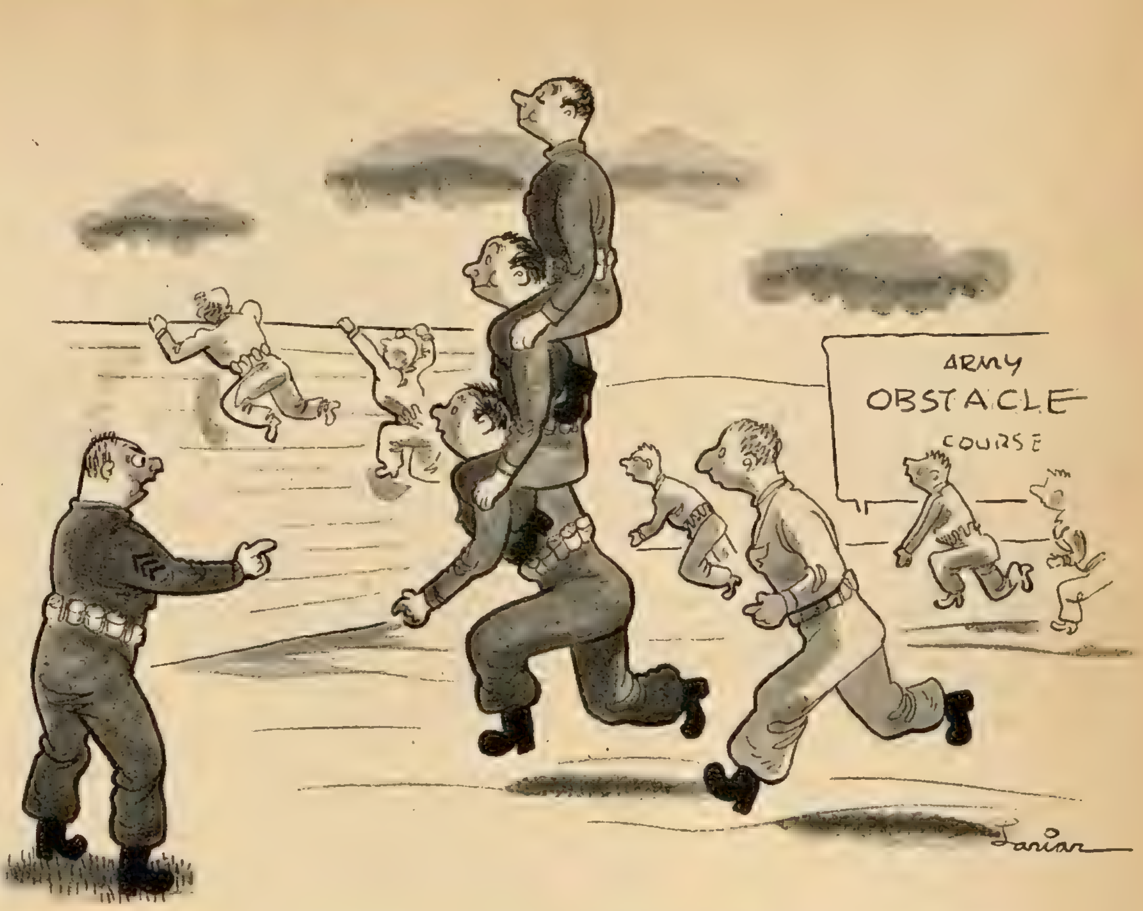
"Dinnuh's awn," Rosemary announced, and lingered in the doorway.

"We'll be right in, Rosemary," Kitt said, raising her glass to empty it.

Rosemary stood there. Kathie wagged a friendly tail. Rosemary jerked a thumb at her. "Dat dawg," she said, "gwine littuh," and withdrew.

Rosemary's enunciation left much to be desired. "What did she say?" Kitt asked.

THE HOME FRONT



"Hey! Under your own power, wise guy!"

I made the announcement: "I *think* she means that Kathie's an expectant mother."

"Will!" Kitt breathed, horrified.

"But, daddy!" Kate protested.

"If I understood her, what she said was, 'That dog going to litter,' which is an old-fashioned and earthy way of putting it."

"But, *Will!*"

"Mm," I said.

We rose and started for the dining room. At the door we turned back and stared at Kathie, who was trailing along behind. She wagged her featherless tail disarmingly.

We dined in brooding silence.

Over the soup Kate said, "They have ten or twelve at a time, don't they? Setters, I mean."

Nobody answered her.

Much later Billy raised his gaze from his ice cream to say, "Well, listen. I could fix up a run and a dog house if we can get hold of some chicken wire and lumber. Only—"

Silence closed in again.

Afterward Kate and Billy went to the movies. Kitt conferred with Rosemary at some length, and came back to the living room, followed by Kathie, who alone was unconcerned. I met Kitt's eyes and knew she was convinced. I hid behind the evening paper.

When we were upstairs, I asked, "When do you suppose she'll have 'em?"

"Rosemary says in a month or less."

"Mmmm."

"We've got to be sensible," Kitt said. "We'll get a vet to chloroform them."

I was busy with my shoes. "Yes," I said. "Of course."

Later, when the lights were out, Kitt said, "Of course, we can't take them away from her right away. Oh! Were you asleep?"

"No. Not even sleepy."

"I'll have to talk to a vet. Ask him about the—the shock."

"Gosh! D'you suppose—"

"The poor little thing!" Kitt sighed.

"Well, now, look, darling—we've got to be reasonable about this. We've got ourselves and the kids to think about, and—"

"I know," she said with that blasted quaver that always takes me in the solar plexus.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later she said, "Will?"

"Yes?"

"What about the apartment?"

"Oh, let's see how it works out."

I had already told Mrs. Manks that we were going to move out of the house, and she had taken the notice philosophically.

THE Dial Corporation, which owned and operated the apartment house on Sundial Hill, was large, efficient, and impersonal, and not at all like Mrs. Manks. There was a wide mannish Miss Koster there who viewed prospective tenants with suspicion. I dropped in to see her the next day and got nowhere with the dog question. In fact, I didn't bring it up. We got no further than the enumeration of my family.

"Children!" she said, looking at me accusingly.

"*Grown* children," I protested.

"Oh?" What she meant was, "Oh, yeah?"

"My daughter's nineteen—she's at Vassar—and my son's seventeen."

"Of course, we consider any minor under eighteen to be a child within the meaning of our Regulations. A seventeen-year-old boy . . ."

"My son is extremely quiet and grown-up," I said with dignity, and thought of the vertical smudge on Mrs. Manks' wallpaper where he had set fire to the curtains with a burning glass.

"I'd have to take that up with the committee."

"I see." I picked up my hat and gloves.

"If you will telephone in a few days, the committee will have acted. Just sign this, please."

"Hah?"

Ed Nofziger

"Everybody avoids me. They think I'm a land mine!"

"An agreement to lease. This line here."

I signed.

"And here's a copy of the Regulations," she said. "Good morning."

In the elevator I glanced through the Regulations. Paragraph 12 said: "Leases are negotiated with the understanding that no tenant will maintain on the premises any pet soever, except as agreed to in writing by the landlord."

There *was* a loophole: the landlord did, on occasion, agree to pets. Yet somehow I couldn't picture Miss Koster agreeing to a pet, unless possibly to a well trained goldfish or a Mexican jumping bean.

I didn't show the Regulations to Kitt. No use adding to her worries and, anyway, Rosemary *might* be wrong. Or Kathie's rightful owner might turn up. I put another advertisement in the Evening News.

Kathie was placid, as an expectant mother should be. She continued cheerfully about her duties. She was positively boisterous the afternoon Mrs. Manks dropped in with the mustard pickles.

I must say Mrs. Manks was charming with Kathie. She put the pickle jar down on the hall table, and she and Kathie had a long game which consisted of wild bounces by Kathie, who was intent upon kissing her, some clever parrying and footwork by Mrs. Manks, and a din to which the two contributed about equally. It ended when Mrs. Manks knelt on the floor and hugged Kathie so vehemently that the animal was frightened.

"I'M so glad you've got a dog!" Mrs. Manks said. "My husband never liked dogs and it seemed such a *waste*. A dog can be so happy here, and so safe, without a lot of cars tearing by. But I forgot. You're going to move out, aren't you?"

"Well—" I said.

"Oh, I don't *blame* you, I don't see how you've put up with it this long. Of course *I'm* sorry to see you go, but then that's *my* problem, isn't it? If I could afford some work on it—"

Kitt said, "It *is* rather inconvenient."

"Incon-*ven*-ient! I should say it is!" Kathie came within reach again, and Mrs. Manks scratched behind the dog's ears and addressed her: "Inconvenient for everybody but *you*, my dear! Eh? I'll bet *you* love it. Plenty of room to run, eh? And rabbits to chase and lovely big rats in the barn." She got up. "I must go. I just want to thank you for being so nice. I do hope you'll be happy. You've got the place looking so neat. Well, good-by."

The veterinary gave us a short talk on prenatal care and feeding and an outline of canine obstetrics.

He said it would be simple to put the puppies painlessly out of the way a few days after they were born. As for psychological shock—fortunately, he guffawed, there were no canine psychoanalysts. He offered to come out and officiate at the delivery, if we'd give him a few hours' warning.

I went out to his car with him.

"I'm worried enough with just the mother," I said, making conversation. "We're moving into an apartment where they don't allow dogs, and—"

"Eh?" he said, turning. "Well, you could kill two birds with one stone. Ten or a dozen birds, he-ho! Just let me give the mother a hypodermic right now."

I stared at him. I said, "Oh, I see. Yes—but I don't think— You see, Mrs. Battle's very fond of her. And my daughter and—"

He stepped on his starter. "Well, let me know if you decide. Good night!"

FOR the next few days I looked at other apartments. I knew Kitt had her heart set on the one we had seen and I'd have to find something even better. It was a forlorn hope.

Every desirable apartment building in Sheldon had hardened its heart against pets.

And April was slipping away. The twentieth came, and neither Kathie nor I had done anything conclusive.

Kitt agreed, when I talked my plan over with her, and I called Mrs. Manks. She said certainly we could keep the place for an extra month, if we liked. Goodness knew she had no other offers.

It gave us a little time.

Kathie had her puppies the last day of April. We had made her a bed—an old carpet and half a dozen discarded sofa pillows—in a corner of the laundry, which adjoined the kitchen, and one morning there she was with her family. Ten of them.

Kitt came down in a dressing gown and looked at them with me. Most of them were Kathie's color, but three were black and white, and there was a red one with a white muzzle that made him look like a clown. Kitt was incoherent and breathlessly tender.

If the power from the latest generator to be installed at Grand Coulee Dam in the State of Washington were to be supplied by manpower, it would take 6,622,560 men working 40 hours a week, 50 weeks a year to do the job. This vast army would be capable, figuratively, of developing the equivalent of the 946,000,000 kilowatt hours delivered yearly by the new 108,000-kilowatt generator.

We wired the children about the blessed event, and turned the laundry into a nursery. With bricks from the part of the barn that had fallen down, Kitt and Rosemary rigged up a sort of pen.

Kitt and I didn't mention the future at all.

Kate and Billy wrote letters that arrived in the same mail. Each of them suggested coming home for a week-end to see the new members of the family. Of course, nonessential travel is unpatriotic but—

I think Kitt and I wanted to involve the children in whatever decision we were going to make. We told them to come ahead. And on Thursday the puppies' eyes opened, vague and blue and astonished.

The children were duly impressed by Kathie's feat of motherhood. They spent hours on the floor in rapturous observation. They filled their arms with squirmy masses of caninity and convulsed themselves and each other choosing names for the puppies. Kitt and I looked on and lacked heart to join in.

WE didn't hold the conclave until after our midday Sunday dinner. There was no more deferring it, for Kate and Billy were both to leave by the six-o'clock train. I took over the chairmanship.

"Look here," I said. "We've got to face this thing and we might as well do it now."

Nobody asked what thing.

I said, "It was a mistake to let her have them. Now they're going to break all our hearts, and it's our own fault. We've got to be sens—"

"Daddy!" Kate interrupted accusingly. "We can't just willfully destroy—"

"Let me finish, please. We all agreed, before the puppies were born, that we'd have them painlessly—disposed of at the proper time. That was our considered decision, before we were under —well, undue influence. We've all been weak about this. *I've* been weak. I'm just as unhappy as the rest of you, but we've got to be sensible. I'm not going to take all the responsibility. I want you to agree. I've got the vet's telephone number. He tells me it's entirely painless. He just—injects an overdose of a narcotic, and the little things never know—"

"Daddy, we *can't!*"

"Look, dad—we could find homes for 'em. Put an ad in the paper and—"

Kitt backed me up. "We've got to be sensi*bub*," she said, and burst into sobs.

I can't take it when Kitt cries. It catches me in the epiglottis, if that's the thing just under your front collar button. I wasn't thinking so much about the puppies, except how their small tongues had felt on my hand when I spilled the milk they were learning to lap out of a saucer. I blew my nose.

Kate had thrown herself on her knees beside her mother, and they were clinging to each other in a duet of gugging noises. Billy was thumping his knee with a fist. I concentrated on getting out a cigarette and lighting it.

"Now, you listen to me!" I roared, to convince myself I was right. "Maybe you don't realize what this means. I've been to every decent apartment house in the city and there's not one that hasn't a rule against pets. I'm hoping to get one of them to make an exception for Kathie, but there's not a chance with the pups."

My voice grew steadier. I kept my eyes on my cigarette. I said, "It's all very well for all of you to make me the villain, but I'd like to remind you of what you've all said and thought about living in this house. I'm only asking you to be sensible."

"We've *gug—*" Kitt said, and gave way again.

"But, *dad—*" Billy began.

"Now listen, all of you!" I bellowed. "If you want to go on living here, it's all right with me. I'd save a whole lot of money on the rent and we could spend it on repairs, but I know perfectly—"

"Oh, daddy!" Kate cried and landed in my lap. "Would you *really?* Honestly, it is charming, and we're all used to it now, and— Oh, darling, I *knew* you wouldn't murder those poor tiny things. I just *knew—*"

Billy was standing over me, too. He said, "That's what I was going to say, dad. I mean, look at the grounds and everything. And we *have* lived here a year, and if you'd do some work on the place—"

"Now wait a minute!" I protested, thinking that you *could* do quite a lot to the old house for the saving on rent. In another part of my mind I knew that the place was beyond repair, but there was at least an arguable case. I said, "We've got to consider your mother's comfort too, you know. It's all very well for you two. You're away three quarters of the year."

Kate got off my lap and I had an unobstructed view of Kitt. Her eyes were shining and not with tears. She smiled at me, a small ashamed smile that made her look thirty years younger, and her head moved up and down.

"Well, for heaven's sake!" I murmured.

THE plumber says it won't be much of a job to tear the old pipes out of the walls, and he thinks he's going to be able to lay his hands on a some better pipe when they tear down the old courthouse next month. He's done a good job on the kitchen sink, which will probably last another fifty years or so. Of course, he says, he doesn't know where he'll get pressure enough to make the water run into the bathtub very fast, but he says it won't be so rusty anyhow.

The most urgent thing now is the front-porch pillar that fell down yesterday and let the roof sag, but Mr. Grant, the carpenter, thinks he can remedy that in a few weeks, when he can get the necessary beams. He's pretty busy just now, finishing up the kennel in the barn, and after that he's going to work on the two steps of the front stairs that broke under Billy's weight when he was carrying his suitcase down.

THE END

* * *

"Crazy drivers" who cut in and out of traffic lanes (when they can get the gas), drive at high speeds on congested highways, and do the hundred and one other things that earn them this name from those whose lives they endanger, may actually be crazy! And they may be crazy without their closest friends or relatives realizing the fact. Studies by psychologists show that mental disorders, unrecognized as such, are quite prevalent among motorcar drivers, yet never come to light until the unbalanced person becomes involved in an accident and is examined by competent doctors.

* * *

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SAVE WITH COOLERATOR AND BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

LOOK TO... Coolerator
FOR BETTER REFRIGERATION

SET 'EM UP IN THE OTHER ALLEY

Continued from Page 27

1812 Overture by the New York Philharmonic—or perhaps you prefer the Boston Symphony. In any case, since it's sixty feet from foul line to head pin, Joe must have been wearing his shiniest blue serge pants.

There were other ways of getting an edge, too, before the alphabet organization stepped in and cleaned house. The pin boys, for example, weren't above bunching the pins for the locals and spreading them for the visitors. Now they have pin-setting machines. Then again, some of the "sure thing" boys would drill extra holes in the balls and fill them with lead. You can perform miracles of dipsy-dew with a loaded ball, but that's hardly cricket, let alone bowling, and the ABC took care of that.

Hank Marino, veteran Milwaukee kegler and former match-game champion, tells one on himself that involves a different kind of plug—cut plug. Hank was competing against a very tough customer, Ed Kelly of Chicago, for the championship of America. He came down to his last roll needing only three pins to clinch the title, and he was a cinch to get them. But just as Marino went to deliver the ball, one of Kelly's admirers—forgive us—spat a wad of tobacco ker-spat into Marino's eye. The ball bounded into the gutter, and with it went the championship. The guttersnipe!

Bob Hope, the gag master of screen and radio, outdid them all. He scored a strike with a gutter ball. Only Bob Hope could do that. He was pressed into service to deliver the first ball at the opening of the Women's International Bowling Congress in 1941 at Los Angeles. Bob undoubtedly could win the championship as the world's worst bowler hands down, and everybody knew it, but he arranged a little surprise for them—and himself. He wound up and let fly. The ball shot into the gutter—but all ten pins went down as if mowed with a scythe! For a moment you could have heard a pin drop, and then uproarious laughter bounced off the walls. You see, Bob had conspired to have the boy pull down the pins with a string—no matter where the ball went—and the boy had simply followed orders.

HOPE might well take lessons from another movie star, seven-year-old Twinkle Watts, the tot ice skater recently featured in Stars on Ice and now under contract to Republic Pictures. Tiny Twinkle boasts a classy average of 140 pins a game.

At the other extreme is Harry Steers of Chicago. Harry, ABC all-events champion in 1918, is the one and only member of the Congress' 60,000 Club, having a total pin-fall of 68,644—a lot of kindling wood. He has bowled in forty of the ABC's forty-two national tournaments in building up that amazing total. Harry has been bowling in the Randolph League for thirty-two years and hasn't missed a single league game. His average for that thirty-two-year stretch is more than 200. Steers is now sixty-three years old, and at the opening of the league's thirty-second season some time ago he rolled 609 for three games, an average of 203 pins a string.

Yes, bowling is currently hitting an all-time high, but that isn't to say it's a Johnny-come-lately among sports—not unless you think of 7,000 years ago as the day before yesterday, because it's documented that Sir Flinders Petrie, famous Egyptologist, found gadgets for playing a game similar to our modern tenpins in the grave of an Egyptian who died about 5200 B. C.

There are those who go even farther, into dark prehistoric caves, and claim to find evidences of something akin to junior's game of duck on the rock, but maybe that's fetching too far. Most historians will settle for northern Italy somewhere in the Middle Ages as the starting point of the "modern" game—say 1000 A. D., add or subtract 500 years. (Giuseppe still loves his boccie ball.)

Englishmen liked their "bowles" as far back as the twelfth century, and that's taken to mean bowling on the green. Then skittles became the fad in the fourteenth century—when the beer was introduced isn't part of the argument. The diggers into things bowling claim that the first indoor alley opened in London in 1455, and they have a nice little story about how Sir Francis Drake insisted on finishing out a bowling match before going out to engage the Spanish Armada.

★ ★ ★

Two mice fell into a deep bowl of cream. One couldn't see the use of swimming. That mouse gave up—and drowned. The other mouse was discouraged, too, but he didn't know how to quit. He just kept on swimming, and finally, when things looked blackest, a miraculous thing happened. The churned cream hardened, turned to butter, became solid, and the mouse was able to jump out alive. The moral, of course, is "Hang on, keep fighting, and you'll win out in the end."

★ ★ ★

At any rate, everybody had a fling at the game in some form or other—the English, the Flemish, the Scotch, the Italians, the Swiss, the Germans, the French, and the Dutch. Curling and shuffleboard were a couple of the variations. But it is to the Dutch that we owe our game. Says E. H. Baumgarten, secretary of the American Bowling Congress: "Although all these games had their part in the development of the modern game, it is probable that the one to which the sport of today is most closely allied is the ancient game of ninepins. The game, originally played by the Germans, Dutch, and Swiss, was bowled upon beds of clay or cinders.

"Later, about 1200 A. D., a single board about twelve to eighteen inches wide was used as the alley bed, and the pins were set up, three pins in each of the three rows, on a board platform from thirty-six to forty-eight inches square. It was naturally impossible to hit any of the corner pins, so the pins were respotted after each ball.

"This game, originally brought to America by the Dutch, was first introduced by members of that hardy race on Manhattan Island in 1623. . . ."

And that's how it came about that the game America first played was ninepins; only now the pins were set up in a diamond shape. It was quite the rage on Manhattan Island for many years, but its very popularity proved its undoing. Beaver-hatted devotees began to wager money on the outcome of matches, and ninepins fell into disrepute as a gambling game. It was preached against from the pulpits and finally it was legislated virtually out of existence.

There is always a bright boy in the class. Some one, unfortunately unremembered, took the law into his own hands. It was illegal to play ninepins, yes; but there was no law against tenpins. Add another pin, set them in a triangle—and roll out the barrel! That's how tenpins was born.

Yet, while bowlers found themselves taking their stance on a legal leg again, the better frowners still frowned on the game, and its zealots, brave men though they were, skulked off the greens of the public parks and squares and hid their shame in basements and back rooms of saloons—where they scattered tenpins to their hearts' content. The game seemed destined to remain an athletic stepchild.

TRUE lovers of bowling made abortive attempts to organize the game in 1875 and again in 1890. In 1895 a group of men set out to clean up the sport once and for all. They created the American Bowling Congress for the express purpose of "promoting and elevating" the game of American tenpins. They adopted a code of uniform playing rules and regulations and established uniform specifications for alleys and equipment.

Today the American Bowling Congress has 1,000,000 members and 1,300 chartered city associations, and is the largest sports organization in the world. It is a representative legislative and judicial body controlling and supervising the game of American tenpins in the Western Hemisphere with such wisdom and efficiency that bowling has become one of the best organized of all sports. Its headquarters is in Milwaukee—and if Schlitz made Milwaukee famous for its beer, then the ABC made it famous for its skittles.

The ABC had vowed to make bowling so respectable that even your maiden aunt could play without forfeiting her reputation—and pretty soon your maiden aunt did begin to play. In 1916 the Women's International Bowling Congress was formed, and it held its first tournament the next year at St. Louis. Today the WIBC, run along the same lines as the men's organization but governed entirely by itself, boasts 200,000 members, and 3,000,000 sisters are chopping the wood down all over the United States. It's the final chintz-curtain touch. Indeed, the ladies are even setting the pins now; the war has given us both the pin-up girl and the pins-up girl.

How good are they? Well, take a look at the record of Floretta McCutcheon, for fifteen years a member of the Women's Congress and now a teacher at the Capitol Bowling Alleys in New York City. Mrs. McCutcheon has rolled ten perfect games—that's right, ten 300s—and she has also panicked the pins for seven 299s. Of course no other woman has come close to that record, but not many men have either. And Mrs. McCutcheon didn't start bowling until she was thirty-five.

Such is the sport of bowling. Everybody in the family does it, and soldiers who never before saw the game played are being bitten by the bug.

Set 'em up in the other alley—16,000,000 Americans from coast to coast want to play!

THE END

SEAMAN HICKS, SIR!

Continued from Page 30

plained: "We start our time at midnight and just keep right on going around to 2400. Get it? And at 1300 tomorrow—1 o'clock to you—"the matey will blow her whistle and yell, 'Inspection party aboard.' That means no more talking, nobody leaves her room. We all pick a corner to stand in. Sometime within the hour the inspection party will come in. When they do, you stand at attention. And, boy! Everything 'd better be shipshape."

Agda came back with the sweeper. "I'll take the deck."

Jennie said, "I'll polish the mirrors."

Mary Jane was straightening drawers. "And, believe me, these things have to be lined up just right—folds next to the bulkhead."

"Bulkhead?" I said.

"Yeah—the wall. Hicks, would you like to clean the head?" Agda shoved a box of cleaning powder at me. "The bathroom, if you want to talk like a civilian."

I STOOD my first inspection alone and terrified. Jennie was mate on deck that afternoon. Mary Jane left for home on sick leave. And Agda was transferred to fourth deck, to yeoman school. At 1300 I heard Jennie yell dutifully and loudly, "Inspection party aboard!" Sixth Deck South was suddenly quiet. I stood by the end of my bunk, my eyes straight ahead toward Jennie's closet, where the room's box of soap flakes stood. The perspiration ran down my neck into the top of my stiff-starched shirt collar, and down my legs into my stocking tops.

It was 1325 when I heard drawers shut in 672. Some one said, "At ease." Into 673 walked a male ensign and two Spar ensigns. They peered behind mirrors. They poked into the opened drawers. They investigated the closets. The Spar officers inspected the head. I breathed more easily. None of the braided critics had commented adversely as yet. But then the male ensign lifted a corner of a mattress and ran a finger over the bunk slat.

"There's dust here!"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"You should dust here after sweeping the rug."

"Yes, sir."

"Are you the sole occupant of these six bunks?"

"Yes, sir—well, no, sir. There are three of us. One is on watch and one is on sick leave."

"We'll give you an exception on the dust. After this, be sure you tend to it."

"Yes, sir."

"At ease!" They walked out.

I wiped off the perspiration. Then I examined the bunk in question, running my hand along the slats the ensign had missed. There was *no* dust!

The Mustering Petty Officer piped her second morning call down the halls of Sixth Deck South at 0745. "Platoon 7—muster for first aid." Out we tumbled from our rooms, black-hatted and play-suited, with swimming suits, first-aid books, and towels under our arms.

First aid for Companies 41 and 42 lasted from 0745 to 0945. We were roused from our drowsiness by flopping "victims" onto the hard deck of what was once the Biltmore's main dining room and administering artificial respiration. If that failed, a good firm tourniquet usually achieved eye-opening results. And even with 250 seamen in the room, there was ever present the possibility that Ensign Kempter would say, "The seaman in the back row, the second seat over. What would you do if the seaman beside you . . ."

I always sat in the back. Looking around was a last futile gesture to escape the questioning.

"No, don't look around," the officer ordered. "I mean *you!* The seaman in the seat beside you collapses. Her face is white. There is cold sweat on her forehead. Her pulse is weak. What would you do?"

I rose and sounded off. "Seaman Hicks, sir. I'd—I'd—"

I recalled vaguely what I had read in the textbook. "I'd give a stimulant, sir."

"What kind?"

"Aromatic spirits of ammonia, sir."

"Does she chew it?"

I distinctly remembered that the Red Cross textbook doesn't say. "I guess I would put them in a glass of water, sir," I ventured.

"The seaman is unconscious!" Ensign Kempter was becoming impatient. "How are you going to give the stimulant—pour it down her throat?"

"No, sir. I—" I tried sitting down. That didn't work, either.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Harry Hershfield tells about the three grass-rooters who were plastered and slept through a floor show. They woke up as a dozen scrubwomen were on their knees. "Come on," said one. "I've seen better shows at home!"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"No, don't sit down. Here's this poor seaman—"

I stood up again. "I guess I would immediately consult my textbook, sir."

That evening I did so, thoroughly, as did we all.

We marched to the Sun and Surf Club, our physical training site, at 0945. There are still signs which say SUN AND SURF CLUB at the gate. But there's another, too, which says U. S. COAST GUARD—NO TRESPASSING. We trotted out underneath the coconut trees and gruntingly responded to an ensign's "Bend, touch, left, right, one, two, one, two."

A rusty orange juicer in the corner of the bathhouse is a reminder of the Sun and Surf's more aristocratic days. The pool is still there, and the eternal Atlantic. There we had our swimming classes. I blushingly admitted I couldn't even dog-paddle, and slid into that part of the pool marked "3 FEET."

Roommate Jennie was already under the shower in quarters when I got up the ladder (stairway) to the sixth deck after a Sun and Surf session one day at 1130.

"Back early, Hasson?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"You aren't going to chow?"

Jennie dropped the soap. "I just gotta take a shower. I'm all sandy. Didn't get it all off down there. I demonstrated for the ensign and the class."

I was impressed. "Demonstrated what?"

"The incorrect way to swim the backstroke."

But, praise be to the Coast Guard, we learned to swim!

After noon mess we went to our classrooms on the "ship." We swallowed our big pill of indoctrination with enthusiasm. "Gee," Agda would say after classes were over, "I didn't know the Coast Guard did so much!"

"My idea of the Coast Guard," I admitted, "was a lot of boys in sailor suits parading up and down the beaches, taking pot shots at saboteurs."

"But all these things Ensign Isely and Ensign Fleisher gave us today: ice patrol, seal patrol, sponge fishery, convoy duty, amphibious landings, port security, handling of explosives, navigational aids, enforcement of state health laws, the organization of all the districts—I'll amaze myself if I get it all learned for the final exam." Jennie shut her notebook with emphasis. "You know, I liked what that visiting ensign said today. What was it? 'You may—' "

Mary Jane finished it: "You may call us hooligans, but *don't* call us Navy!"

We mustered for drill in the patio each evening at 1745, where drillmasters and Florida mosquitoes awaited us with equal intensity of purpose.

I stood in the back line of Company 42. "Mac" shouted, "Kum-pan-eee—'ten-shun!" It was about that time the first mosquito came in. I scratched the affected spot. "Get them hands down!" was Mac's order. I didn't try scratching again.

"Forward—harch!" Company 42 moved ahead. *"Hit,* hut, hit, ho— Oh, yer *heft,* right, *heft,* right—*hit,* hut, hit, ho—*hit,* hut, hit, ho. Wipe that smile off! Who do you think you are—the pin-up girl? By the right flank, harch! *Hit,* hut, hit, ho—*hit,* hut, hit, ho—*hit,* hut, hit, ho— Company, halt!"

Mac surveyed us. "You!" He stared at the platoon leader of Platoon 6. "You—drill the company." Seaman Mesland came forward. "F'rhard, harch!" she barked. We did. Then: "By the right flank—harch!" We obediently marched up over the curb onto the grass, and were headed straight for the plate-glass window of somebody's real-estate office when Mac came to the rescue with a "Company—halt!"

Mac was undiscouraged. "You!" He pointed to a girl in the front row. She *looked* like a drillmaster, that seaman! She was built like an icebreaker. Her voice shouting "Company—a-ten-shun!' sounded like a foghorn.

She drilled the company like a veteran, while Mac stood grinning by. "There are going to be twenty girls trained as drillmasters,' he announced happily. "They'll come through their training as coxswains—and then *I* can say 'Good-by, nursemaiding days!' "

BUT although we went to it reluctantly and returned from it perspiring and mosquito-bitten, drill always evoked the enthusiastic comment from Company 42, "Gosh, wasn't that fun tonight!"

We had the opportunity to demonstrate publicly our mastery of "Hup, two three, four" on August 4. On that evening the Spars of the United States Coast Guard Training Station paraded down the streets of West Palm Beach in commemoration of their service's founding. There were ceremonies in Flagler Park—with bands and speeches. We marched home again in the dark, singing "Semper Paratus is our guide, our fame and glory, too" more gloriously than ever before. Each of us wondered if there were tears in the eyes of the girl next to her, just as in her own.

That was the night we became Spars.

THE END

HE MAKES THE STARS SHINE

Continued from Page 17

plane flights were making headlines, Dietz' publicity department flew Leo the lion (not a moving picture) from coast to coast. And this junket was followed by some bigger and better ones, including a trackless train which toured the world, and a traveling screen-test studio—all of which brought tremendous publicity returns.

Perhaps the most spectacular Dietz stunt was his introduction of the animated sign to Broadway in 1929, when The Hollywood Revue opened at the Astor Theater. Not only was the name of the picture spelled out in gigantic letters but Dietz strapped a whole troupe of chorus girls inside the letters and had them go through their routine in mid-air.

M-G-M publicity today is much more sober. Ballyhoo and blare have given way to carefully controlled advertising and publicity build-ups, and M-G-M's budget—the highest in the industry—is $3,500,000 a year.

As the man in charge of spending this sizable fortune, Dietz works with a staff of several hundred employees in a glamorless office in the Loew's State Theater building on Broadway. The only spot where the Hollywood influence is in evidence here is in Dietz' private three-room office, which enjoys an unobstructed view of the Astor Theater, where the cream of M-G-M's product is always on display. After twenty years of working in comparative squalor, Dietz has had his office redecorated to look more like an executive's office of the kind Cedric Gibbons puts in M-G-M pictures.

In spite of the new décor, however, and in spite of the three (3) secretaries who faithfully tidy the place up every morning, Dietz' office still looks like the wastebasket of the company most of the time. This is largely because all the letters that nobody else in the organization can figure out what to do with eventually land on Dietz' desk. When this mass of miscellaneous mail gets approximately a foot and a half high, Dietz takes a morning off and answers it. He likes to do some writing of his own every day, and he is still solely responsible for The Lion's Roar, a monthly column of chatter about forthcoming M-G-M films which runs in so many magazines that it probably makes Dietz one of the most widely circulated columnists in America.

Always, after a full day's work for M-G-M, he puts in some time on a manuscript of his own. His latest extracurricular chore is a set of lyrics, to the music of Vernon Duke, for the new show, Jackpot.

Ernst Lubitsch, the director, once referred to Dietz as "the man who writes plays on M-G-M stationery," and Nicholas Schenck, president of M-G-M, whom Dietz admires enormously, once became concerned enough over his career as a playwright to call him up on the carpet. That was in 1931, when Dietz was making a meager $39,000 at M-G-M and had two shows running on Broadway at the same time —bringing in about $60,000 more.

"I hope you're not neglecting your job to do these shows," said Schenck.

Dietz assured him the shows were the product of unwasted week-ends.

"Well," said Schenck, "you get into the office awfully late."

"Yes," Dietz agreed, "but I go home early."

The two men have been the greatest of friends ever since. Of the eleven Dietz shows that have been produced on Broadway, seven have been real hits, but, counting those which never even came to town, he had five flops before he came through with The Little Show in 1929.

His first lyric, to the music of Arthur Samuels, was Alibi Baby, sung by Louella Gear in the W. C. Fields show Poppy in 1923. Dietz got $100 for the song—and spent $91 of it following the show on the road.

After this maiden effort he got a chance to work with Jerome Kern on the score of Dear Sir. The great Kern asked him to come to his home in Bronxville, reeled off twelve numbers of the score on the piano, and asked Dietz to come back and see him in a couple of days. Under the impression that he was supposed to have all twelve lyrics finished by then, with one finger Dietz slaved at a piano for fifty hours straight, only to find out when he got to Bronxville again that Kern had intended that perhaps one finished song would be enough.

Dear Sir ran just two weeks—though that was a long run compared with several other early Dietzian efforts. One show, starring Bernard Granville, ran only one act in Stamford. The curtain came down for intermission at midnight, and the audience never came back for the rest.

The Little Show in 1929 was Dietz' first hit, and his first collaboration with Arthur Schwartz. A whole series of successful Dietz and Schwartz shows followed—for many of which Dietz wrote the book or sketches as well as the lyrics. As a song-writing team Dietz and Schwartz were continuously prolific, and in a period of about six years turned out nearly 300 songs—including such memorable ones as Dancing in the Dark, I See Your Face Before Me, Something to Remember You By, You and the Night and the Music.

Most of these songs were written in hotel rooms, where Dietz and Schwartz would work late into the night, shuttling from one room to another as complaints came in from neighbors. "I don't know why it is," Dietz would say, "but I never hear them complaining about the lyrics."

At the peak of their theatrical activity Dietz and Schwartz took on the job of writing an original radio show called The Gibson Family. This ambitious project, sponsored by Procter & Gamble, ran for thirty-nine weeks in 1934, and kept Dietz and Schwartz turning out a song a day.

"Doesn't that take a lot out of you?" a newspaper interviewer asked them.

"Yes," said Schwartz, "but it also takes a lot out of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms."

"Well," came the inevitable question, "now which comes first—the music or the lyrics?"

"The sponsor's check," said Dietz.

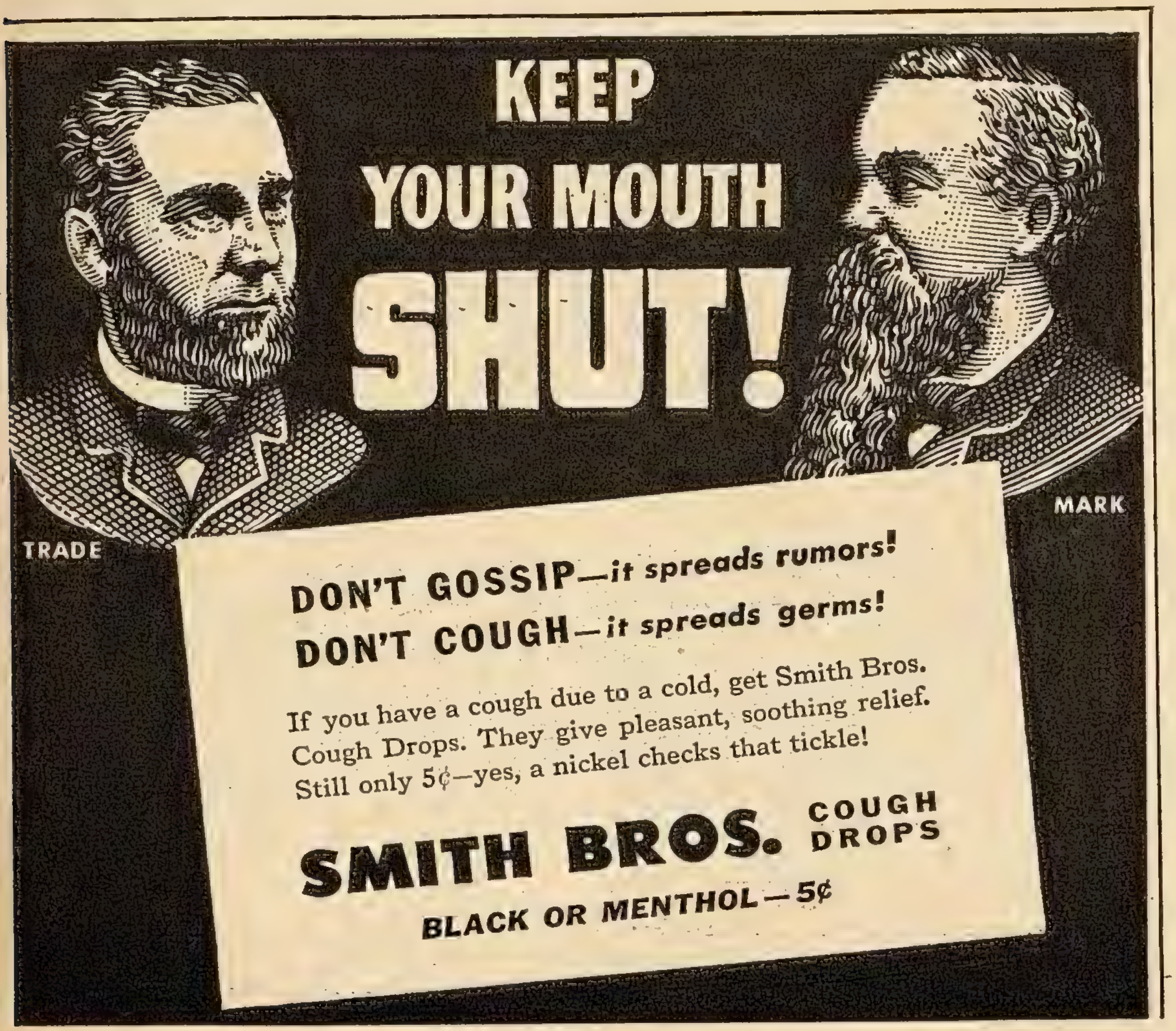
Which, incidentally, was for $1,250 a week apiece.

Dietz and Schwartz once wrote the score for a Lawrence Tibbett movie, Under Your Spell, and Twentieth Century-Fox is about to make a picture version of their 1931 revue, The Band Wagon, but Dietz has had a hand in the production of only one movie—a little horror called Hollywood Party.

He collaborated with Arthur Kober on the original story, which was intended as a vehicle for some of M-G-M's top talent—a Hollywood version of a Dietz revue, witty and sophisticated. But by the time the picture came through the production mill there had been so many changes of writers, directors, and even property men that it was quietly released with no credits at all, and with a grab-bag cast of antisophisticates, including Polly Moran, Lupe Velez, Jimmy Durante, Jack Pearl, and Laurel and Hardy.

Dietz still refers to it as "the longest short subject ever made."

He has never again been moved to write, direct, or produce a picture; but



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he genuinely believes that Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment—the slogan of the big industry drive for which he was chairman several years ago (a slogan, incidentally, which was originally Movies Are Your Best Entertainment, until some one noticed that it shortened down to MAYBE).

Because he rarely lets a legitimate criticism of the movies go unanswered, Dietz has become a sort of unofficial spokesman for the industry. Whenever a disgruntled author cries out that Hollywood is an intellectual desert, Dietz hustles into print with a spirited defense of the town. Or when a socially conscious movie critic remarks that Hollywood is shirking its political responsibility, he receives a gracious but forceful reply from Dietz proving the contrary.

His views on the social aspect of the cinema are firm and he is convinced that the greatest contribution to the postwar world will be through visual education—a subject on which he is now doing considerable research.

Another piece was fitted into the mosaic of his activities when, in 1941, he was appointed screen and radio consultant of the U. S. Treasury. He conceived The Treasury Hour, an original radio program designed to sell bonds and presenting weekly the country's outstanding talent. This was six months before Pearl Harbor. It was for this program that Irving Berlin wrote Any Bonds Today.

About six months ago, at the invitation of the Coast Guard, Dietz wrote the song Silver Shield, music by Vernon Duke. Such was the enthusiasm for it that the Coast Guard adopted it as its official fighting song.

BECAUSE he combines a robust sense of humor with a sound knowledge and understanding of motion pictures, Dietz is in constant demand as a toastmaster at official industry functions—where he invariably spends the evening ribbing most of the industry's big shots.

There are very few people of consequence in Hollywood who have not taken a gentle ribbing from Dietz at one time or another—including Louella Parsons. "Lolly," Dietz once said, "can spell everything but words," and then went on to explain that she was a lady who "had a sense of Reno and a sense of Yuma."

Not that the sacred cows of Manhattan aren't fair game for his wit. Several years ago Lucius Beebe, the professional gentleman who writes on food, wine, and the fancier aspects of our civilization for the New York Herald Tribune syndicate, gave a bachelor dinner for Tony Williams, the fashionable men's tailor. It was a typical Beebe production, with countless courses of rich and rare foods and the appropriate wines to go with each. After this rout had been going on for several hours, Dietz excused himself and made a hasty dash for the washroom. He came back a few minutes later, a little pale and shaken, and took his place at the table again. As he sat down, he caught Beebe's icy stare from behind a barricade of wineglasses. He smiled bravely. "It's all right, Lucius," he said. "The white wine came up with the fish."

But Dietz is not above ribbing himself, either. In a typically neat and needlessly modest phrase he once summed up his whole career: "Jack-of-all-trades and master of ceremonies."

THE END

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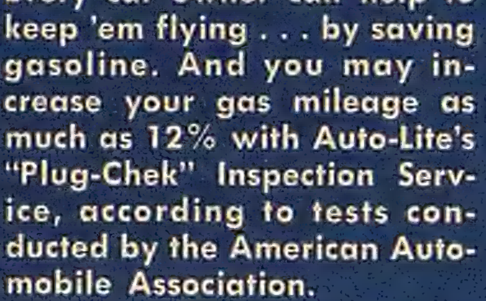

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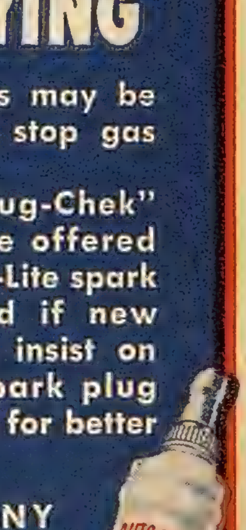

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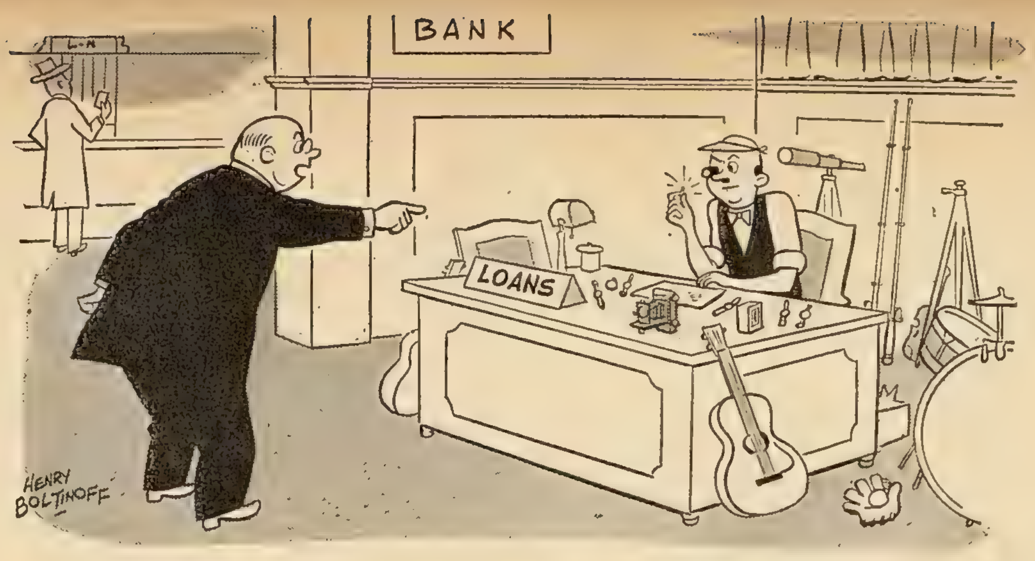

"You'll have to forget your past loan experience, McToodle!"

GENERAL TITO: MYSTERY WARRIOR OF THE BALKANS

Continued from Page 13

voice in behalf of his people, was assassinated in his seat in the Yugoslav Parliament.

Then Josip Brozovich stepped forward as a leader. His was a more practical approach than had yet been attempted. He organized the workers. This did not sit so well with the Serbs, who recognized in Brozovich a menace to their *status quo.* In 1927 he was arrested and imprisoned. Yugoslav police methods were violent, to say the least. Few survived imprisonment, and those who did were badly mangled when released. Brozovich, not waiting for the inevitable, took a long chance and effected a daring escape. How he did it is still a mystery—or, to be exact, cannot be revealed.

FROM that day on he was a hunted man. He changed his name to Tito and continued to work from underground vantage points.

Yugoslavia was ruled by the iron dictatorship of King Alexander, while other groups vied for control and power. Meanwhile the people starved and were destitute. But when, on October 9, 1934, King Alexander was assassinated in Marseilles, it was not by the hand of one of the oppressed minority but by a member of one of the strong Fascist groups then seeking power—the Terrible Ustashi.

In 1937 two momentous events took place. First, the people of Spain were attacked by Fascist forces, abetted by Hitler and Mussolini. Second, the Paris Exposition officially opened. How could these two diverse events be used in his people's cause? Tito concocted a plan. For the first time since the advent of Serbian power in Yugoslavia, Yugoslav citizens were permitted to travel abroad. The interest they took in the Paris Exposition was phenomenal. Eleven thousand followers of Tito received passports and left Yugoslavia allegedly to behold the many wonders of the Exposition.

None of them went as far as Paris. Their goal was Spain—their aim to take up arms against the growing Fascist menace.

The Franco-Spanish border was of course closed—in fact, hermetically sealed. Nevertheless Tito, operating from the French side of the border, succeeded in smuggling these thousands of international volunteers for freedom into Spain. Among them were Americans, Norwegians, Poles, Czechs, and his own countrymen. Many a dark night a group of two or three hundred men would glide silently into the swift waters of the River Garonne and swim toward the Pyrenees Mountains. Once they were across the river, guides were waiting for the twenty-mile trek over hazardous mountain peaks. Tito himself fought in Spain, a fact which has been disputed many times in the past.

The fact remains that he did take part in the actual fighting in Spain. There are men in America today who fought side by side with him in those days.

Despite all the efforts of such heroes, democracy lost its first battle. Spain fell to Franco.

Tito, discouraged but undaunted, returned to Croatia. A bigger battle lay ahead. The European caldron was fast overflowing as the Austrian paper hanger began to put his plan for world domination into effect. Eventually Yugoslavia's turn came. Overtures were made to Prime Minister Cvetkovitch of Yugoslavia—and he attempted to make a deal with the Nazis, betraying his own people.

On March 25, 1941, he signed a pact with the Axis. On March 27, 1941, he was no longer in office.

Soon thereafter Yugoslavia was invaded. Despite the efforts of her people to fight, the handicap due to complete lack of preparation was too strong. Less than a month later all of Yugoslavia was occupied by German and Italian forces.

Organizing a tea party in occupied country is almost impossible; to organize an army of rebellion is difficult even to imagine. Nevertheless, Tito gathered scattered forces together and planned

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Rastus Brown was too bashful to propose personally to his girl, 'Mandy. So he tried a telephone proposal, as follows:

"'Mandy honey, ah done got me a little fahm out in de country, with a cow, a dozen chickens, a pig, a mule, and a horse and buggy. Done got mos' ob de mortgage paid, too. Now whut ah wants to know is—will yuh marry me?"

From the other end of the wire came this sugar-coated answer:

"Of *course* ah will, honey chile. An' jes *who* is dis speakin'?"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

with them to organize an effective army of liberation.

Headquarters were established in the Bosnian hills and a military academy set up. During months and months of grueling work the active fight went on. Tito changed his headquarters many times, and always his band grew. Men and women, hearing through the underground of the work being done, came to him from all over the land to participate in throwing off the yoke of the Axis.

From that small beginning, about two years ago, the Partisan Army has expanded into a well organized force of over 200,000 men in arms and 100,000 men in reserve. Among them are men from all walks of life: farmers, workers, professors, doctors, students, and priests. Dressed in captured Nazi and Blackshirt uniforms, many of them might be mistaken for Axis warriors were it not for the red-and-white arm-band insignia they wear. Most of their munitions and arms as well as the uniforms are the unwilling contribution of Nazis and Italians. Small wonder, then, that Hitler has raged and stormed against "this monstrous highway robber Tito!" and has offered one hundred thousand gold reichsmarks for his head. It would be a cheap bargain for the Nazis.

Though Tito has never studied military tactics academically, the better part of his fifty-two years has been spent in learning the art of war.

A man of imposing stature, he is over six feet tall and of powerful build. His light chestnut hair is touched with gray and his intense blue eyes have a compelling magnetism. His features bear a remarkable resemblance to those of Abraham Lincoln. Those who have met and worked with the general are impressed by his clear, logical thinking and his superb directness in military affairs.

An example of this directness is demonstrated by an incident which occurred during the early days of the Nazi occupation of Yugoslavia. Tito had called a conference of his newly organized staff to discuss his plan for recapturing a strategic German outpost. His idea was a daring one, and met with some opposition from one of the more cautious commanders of the staff.

"But, general," the man objected, "how can we possibly take this outpost? We have nothing but a few ancient rifles—while the Germans have a depot bursting with equipment and arms. Our chances against them are *nil*."

Placing his hand gently on the shoulder of his commander, Tito said, "My friend, you have answered the question yourself. Let us not be too particular—we can use the Germans' equipment as well as they. We shall proceed to the depot tonight."

TO date, the Partisan military academy—known, incidentally, as the People's Academy—has trained six hundred officers, all of whom are now holding the rank of major and are leading their men on fronts all over the Balkans.

Military ethics are strictly adhered to by the Partisans. There has been only one instance wherein prisoners were not treated as prescribed by the Geneva Convention. In the Partisans' attack on the port of Split, on the Adriatic Sea, which had been held by the Italians for some time, Tito's men trapped a large number of Italian naval vessels. One of them was a destroyer. Her crew was taken ashore and held as prisoners of war.

Natives of Split informed Tito that, despite the fact that the city had been officially occupied by the Italians and had surrendered, the members of this particular crew had taken great delight in continuing to shell the town, killing a large number of the civilian population.

Tito's divisional commander, who had been in charge of the recapturing of Split, asked the general for orders as to how to dispose of the prisoners.

"Do you consider these prisoners military men?" asked Tito. The man hesitated a moment, and he continued, "Split had surrendered and there was no reason for the continued killing of her people. Therefore we shall not regard this crew as prisoners of war but as criminals. We shall, however, do them the honor of a military death. Take them out and shoot them."

The origin of the phrase, "Mind your Ps and Qs," is not generally known. In old-time alehouses, where chalk scores were marked upon the wall or behind the door of the taproom, it was customary to put these initials at the head of each man's account, to show the number of pints and quarts for which he was in arrears.

A significant fact pertaining to Tito's usual treatment of prisoners is that many of them are now among his stanchest supporters. An entire Italian division which was fighting in Yugoslavia before the collapse of Italy voluntarily came over *en masse* to join forces with Tito's Partisans.

General Tito's strength is mainly due to the political platform upon which he operates. Mihailovich, representing Serb domination of Yugoslavia, has lost thousands of his Chetniks to the Partisan Army. This has caused a tremendous amount of friction between the two. Tito's platform, in opposition to that of Mihailovich, is basically this:

A. Autonomy for the various minority states of Yugoslavia: Croatia, Slovenia, Montenegro, etc.—*i. e.*, the abolition of the extreme centralized control of Belgrade (similar to our own battle of state rights versus centralization of power in Washington).

B. Confiscation of all property owned by Nazi collaborators in Yugoslavia during this war.

C. A more representative government, on electoral grounds.

D. Extension of educational facilities throughout Yugoslavia, with compulsory attendance at elementary schools, free libraries, etc.

These represent fundamentally what the people of Yugoslavia have always desired but never had under Serb rule. Tito feels the people will have justly won these long denied rights when the invader is expelled from Yugoslav soil.

That General Tito has gained such tremendous popular appeal throughout Yugoslavia is further attested to by the fact that Yugoslav government in exile has added two Croatians and one Slovene member to the hitherto all-Serb Cabinet. This was done solely because of the growing power of the People's Army of Liberation.

IT is a known fact that Stalin has always sympathized with Tito and now reports emanating from London state that the British government is also looking more kindly on the Partisans.

Behind General Tito are most of the outstanding personalities of Yugoslavia and all of the liberal thinkers. One of his divisional commanders is a Roman Catholic priest, Father Zechovich, and in his army are hundreds of Greek Orthodox clergymen as well as Catholic priests. Father Zechovich is said to be one of the most colorful commanders of the Partisan Army. Garbed in his habitual priest's black cassock, he has led his men to many a victory.

General Tito has also attracted many others of the educated and the educators to his ranks. Many professors from the universities of Belgrade and other cities are his loyal followers.

It seems hard to believe, but it is true that these men who are fighting against a ruthless enemy from without are also encountering danger and opposition from certain factions within the country. Only a short while ago one of Tito's most loyal supporters, Professor Radoshevich, was captured by Mihailovich's men and put to death. General Tito has tried on various occasions in the past to come to some sort of working agreement with General Mihailovich, but to no avail.

An irreparable break between the two rival chieftains would prove most dangerous. This General Tito is trying with

CANDY
leo salkin

"It's a little obvious, isn't it?"

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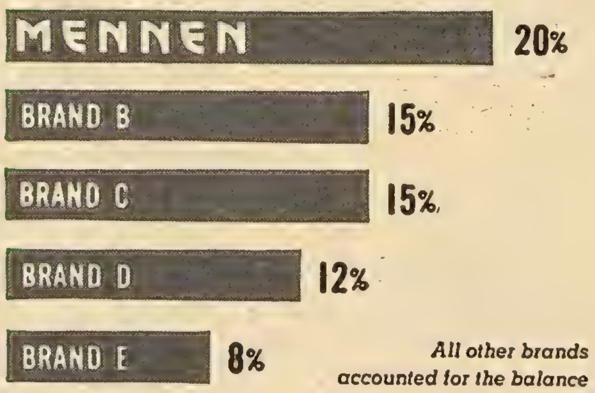

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all his power to avoid. With Mihailovich's power diminishing as it has in recent weeks, the chances are that he will eventually be forced to come to terms with the Partisans.

The Balkan theater of operations is today one of the most important of the war. The British East Army is standing poised in Iraq, under Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, and the possibilities of a Balkan invasion grow every day. Also, as British and American troops advance up the coasts of Italy they are likely to cross the Adriatic Sea directly into Yugoslavia.

If this course is taken, our American troops, with our British allies, will be fighting side by side with General Tito's army. They will have opportunity to appreciate the "softening up" job that has already been done on the German troops in the Balkans. To date, more than twenty-four Nazi divisions have been sent into the Yugoslavian battle, and still the Partisans fight on, gaining over the enemy with ever-increasing strides.

Even Marshal Rommel, in charge of German operations in the Balkans, has not been able to faze the dauntless Partisan Army under General Tito.

THE END

TO TOKYO, DAMMIT

Continued from Page 23

The China end of the Indo-French railroad was destroyed by the Chinese when the Japs took over Indo-China. What happened to the Lashio-Kunming line, and how far its building had progressed when the Japs overran Burma, has never been disclosed, presumably for reasons of security.

However, the fact remains that two rail routes to China, one from Rangoon, Burma, and the other from Haiphong, Indo-China, are definitely possible—in addition to the other roads described.

The Chinese Minister of Communications, Tseng Yang-fu, said on July 5 that arrangements had been completed for a supply route to China from Iran, via the Turkestan-Siberian Railroad and various highways.

Such is the tangled transport problem from the Middle East or India to Burma and China en route to Tokyo. There has been no dissent to the opinion that under today's conditions—Russia being at peace with Japan—the last stop before the final battle of Nippon must be the east coast of China.

One thing is absolutely certain: Vice-Admiral Mountbatten will have perfectly prepared detailed plans for offensive action. No element of haste will be permitted to jeopardize his ultimate success.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Have you heard about the moron who bought one of those mail-order houses that come in sections? Shortly after putting it together, a friend passed by and asked, "How yuh doin'?" "Aw," mourned the moron, "I got troubles." "Well, for gosh' sakes," exclaimed the friend after looking the place over, "you've put it together upside down!" "Darned if I ain't," replied the dimwit. "I'll bet that's why I keep falling off the porch!"

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

THERE'S more than the usual amount of scuttlebutt making the rounds concerning shipping men home who have done long stretches overseas.

Here's a question I received from a group of G. I.s in the South Pacific who've been over there twenty-three months and seen two major actions: "We hear rumors of Congress passing a bill to bring back all men with two years' overseas duty. Can you give us any info on it?"

An Army wife in Urbana, Illinois, puts the question this way: "Is it true that men who have served overseas eighteen months will be given furloughs to return home? I have heard this statement from several reputable sources, and my husband in a recent letter spoke of a regulation which allowed men with eighteen months overseas an opportunity to go home. Can you tell us the true facts, Sarge?"

Ribbon chiseler

I hate to be a big disappointment, but I can't avoid it. It's all scuttlebutt. No sense in kidding ourselves. No law has been passed to bring men home after a stretch of overseas service, and there's no Army regulation on it either.

This much, though, is true. The Marines and the Navy, being much smaller and more mobile services than the Army, have transferred some personnel back to the States after long overseas service. But there's no hard-and-fast rule about it.

The Army Air Forces, too, have set up rehabilitation centers for flyers who've seen heavy duty in foreign theaters. Many are brought back for rest and recuperation, often being reassigned as instructors at fields here at home. One such rehabilitation center is in Atlantic City.

Men in the Army Ground Forces also need rest and recuperation after a long stretch of hot fighting. But obviously we haven't the shipping facilities to send them all the way home. Instead, rest camps have been set up back of the various fronts.

In the South Pacific, men who fought at Guadalcanal were relieved and sent either to Australia or to other places outside the area of combat. Some veterans of the Sicilian campaign were given rests in Africa.

That's the way it works. As all of us know, the problem of supply is one of the toughest nuts to crack in the war. We have to strain every sinew getting supplies to the fighting lads who need them. That means we can't constantly be shipping personnel back and forth to the States on furloughs, rests, or transfers.

Why not look at it this way? By staying over there to finish the job, it simply means that every mother's son among 'em will be back for good that much sooner.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Why doesn't the War Department issue a card to all men entitled to wear campaign and service ribbons? It burns me up to see some cheap skate chisel in on the honor that other men earned. A small card, billfold size, giving the man's name, serial number, and a record of ribbons he has earned, would soon stop the chiselers.

Cpl. L. L. F., Indian Springs, Nev.

A right good idea, and I'm for it. Some pretty bad cases of chiseling, as you call it, have come to my attention recently. Apparently some of our canteen commandos think an easy way to impress the ladies is to go out and buy a handful of ribbons. The only place such guys should wear ribbons is in their hair. (I'll have more to say on this subject in a future issue.)

* * *

There is a little discussion among us fellows down here concerning the strength of the U. S. Marines. Could you tell us, Sarge, if the corps has reached the million mark?

Pfc. E. T., Pacific Area.

The latest figures made public at this writing set the strength of the Marine Corps at 350,000 to 400,000.

* * *

In your department of October 16 a soldier asked if he could wear hash marks for ten years of National Guard service. You replied that he could wear three. I think you're wrong, Sarge. As I get it, hash marks may be worn for federal service only.

Sgt. R. L., Moody Field, Ga.

Check back and read my answer again. I told the soldier he could wear "three buff-background hash marks." My authority for so stating is paragraph 27-C of AR 600-35. This provides for the wearing of hash marks with a dark blue background for active federal service and a buff background for National Guard service.

* * *

In civilian life I was a lawyer for eight years and am now attached to an ordnance outfit. Would like information relative to AMG training. Is it open to enlisted men?

Also, could you inform me about a course for lawyers which I understand is offered by the Judge Advocate General's Department?

Cpl. O. W., Atlanta Ordnance Depot, Atlanta, Ga.

Circular A. G. 220.63, dated September 3, 1943, provides a course in Allied Military Government for enlisted men at the Provost Marshal General's School, Fort Custer, Michigan. To be eligible for this course you must first transfer to a Military Police unit. You must be a college graduate and must be able to speak, write, and translate at least one foreign language. Men who have lived or traveled in foreign countries are preferred.

Under AR 625-5, Change 6, an Officer Candidates School is set up for warrant officers and enlisted men in the Judge Advocate General's Department. Candidates must have completed basic training and be over twenty-eight years old.

A law degree at a recognized institution is required, and candidates with four or more years of general practice are preferred.

* * *

I read with much interest a letter in your department from P. E., a yeoman 3/C in the Waves, concerning the dislike of the Waves for their hats. I agree with her completely, including what she said about the women Marines taking the medal for looks from either the WACs or the Waves.

Let's hope that the Waves get themselves a new hat which will please them better, but at the same time let's hope something is done about the silly white sunbonnets the Navy's enlisted men are forced to wear.

These sunbonnets are the acme of stupidity in design. They are impossible to keep clean and are of no value against wind, rain, heat, or cold.

J. T. G., ARM 3/C,
Fleet Post Office, New York, N. Y.

That's a neat trick, sailor—helping me solve one argument by starting another! Frankly, I don't know much about the "sunbonnet," as you call it, or its faults or virtues. But I'm willing to listen.

Millinery nightmare

* * *

To the female nincompoop who wants to be a credit to the Navy, I suggest that she stop worrying about hats to fit her pretty little head and keep her mind on her job instead. This war is no beauty competition for would-be glamour girls.

Pfc. J. E. M.,
Army Air Forces Training School,
Fort Collins, Colo.

Ouch!

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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One of Dr. Scholl's 40 Aids for the Feet

WINGS OVER THE WORLD

Continued from Page 19

Transport Command, equipped with planes leased from the air lines, was rushing essential materials to war-production factories in quantities soon to surpass by fifty times the amount of prewar freight carried by all domestic air companies.

Such war performances, accomplished by planes built for peacetime commerce, were constantly altering the Army's opinion of the value of cargo planes, and the ratio of transports to combat craft was steadily rising. It reached 25 per cent of total plane production by the end of the first year of war, and, according to a recent statement by Major General H. L. George, chief of the Air Transport Command, it will be 33 per cent within this year.

Thus the war has started a program of mass production of cargo planes such as would not have been attained through natural growth of commercial aviation within many decades. Mass production means cheaper planes; but in this case it also means better ones.

Until the beginning of the war, aircraft manufacturing had been a hazardous business in which many more people had failed than had survived. To start with, the market was limited and it was only by improvement in aircraft that the demand could be increased. Greater speed with greater safety was the only demand. Accordingly, experiments in new models were hazardous.

Furthermore, the creation of new airplane models was an expensive business. The B-19, as an example, cost more than $4,000,000. The DC-4 prototype cost $1,500,000 before it could be tested and we learned that it was not up to our standards, and after that, $2,000,000 more was needed to turn it into the successful C-54, which, although it is only twice the size of the DC-3, carries a normal pay load four times as great. A million dollars was spent on taking a tail wobble out of the DC-5, and then, due to the war, the design of that plane was shelved.

In all, Douglas Aircraft spent more than $12,000,000 creating new models for which there was no contracted market. In other words, we wagered that sum on our judgment and the skill of our engineers and designers. This was something that few aircraft companies could afford to do, in view of the uncertainties of the aircraft market.

Thanks to the war, such gambles have been removed from the building of aircraft, at least for the duration, and millions and millions of dollars are being furnished by the government for the development of aviation.

True, practically all this money is being spent on winning us mastery of the air in combat models. One side develops a plane with greater speed. The other side must better it. It then adds greater altitude to its newer and speedier model, and the first side has to increase the ceiling of its own plane. Or one side develops a more heavily armed model without loss of speed, climb, or ceiling, and the other side is forced to counter with something still better.

So it goes in a circle of competition —but it is a moving circle that is taking us ever nearer to mastery of the air.

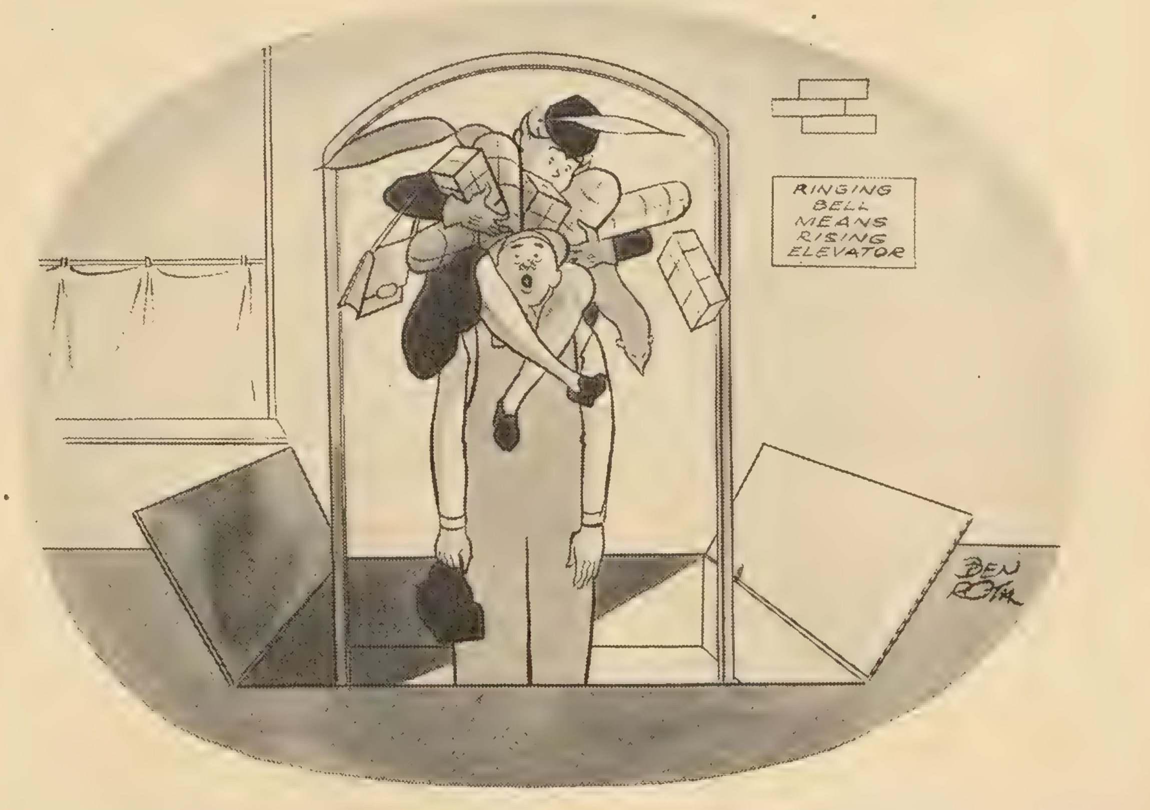
When the war is done we will be very near to maximums in speed, range, lift, load, and safety. And every lesson learned in combat craft will have been put to advantage in the building of cargo planes and transports.

With increased production, expanded landing facilities, and improved handling technique—all realized by the war—transport planes will be able to carry passengers and cargo at a rate which will make it uneconomical to ignore them, if the time element deserves any consideration.

Air transportation is very definitely here to stay—and on a considerable scale.

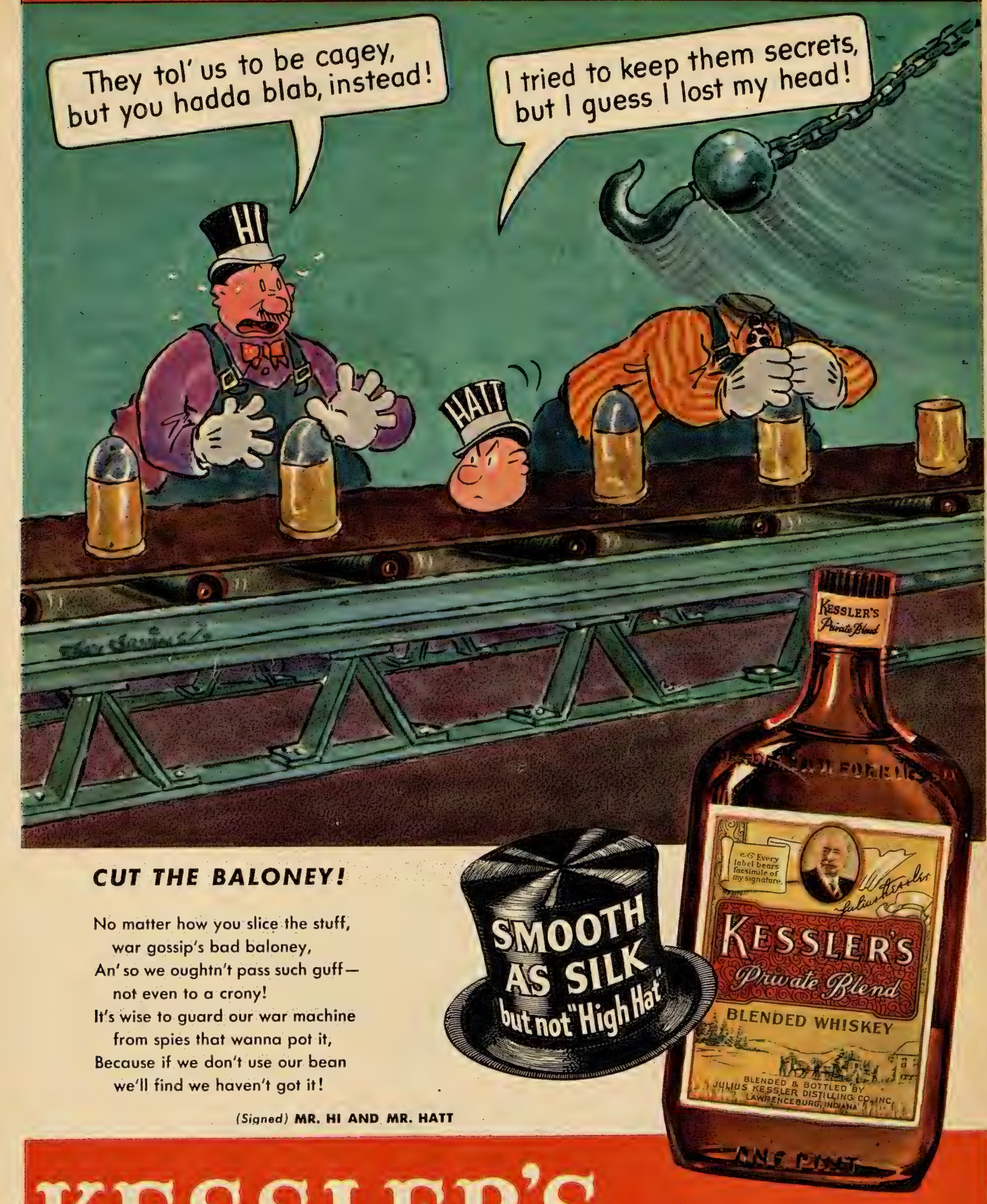
In fact, to imagine that the world would suddenly, on the declaration of peace, relegate it to a luxury category and return to surface modes of transportation is like forecasting the abandonment of all mechanical progress and our return to the horse and buggy or the sailing ship.

THE END


RINGING BELL MEANS RISING ELEVATOR
BEN ROTH

"What's the matter, lady? Didn't you hear the warning bell?"

"Head off Gossip!"-says HI to HATT


They tol' us to be cagey, but you hadda blab, instead!
I tried to keep them secrets, but I guess I lost my head!
HI
HATT
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Julius Kessler
KESSLER'S Private Blend
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JULIUS KESSLER DISTILLING CO., INC. LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA
ONE PINT
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"

CUT THE BALONEY!

No matter how you slice the stuff,
war gossip's bad baloney,
An' so we oughtn't pass such guff—
not even to a crony!
It's wise to guard our war machine
from spies that wanna pot it,
Because if we don't use our bean
we'll find we haven't got it!

(Signed) **MR. HI AND MR. HATT**

KESSLER'S BLENDED WHISKEY

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND. 55% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Ind.

CLOWNS SOMETIMES CRY—Continued from Page 25

So Pat, to cover up, said the first thing that popped into her head. She couldn't know that Hocky would believe she meant to make fun of him and that he would instantly retreat.

She said, as lightly as she could, *"Whew!* And they told me Rudolph Valentino was dead!"

So that had been that.

NOW, seeing him in the familiar ward setting, she was shaken by the same emotions she'd had that night, her heart melting inside her because he looked so tired. He'd been operating all morning. He wore his long white surgeon's coat over his khaki uniform.

He said, in the slow hesitant speech that under excitement still held traces of a stutter, "When you're through here, Miss Nevill, I'd like to look at Jenkins' hands."

"Yes, major, in just a moment," she said, trying not so see the shadow of pain-to-come cross Jenkins' face.

She would have liked working with Hocky if it hadn't been for the sharp, though sweet, torment of being near him. He had real surgeon's hands—not the slim tapered fingers of fiction, but blunt and steady and trustworthy.

While he removed the bandages, she tried to hold the boy's attention. "How about that blonde 'chicken pie' of yours back in Kalamazoo?" she asked him.

The corporal on the next bed helped her. "Yeah, Jenks," he said. "How about dat blonde? One of dose cute li'l' tricks wit' coives, huh?"

Jenkins blushed, pleased over the notice he was getting. He watched Pat instead of the major.

"Coo," said Pat. That was an Australianism brought back by a soldier along with some shrapnel. Pat tried to talk to the men in the lingo they used. She wondered if Hocky thought, along with Miss Martin, that it detracted from dignity. "Jenky doesn't stick to just one girl," she went on, trying not to flinch in sympathy as pain brought a spasm to the boy's face; "you'd never suspect what a wolf he is behind that nice honest face!"

The ward applauded and took up the kidding. Under cover of it, Hocky said in a low voice to Pat, "They don't understand. The boy's *suffering.*"

"They do understand," Pat insisted. He went on with his work, but the straight line of his mouth told her, too graphically, that he thought she was heartless, untouched.

He was just finishing when Bill James came in. Bill had a casual way of entering the ward, as if he were a Sunday visitor. He was never on time, he worked the least possible, he left as early as he dared. But he was good-hearted and amusing and the men liked him. He had a way with women, too, that took even Miss Martin into camp. Pat was in the minority. She tolerated him, but that was the end of the line for her. As a natural result, Bill's interest in her was quickened.

He lounged against the foot of Jenkins' bed in his high-necked white interne's coat. He was slight with a small blond mustache and pale blue eyes.

"Gonna help me with that transfusion on the guy in No. 447?" he asked Pat.

She didn't look up. She didn't want to be interrupted when she was working with Hocky. "You better get Miss Gaines. She's about through posting charts."

Hocky straightened up. "I'm through here, Miss Nevill, if Dr. James needs you."

Pat flushed. That was dismissal. And if he needed anybody else, he'd get Lula Gaines, who positively poured over him in sloppy admiration. All right, I'm jealous, she admitted. And she couldn't do a thing about it.

"O. K.," she said to Bill. "I'll be with you as soon as I get the transfusion tray."

THE patient was in one of the private rooms reserved for post-operatives in shaky condition. He was only semiconscious, but it annoyed Pat the way Bill worked on him, as if he were a dummy. While he jabbed around in the poor fellow's soft inner arm looking for a vein, he chatted sociably.

"I hear another bunch of nurses have been alerted. Crail and Bates are going, if Bates doesn't develop scarlet fever from that kid on Ward Twelve. Nice gals. I'll miss them."

Pat nodded, biting her lip.

Bill didn't notice. "How's about rotating a rumba with me, ducky? There's rug-cutting at the club tonight. Go with me?"

Pat meant to say "no." Bill James didn't appeal to her and she wasn't in the mood for dancing these days. Then, out of the corner of her eye, she saw Hocky in the doorway. He must have heard Bill's invitation.

So perversely she said, "I'd love to, Bill."

"Swell! Pick you up around nine."

Hocky cleared his throat. He didn't look at Pat. "When you are finished

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here, James, I'd like to go over your diagnosis on that new case. I'm of the opinion it's an appendix."

When he'd gone, Bill said, "Old Sourpuss! What the heck! That patient looked to me like a typical malingerer. Besides, I didn't have time to do much checking. I was late to breakfast as it was."

"But yes," Pat said, "you must eat on time, let the appendixes burst where they may." She tried to imagine Hocky sliding over an examination to get to breakfast on time. He'd be more likely to miss lunch, too.

Yet it was Hocky who, by ignoring certain symptoms in a patient, was to let Pat in for the most dangerous moment of her life.

PAT wouldn't ordinarily have taken much pains with her looks on a date with Bill. But a chance remark in the nurses' home made her alter that. Somebody said, "Surgical's having a farewell dinner at the club tonight for Colonel Farnsworth. He's going over soon." And *that* might mean Hocky'd be there. He wasn't much on dancing, but he could hardly skip a party for his departing chief.

She wore a tomato-red dinner dress, pencil-slim in silhouette, which gave her height. In her black hair she put a single red hibiscus. She wore no make-up except for the vivid red line of her mouth. The effect was simple but had *zing*, she decided as she took a last look.

Bill was rather super as a dancer and Pat tried to concentrate on him and not on the Medical Corps drifting in to the long table down one side of the dining room. But when finally she found Hocky, looking startlingly handsome in his white mess jacket, she breathed a sigh of relief. At least he was here.

It didn't take too obvious maneuvering for Pat, who from a long tour of duty in the operating room knew almost everybody at that table, to find herself eventually seated there, and next to Hocky. He practically had to ask her to dance then.

It was odd the difference in the way she felt dancing with him and with Bill. With Bill it was fun—the rhythm, the smooth flow of body muscles to the music. With Hocky there was none of that. Even dancing he took seriously. But instead of the other sensations, in his arms she was aware of his nearness, of the faint half-hygienic smell a doctor always has, but mingled with it the brand of his cigarettes, of his shaving lotion, of the drink he'd had before dinner, adding up to something that was essentially Hocky.

The dance was too short. They went back to the table. For the moment it was deserted, which made it harder to be silent. She fell back on discussing the patients. It was safe; besides, there was one she really wanted to ask him about.

"I've been watching Adam Porter," she said. "Do you think he's getting on toward a real depressive psychosis?"

Hock deliberated. "I have wondered a little about Porter!"

"He has that look," Pat went on. "He could go haywire and smash up things."

"I don't think it's that bad. These things are just tedious. But he'll get complete articulation if he's patient."

"But he isn't! He lies there and broods. I'm afraid—"

"Oh, don't worry. He'll snap right out of it in a couple of weeks when he can begin to see improvement. Those kids get pretty sunk, all of them—they're bored, they're homesick, and they've been through more than any youngster should have to go through. But Porter is going to be O. K."

"I hope you're right." Pat looked off into space, trying to think of any way she could turn the conversation to something personal. She couldn't worry even about Adam Porter at a time like this.

Hocky cleared his throat. "Pat."

She trembled inwardly. He hadn't called her "Pat" for so long. She was afraid to look at him, afraid the way she felt would be there on her face for him to read. After all, his saying "Pat" didn't mean anything.

"Yes?"

"I — that is, we — used to be good friends. I still—I mean, I don't know whether you'll be interested—but—"

"Well, Miss Nevill!" boomed Colonel Farnsworth's hearty voice beside her. He was plump and pink-cheeked and meant well. "Why aren't you coming overseas with our unit? I could use a good operating nurse like you."

Pat resisted the impulse to tell him to go boil himself in oil. She smiled brightly and said, "I wish I *were* going. I put in for foreign service ages ago, but I don't get it. How about pulling some strings, colonel? If anybody could do it, you could."

"Well, well!" His pink face brightened with pleasure. "I don't know about that. A little out of the direct line, you might say, but—one never knows, does one?" He turned to Hocky, adding jovially, "How about it, Hockaday, shall we take Miss Nevill with us?"

The smile on Pat's face stayed there. It was frozen in place. "With us"—that meant Hocky was going, too. He'd been trying to tell her. Hocky was going over into battle and she'd stay behind and bandage kids like Jenkins with some strange doctor—not Hocky. Hocky'd be gone. Not till that moment did it dawn on her how stupid she'd been, believing she'd wanted to go overseas before. Leave Hocky? Never! But now it was different. She *had* to go if he was going.

She had to fight her way out of the cold chill that crowded her. She couldn't sit there forever grinning inanely. She had to say something, and she couldn't say what she wanted to say—"Hocky, don't go! I'll die without you!" No, she couldn't say that.

It took effort to speak at all. She forced the words out jerkily, and because always in moments of stress she had used a gag to cover her emotions, she said fliply, "So the major's going over, too? I hope it's Africa. Think what a hit he'd make in a harem!"

The colonel guffawed and Hocky smiled politely, but Pat saw what she'd done. She'd made him feel she was making fun of him again.

If only I hadn't said that! she thought strickenly. But it was too late to take it back. Too late for everything.

BILL JAMES was furious about her leaving him during the evening. She didn't blame him, but his reaction to it worried her. He tried to make love to her not only on the way home from the dance but in the ward next morning.

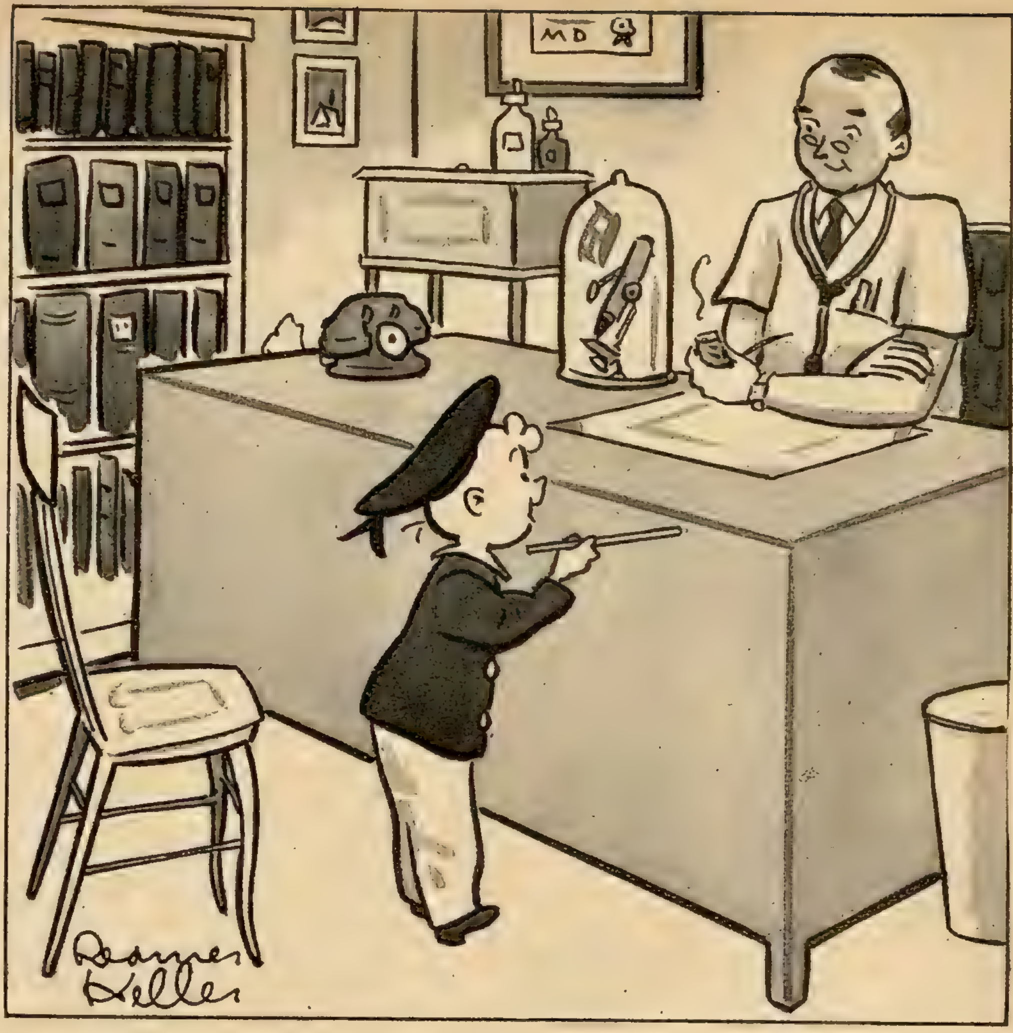
While she put fresh linen on Adam Porter's bed, Bill stood at the foot of it firing protestations at her. Fortunately Adam was down at X-ray and a good-natured argument between the prisoner and his guard covered up Bill's words from the rest of the ward. Still, it was bad taste, and suppose Martin happened in on it! Above everything now, Pat knew she must work for Martin's approval.

"Move, Bill," she said patiently, as she folded the covers over the foot of the bed.

He stood still. "You're in love with that slab-faced old sobersides, aren't you?"

The color fanned into Pat's cheek as she resisted the impulse to fly to Hocky's defense. "I'm not," she said too quickly, "and anyway it's none of your business."

HARDTACK



"Got any old pills you don't want, doc—for my peashooter?"

"I know what we'll have for Christmas dinner—roast pig!"

"It is," he insisted. "I'm in love with you. I want—"

"Leave her alone!" Adam Porter had come up behind them on his soft ward slippers. In his G. I. maroon bathrobe he towered above Bill. He had a wild look Pat didn't like.

"Relax, Adam," she said easily. "Bill's harmless, you know. Look what a nice clean bed I've fixed for you. Slide in there and have a good snooze."

But Adam looked far from relaxing. He glared at Bill, his one good hand clenched in a fist of anger. "I'll tear him apart! He can't have you. Nor the major either. I—"

This was getting too much for Pat. She gave Bill a push. "Get down to 447 and start a saline on that guy. It was ordered for the first thing this morning." To her relief, Bill went. She turned to Adam. "And you pipe down, too, young man. There'll be no ruckusing around this joint except by me." She managed a grin and turned to go.

Hocky stood there. She didn't know how much he'd heard. His face told her nothing. He said quietly, "Miss Nevill, that order has been changed to glucose on 447. You'd better help Dr. James."

"Yes, Major Hockaday."

He went on down the ward and she hurried out to go down to 447 and head Bill off from the saline. She wondered if Hocky had sent her, instead of Gaines or one of the others, because he thought she wanted to be with Bill. Or because he realized that Bill in his present mood wasn't in shape to do reliable work. In any event she wanted a few words with that dope in the comparative privacy of 447.

The room was at the end of the corridor opposite the linen closet and the ward surgeon's office. The patient was almost in coma and could be discounted as a listener.

Pat said, "Here's glucose. Orders were changed." She began to open the sterile package with fingers that weren't too steady, her lips in a straight stern line. Not till Bill had finished the job did she straighten up, put her hands on her hips, and glare at him, letting her fury loose. "There's just one thing, Dr. James," she said. "One more crazy stunt like you just pulled in there—and I'll —I'll knock your ears off!"

Bill said, "Why, you're a regular little spitfire!" and reached for her. She stepped back, but she was against the bed. He pulled her to him. She fought furiously. Then from the doorway a voice said, "I'm going to kill you for that, buddy."

They both whirled. Adam stood there, and in his hand he held a rifle. More than once Pat'd seen the guard rest it carelessly against the wall. And Adam must have taken it without his knowledge, for no hue and cry came from the direction of the ward.

Bill said, "Put that damned gun down, you fool! It might go off!"

"I aim to have it go off," Adam said levelly. He stepped into the room and to one side, removing the faint hope Pat had that somebody might come up behind him and disarm him. She was under no misapprehension now about the danger. Adam was in deadly earnest and beyond reason, yet somehow she must extricate herself and Bill—and poor Adam—from all this.

She said reasonably, "I wouldn't do that, Adam. You'd just get yourself into a lot of trouble. You don't have anything against Dr. James."

"He's in love with you. I'm going to shoot him."

"But I'm not in love with him," Pat pointed out. "So what he feels doesn't affect things much, now does it?"

Adam's glance shifted warily from Bill to look at her from under his black level brows. "I might shoot you, too. Why should I let you live for another man to have?"

"But, Adam, do you think the pleasure of shooting us would be enough to cover all the mess you'd be in, standing trial and then getting a firing squad?"

He shrugged. "It don't matter what happens to me. I'm a cripple."

"Not for good, you aren't. See, you're crooking that elbow a little right now, holding the rifle. When you're well, you'll be glad you handed that thing over to me and stopped this whole unnecessary business." She took a confident step forward. But it didn't work as she'd hoped.

Adam dropped back and waved the gun threateningly. "Don't try anything funny. I'm still going to shoot *him*." He tossed his head toward Bill.

Pat leaned against the bed, trying to stiffen her shaking knees. She felt that as long as she could remain quiet, and keep Bill in hand, she might postpone things till the depressive's pendulum would swing back toward apathy and then Adam might be persuaded to relinquish the rifle. Patiently she kept on. "But, Adam, you—a hero back from the Solomons—it wouldn't look right having your name in the papers for shooting a helpless unarmed man."

"Hero, huh? That's swash! I'm just a bloody fool. That's what I am, but I'll go out in a burst of glory!" He laughed horribly.

In the corridor there was a sound of footsteps. Pat didn't dare turn her head. If some one came in—anybody—it might touch the tripper of Adam's indecision and write finish for Bill and possibly herself. The footsteps stopped abruptly.

Adam gave no sign he had heard them. He leaned against a chair, eying them sullenly.

Desperately Pat fought to use her wits to divert him. What would he listen to? How could she distract him?

In the brief silence while she ransacked her brain, each second like an hour, a sound intruded. At first she was unaware of its significance. There were always radios blaring through the building. But slowly the words and the tune reached through her fear.

A tenor sang nasally—"That night in the patio . . . under Spanish stars . . . you promised never to . . ."

Pat caught her cue, she hoped. She said persuasively, "Adam, you've got yourself all hot and bothered over nothing. But I'll tell you what I'll do. To show you how much I like you, I'll do a Carmen for you!" This was no time to gnaw her nails over what'd happen if Martin learned of it.

ADAM looked at her with new interest in his eyes. She went on quickly, "We'll send Dr. James about his business and I'll do my very best act—just for you—and then you'll do something for me. You'll let me take that rifle back to the guard before he gets into trouble over it."

She saw that she had touched him on two points there. He liked the idea of her putting on a show for his special benefit, and the soldier in him comprehended the jam the guard would be in if he were caught without his rifle.

"He'll tell," Adam objected, nodding toward Bill.

"No, he won't," Pat insisted. The truth was that Bill didn't look as if

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he'd be able to talk for some time. He was bordering on collapse.

"Promise you won't mention this to a soul, Bill?"

He nodded weakly.

"Scat then," Pat said. "I better get this act over before Miss Martin comes around or there'll be two of us in the guardhouse!" She was faint with relief when Bill walked out unmolested. She could handle Adam alone all right. Then she remembered the steps she'd heard out in the corridor. If whoever was there decided to butt in, no telling what action Adam might yet take. But Bill at least was safe.

FORCING her mind to the present—this has to be *good,* she thought—she tried to forget everything else. From the glucose tray she took a towel and wrapped it turban fashion around her small head, crushing her cap under it. Then, eyes rolling gaily, swinging her body with the rhythm, she began in her low husky voice to sing Adam's favorite, "They call her Miss Chile, but that's sorta silly, for she's never been chilly to me!"

Slowly Adam relaxed. He leaned against the dresser, the rifle loose in his hand. Pat had the momentary impulse to make a grab for it, but he could be too quick for her. This was better, and it was going to work, she was sure it was. She went next into Chiquita and from there to the hilarious, "Don't kees me, meester, I'm just a seester to you now."

Adam was laughing when she finished.

"Hey," she said, "you're going to get me scalped. Hand me that rifle quick now. I've got to get back to work." Confidently she approached him, her heart hammering but none of her fear in her face.

For just an instant Adam hesitated and she almost fainted with the strain of going toward him, still smiling.

He looked at the rifle uncertainly. "What'll they do to me for taking it?"

"They won't know," she said hastily. "You stay here and I'll take it back and tell them it was just a gag."

He handed it to her then, like a child, trustingly, and she took it, the weight of it almost making her topple, and turned. The next moment she was out in the corridor.

Three people stood there. Bill, still white and shaken, Miss Martin, her pince-nez shimmering with her nervousness, and Hocky.

Miss Martin spoke first. "We saw it all in the mirror over the dresser. I didn't give you credit, Nevill." She almost smiled as she added, "Colonel Farnsworth wants you to take Bates' place in the unit. I'll recommend it."

Bill said feebly, "Thanks, Pat."

But it was only Hocky that mattered. His face was much whiter than Bill's and the lines around his mouth were dug deep with strain. His eyes seemed to devour her, as if, finding her whole, he had to look at her anew, take her in, feature by feature.

He said, "Come into my office. You don't want to go to pieces out here."

And that was what she was about to do. No gag would fit this. She felt battered and tired. Nothing but a good cry would lessen the tension the past few minutes had built in her.

Somebody took the heavy rifle from her hands. She said dully, "Tell the guard it was a joke. I promised Adam."

Then, gently, Hocky was leading her across the corridor into his office, closing the door behind them. She stood there, passive, waiting for the floodgates to break inside her.

Hocky said, "I've been such a self-conscious fool, Pat. I knew it when I stood there, watching you, and I couldn't do anything to h-help you. It was awful . . . you were so brave."

And that was where Pat broke down. Hocky drew her head to his shoulder while the sobs racked her. He held her close, his arms strong and protecting. Gradually, as the storm subsided, she began to savor the fact he held her in a way that wasn't any professional gesture of comfort. He *liked* holding her.

She raised her head and looked at him out of still wet eyes. "Did Miss Martin mean it? Can I go with the unit?"

He nodded, smiling.

PAT took a deep breath. This was one time she wasn't going to risk saying anything he could misunderstand. "I'm glad, Hocky," she said, "because I couldn't be happy anywhere you weren't."

His smile widened then, and Pat knew it was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen, for the loneliness had gone out of his face. He tilted her head with a finger under her chin and looked into her eyes. Then he kissed her, and for Pat there was no question of a wisecrack; she couldn't even breathe.

So it was Hocky who for that once supplied the light touch. His mouth twisted in ironic acknowledgment of the change in their roles. He said slowly, "About that h-harem, Pat—would you consider being my Number One wife?"

THE END

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NO LITTLE ENEMY—Continued from Page 29

down. Stock lived four miles up and Charlie was no long-distance hiker. "Any place to get a taxi around here?"

The boy shook his head. "No taxis. Not since there ain't any summer people any more."

Charlie regarded his new white shoes a moment and then started over toward the station. The boy kept right alongside of him.

"What you aimin' to do now?"

"Telephone Mr. Stock, I guess."

This was just what the youngster was waiting for. His voice was triumphant.

"He ain't got a telephone."

"How do people get over to his house?"

"Walk. Or hire my bicycle."

"O. K." Charlie surveyed the little business man. "Where's your bike?"

The boy ran around to the shady side of the station and brought out a two-wheeler.

"You just keep goin' up the beach road," he directed. "It's kind of sandy, so keep in the center. About four miles up there's a hill and at the top two mailboxes—Jonathan Kalman's and Daniel Stock's—and a path that turns off. It's the second house you come to. I charge a dollar for the bike."

Charlie straddled the bicycle uncertainly and dug into his pocket. The boy's brown fist closed around the bill.

By the time Charlie reached the two mailboxes his trousers were a dusty brown and his shirt stuck to his back like another skin. He parked the bike against the boxes and sat down to unlace his shoes. The sand he poured out of them made a mound on the grass.

When he had taken the job of being Helen's press agent, Charlie had never expected it would involve chasing to the seashore after citizens of the United States who didn't even have telephones. Of course he had never expected it would involve doing all the dirty work for a traveling show, either. On the other hand, he had been pretty shiny at the elbows until he ran into Helen. She was too lean and independent for Charlie's taste, but he had to admit she did attract attention. Besides, she had plenty of money and an ambition that almost scared him. And what he wanted was his cut of what she wanted. Some day that wouldn't be hard to take. The thought of it cheered him, and he stood up, careful not to abuse his screaming muscles, and started down the path. The sooner he saw Stock the sooner he could get away from this fresh air and sunshine.

A lanky fellow in shorts and sneakers was spreading some clothes out to dry in front of the first house.

"Hi," he said. "Wonderful day, isn't it?"

Charlie smiled wanly.

"If you're going over to Stock's, don't give up. You can see the roof from here."

Charlie sighed. "Say, could I trouble you for a drink of water?"

"Sure; come in."

The lanky fellow led the way into the dim coolness of the front room. Charlie noticed the canvases stacked against the wall. He followed his host into the kitchen. "I thought that name sounded familiar," he said. "You're Jonathan Kalman, the painter. Say, I like your stuff."

Kalman smiled. "Thanks. That's always good to hear."

"Listen. I don't know anything about art. I just know what I like, as they say. The stuff in your pictures looks like what it's supposed to look like. No monkey business." He took the offered glass of water and glanced around at the whitewashed walls and the bare wooden floor. "With what people pay you for your pictures, you don't *have* to live here, do you?"

"I like it. The same as Daniel Stock you're going to see. This is a great place when you get to know it."

Charlie went to the door. "I might be back sooner than you think. A kid in the village told me Stock's sick of people bothering him."

"Don't worry. He won't throw you out. He's very polite."

"What kind of a guy is he really?"

Kalman shrugged. "We've been summer neighbors for about six years and I can't tell you anything about him. That's the kind of a guy he is."

When Charlie arrived at Stock's house there was no one around. After a few cautious whistles he walked through the open door and sat down gratefully in a wicker chair. He took off his hat to fan himself and looked around. This house was just like Kalman's—same whitewashed walls and uneven bare floor. There was even a Kalman painting hanging over the fireplace. Charlie stared at it approvingly. White lighthouse, blue sea, and road curving up the yellow beach. It looked swell—better than it felt, he knew now from the afternoon's experience. He walked over to examine it closer, and then his eyebrows went up. The picture looked like a Kalman, but it wasn't. It was signed "D. Stock, 1940."

"Good afternoon. Are you waiting to see me?" The voice was soft but full of irritation.

Charlie whirled guiltily. A tall shaven-headed man stood in the doorway, his arms piled with wood.

"Mr. Stock?"

The man nodded. He crossed the room and let the wood tumble noisily into an open box. Charlie stared at the bandage taped to his neck and over one cheek. His handsome face was completely hairless, no brows and no lashes, and the shaven scalp looked very white and naked in contrast to the tanned skin beneath it.

"Say, I hope you'll excuse me for barging in like this. My name is Ross"—Charlie held out his hand—"and maybe I'd better tell you right away that I am not a newspaperman."

Stock's handshake was painfully muscular. He took a cigarette from a box and offered one to Charlie.

At this gesture Charlie gathered courage.

"I've come to see you, Mr. Stock," he said, "on behalf of the government of the United States." He started to laugh at himself for making so pretentious an announcement, but a look at Stock stopped him abruptly. He couldn't have explained what it was—the light green eyes protruding, the expression around the mouth. At any rate, he no longer felt in the mood for laughing.

"I—I see you're burned"—falteringly he changed the subject. "I—I want you to know we all think you did a great thing."

"Any one would have done his best. Fortunately, I'm an excellent swimmer. I did my best."

"Everybody in town—in New York—is talking about it."

"Then you are from New York? Not Washington?"

"Oh, I'm not really from the government," said Charlie. "That was a joke, kind of. I'm from the East Coast Theater Committee, but I'm managing a bond-selling tour for one of the government agencies. You know—celebrities tour the country, people like Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope. They entertain at rallies."

Stock nodded and his eyes seemed to recede a little. Charlie felt relieved. "Well, you're a hero now, you know." He exerted himself to laugh this time. "And—we'd like you to come on our tour."

"Who'd like me to come?"

"The OPP—that's the agency sponsoring this one. They feel that seeing you and hearing what you've done would lift people's morale—" Charlie fidgeted, but Mr. Stock did not ask him to sit down.

"Where's the tour going?"

"We've got a circuit of big cities. Starts in Pittsburgh, goes as far west as Chicago, and doubles back to end in Boston."

Stock shook his head and walked to the door.

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't possibly go. You may tell the OPP or whatever it is that I regret it very much."

Charlie knew he was being shown out, but he tried again.

"Won't you think it over, at least, Mr. Stock? I know you've been through a bad experience—but that's why we need you so much. Mr. Bonbright said it would mean a lot to people to know that all the glory and chances for helping don't go with a uniform."

"Mr. who?" Stock didn't turn around. He seemed to be examining the cloudless blue sky.

"Tom Bonbright, the cartoonist. He's going on the tour with us. He read about you in the papers and suggested we ask you to come too."

Stock came back into the room then and sat down.

"What kind of a person is this Tom Bonbright?" he inquired. "I've been following his cartoons for years."

"He's great." Charlie picked up new hope. "He's got a personality like

Even as a boy, growing up in Beloit, Wisconsin,

Roy Chapman Andrews

knew he wanted to be an explorer, a zoologist, and to work in a natural history museum. In his autobiography

UNDER A LUCKY STAR

the enthusiasm of this distinguished scientist's youth pervades every line and carries the reader with him across the world, to the high climax of the Gobi Desert expeditions and discoveries of the earliest known civilization. There's plenty of humor, too, the professor not conforming at all to the pictures drawn by fictioneers of dry-as-dust scientists.

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dynamite, and yet he's kind of quiet—"

"I've wondered a lot about him. He has a tremendous following in this country."

"Sure he has, but he's not a bit swell-headed about it. Why, I bet he could run for—for something big, and win."

"I'm not so sure." Stock seemed to be taking the discussion very seriously. "He has a lot of enemies, you know. Not enemies, precisely—but people who disagree with his ideas about the war and the government; that sort of thing."

"Could be"—Charlie hoped his uncertainty wouldn't bring that funny look back in this man's eyes—"but most of those people come around to finding out he's right. Trouble is, he's always the first to see trouble. Then he gets called a lot of bad names until people catch up with him."

He could see the interest growing in Stock's face. "You'll enjoy getting to know Mr. Bonbright," he urged. He began to paint as vivid a picture as he could of the plans for the two-week tour.

The annoyance smoothed out of Stock's expression and the bland attitude of the newspaper photograph reappeared. He asked several questions about Bonbright and Wells, the English actor, and was even inclined to joke a bit about the chorus girls.

The interview ended a half hour later with complete success. Stock mixed an expert Tom Collins and agreed to become a member of the Caravan.

The bicycle ride back to the village didn't seem as punishing as the one coming up. Charlie's thoughts were busy with Daniel Stock. Weird was the word for him, all right. It would make a good story to tell Tom and Helen when he got back—especially since Stock had started to change his mind after he heard Tom was going along. Bonbright the magnet. The magnet had worked a bit on the hard-bitten Helen, too. Charlie frowned. He didn't want a love affair diverting his one client's attention.

SHORTLY before eleven Sunday night, Tom walked the length of the train to the troupe's special car. Except for a small upright piano and a table across the aisle from it in its center, there was nothing special about the special car. The ornately carved window frames and the dull green of its upholstery indicated it was of an early vintage. At the moment, also, its lighting was too dim, its smell too antiseptic. Tom parked his portfolio on an end seat and hoisted his bag up to the luggage rack.

Nadine Hall, the writer of the nation's most popular war song, was sitting across the aisle, watching the activity outside. Tom joined her.

"Hello," she said. "I'm glad you're early too. I thought big-city people always leaped onto the platform just as the train was pulling out."

"I'm a small-town boy myself," said Tom. "I wouldn't know."

He looked at her young open face with approval. Nadine had an alert look about her. Her short curly hair was vigorously brushed, her blue eyes were serious.

"I haven't had a chance to tell you," Tom said, "that I think you've written a great song—a good, rousing song with words that mean something. It will help the spirit of the whole country."

She glowed at his praise. "It's been called the Over There of this war," she said shyly, "but I'm afraid it doesn't deserve to be mentioned in the same breath with George Cohan's song."

"Well, it's a different type of song. It's simple and sincere and catchy. You're very talented."

"Your saying that means a lot to me. Just going on this trip means more than I can say. Am I naïve to be so thrilled?"

"Not at all. Where's your home?"

"Merford, in New Hampshire. Until I won the song contest I'd never even been to New York before."

"You must know Mount Sokosu. I have a cabin there and I've been going up in the summer for years."

"Why, yes, I do!" She forgot her awe of him in the delight of finding things in common. "I used to go to a camp near Lake Sokosu."

THEIR conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the Castle Theater girls.

The dingy car burst into bloom. Bright-colored coats and little veiled hats and make-up cases and candy boxes covered the seats. The girls called back and forth to each other as they scrambled for places. Wilbur Kahn, the fat bald fellow who played piano for their routines, followed them and staked his claim near the piano.

Tom hadn't yet become used to the chorus. It was still a wonder to him that the conventional features, eyes, nose, and mouth, could get into so many different and equally beautiful arrangements. Now, as he watched, knitting bags and books and a deck of cards were pulled out, and one girl whom they called Kathleen was spreading monogrammed stationery on the seat beside her and shaking her fountain pen. Charlie had told Tom about her. Her boy friend was a corporal somewhere in the Pacific, and, come hell or high water, she wrote to him every day.

Tom looked through the window, searching for Helen. He saw Rupert Wells coming along the platform carrying his own bag. He didn't look the handsome matinee idol tonight. He looked old and unhappy. One of the greatest actors of the English-speaking world, and not a soul recognized him. Maybe the autograph hunters hadn't heard about this glamorous departure tonight, although it was hard to believe that Charlie hadn't tipped them off.

An approaching flurry down the platform attracted Tom's attention. There was a circle of waving pencils and papers, and Helen in the center of it, dressed in something flamboyant and yellow. Papers were thrust at her and she was signing them as fast as she could. A little to one side, Charlie was trying to quell the growing clamor. It would serve him right if the crowd trampled him, thought Tom. But then he took it back. The guy was just doing his job. He'd been hired to promote Miss Hathaway, hadn't he?

Miss Hathaway of the Spencer School of Dramatic Expression and three summers in stock. Miss Hathaway of two second female leads in two plays of modest popularity and one singing role in a musical-comedy flop. Miss Hathaway of the superb face and superior frame and super sense of publicity. Tom saw the frenzied expressions of the pencil wavers. A lot of sheep—they didn't care who she was!

He jerked the window shade down abruptly and sat back in his seat.

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WINES BOTTLED AT THE WINERY

"Do you mind?" he asked Miss Hall.

"Why, no," she said—and then, wonderingly, "why—no."

"Good evening. I'm looking for Mr. Ross." A man was standing in the aisle, smiling at them. Tom noted the curious effect of the light eyes and the raised skin above them where the eyebrows were just beginning to grow again.

"Mr. Ross will be here in a minute," said Tom. "He's running that riot outside. You're Daniel Stock, aren't you? I'm Tom Bonbright. This is Miss Hall."

"How do you do?" Stock's voice was soft, almost womanish. "This is an honor." He put his suitcase on the seat in front of theirs and looked about him. "Quite a change from the sand dunes. By the way, is Mr. Wells here yet?"

"He has the compartment at the front of the car," answered Tom. He could see the marks of Stock's daring feat. The burn along one side of his face and neck still looked sore.

"I understand he's the m. c. of the tour," continued Stock, "and that he's to interview me as part of the show. Naturally, I'd like a little practice."

"It will probably have to wait till morning," volunteered Miss Hall. She was staring with curious fascination at the man. "He looked very tired when he came in."

Stock offered them his open cigarette case. "I saw him in Hamlet once. Is he as moody off stage as he is on?"

"With reason." Tom took a cigarette. "His family's in England. His son flies a bomber with the R. A. F."

"Oh, then—of course."

The train made a few preparatory jerks. As it was starting up, Helen and Charlie appeared breathless in the doorway.

LATER, when a porter came in to make up the berths, Wilbur and the girls accepted Charlie's invitation to investigate the resources of the club car—all except Kathleen, who was still at work on her letter.

"Hey," called Tom. "Quit teething on that pen!"

Kathleen turned, bright with inspiration. "Mr. Bonbright, will you do me a big favor? Will you make a quick sketch of me to send to my boy friend? He'd be thrilled to death!"

"Come on over here." Tom untied his portfolio and took out a pad of paper.

"Of course his squadron's voted Lana Turner their favorite pin-up girl, but—"

"They'll have to take a referendum when they see you." He reached over and took the pen from her.

She was young and fresh, with cream-colored skin and yellow hair. While Tom drew her, Helen and Daniel Stock stood behind him and watched with interest.

"Too bad you haven't a paintbox," remarked Stock. "You can't do her justice in black and white."

Tom agreed. "I don't know if I could with a paintbox, either. That's more your line, I understand."

Stock had lighted another cigarette. He reached for an ash tray and crushed it out, although he hadn't taken more than a few puffs. "In a way, it is," he said. "I'm afraid I was destined to be very second-rate. I enjoy it, though."

Tom had been aware of Helen standing a little behind him. Now she said, "Haven't you changed your style, Mr. Bonbright? Don't you usually make your subjects as funny as possible?"

"Caricatures, you mean?" Tom didn't look up. He was busy finishing Kathleen off with an appropriately low neckline. "You have the usual misconception of caricatures. They're not supposed to make people look funny." He handed the sketch to Kathleen.

"It's wonderful!"

"Just a minute." Stock took it from her. "You want Mr. Bonbright to sign it, don't you?"

They all watched as Tom scrawled his name in its familiar place across the lower right-hand corner.

Tom glanced over his shoulder. "How about you next, Miss Hathaway? I'll teach you a little lesson about caricature."

HELEN sat down opposite him and leaned her elbows on the table. "O. K. You can't scare me!"

Tom took a good long look at her, though it wasn't necessary. Every detail of her face had been constantly in his mind for the past two days. His pencil flew over the paper.

"You went to art school, of course," said Stock, after a moment.

"Sure. A couple of them. Every one told me quickly I'd never be good, but I didn't care. I was crazy about drawing. I was crazy about eating, too. So I got a newspaper job and did both."

"That's interesting. Incidentally, I find your cartoons full of propaganda."

"They're meant to be. Some men can make words work for their ideas. I'm not so talented. But I find a few simple lines can pack an awful wallop. We each do what we can."

"But aren't your few lines likely to oversimplify?" The soft pleasant voice went on from behind Tom. "For example, if you picture the enemy as a beast with tail and claws, you are doing less than presenting the truth, are you not?"

"Not at all!" Tom snapped the words out. "The whole basis of cartooning is in the use of symbols. Otherwise, why not be a photographer?"

"I suppose what I mean is that a cartoon is all black and white in more than one sense. There is none of the shading we find in real life."

"You're right. When the shading is removed, so is a good deal of the confusion. I happen to think it is helpful to see black as black and white as white once in a while."

An unreasoning anger was rising up in Tom. Every nerve in his back seemed to be aware of the presence of Stock. If the man should touch him in leaning forward, he felt his own elbow would viciously thrust him away.

The pleasure he had got from sketching Helen was gone. He put down his pencil. "This is all for now," he told Helen. "I'll finish it some other time. Join me for a nightcap?"

"Yes, thanks." She examined the sketch. "You've got something here."

Stock leaned over to look at it with her.

"Excellent. He's got you there. Not the way you actually look, of course —but the essence of your personality. The aliveness, the dash."

Tom put his pad back into the portfolio and tied the strings. It had, he noted, taken Stock no time at all to catch on to what he thought of Helen. He took her arm and started toward the club car.

"See you later, Mr. Stock," she said.

In the club car they sat side by side at a little table. There were some soldiers on the train and, in the spirit of the tour, the girls were already building morale. Tom noticed a pink-cheeked young lieutenant glance expectantly at Helen.

As soon as they had ordered, he said, "How was the research? How do you like spending Sunday afternoon in the Public Library?"

Helen turned her gray eyes upon him. The customary facetiousness had gone out of them. "Tracking down murderers doesn't bore me, yet."

"I'm morbidly interested in sleuthing methods. What are yours?"

"Plain deduction. From what I've heard about you, you make enemies as easily as you make pictures. There are plenty of people around who wouldn't mind seeing you—"

"Bumped off."

"The point is, who would like to see both you and Bill Roberts dead?"

"And you've deduced that that man is Roger Tally?"

"Yes. And, since you've thought of him too, I'm on the right track. After the reading I did, I don't see why he wasn't hunting you both long ago."

"He threatened us viciously when the book came out. How'd you like it?"

The lieutenant was lifting his glass to Helen each time he drank, but she hadn't noticed him.

"Devastating. I'd hate to have you do a job on me."

"We only do—we only did—crooks. Listen. There's a soldier pining for a smile. Give him one, for Pete's sake!"

Helen leaned over and showed her teeth prettily for the young man. He grinned back at her.

"Tom," she said, "be serious. You do suspect Tally, don't you?"

Tom shrugged. "I don't know. It's farfetched. That book was published a year ago and his organization collapsed right afterward. We haven't heard a peep out of him since then. I know he's been tied up for months with lawsuits brought by his former followers. It's odd that he should pop up all of a sudden. I'd think it was extremely odd if I didn't also think I saw him on the train coming up from Washington."

"What!" Helen shouted the word and gaped at Tom.

"Don't get excited. I'm not sure. Maybe I should tell the police, but what have I got to tell them, when you get right down to it?"

"But your life's in danger! He might be following you right now! You shouldn't have come!"

"What should I do? Stay under a bed in New York? If something is going to happen, I'll be ready for it, that's all."

Helen looked at him appraisingly. "As a director I worked with once would say, you act with guts."

Tom stood up. "I'll leave you," he said, "with a young man who, when the time comes, will act with more."

The lieutenant came over. He sat down in Tom's vacated seat. As Tom walked away he heard him say, "You know, you look awfully familiar."

WHEN Tom got back to the entrance of the troupe's car, he stopped short and his hand tightened on the doorknob. He remained on the jangling platform, looking through the window, intent on the scene inside. Stock was sitting at the table where Tom had left his portfolio. He had untied the strings and was flipping through everything in it—letters, photographs, proofs, clippings, everything.

When the door clicked open, Stock was too absorbed to hear it. He didn't look up until Tom had reached his side. Then he smiled.

"Hello. Back so soon? I was looking through your stuff. I hope you don't mind. The portfolio was open, so I didn't suppose there was anything private—"

Tom's eyes widened. This was all said with the most innocent expression.

"You know, there's something fascinating to me about a brother artist's methods," Stock chatted on. "The technique of getting the personal experience onto the paper. Most interesting thing in the world, don't you think?"

"Yes," said Tom slowly. He stared at the brown cardboard portfolio lying before him. Had he tied the strings on it before he left, or hadn't he?

Is Daniel Stock as interested in art as he would have Tom believe? Will Helen and Tom develop a beautiful friendship? You'd better read next week's installment if you like a thrilling mystery.

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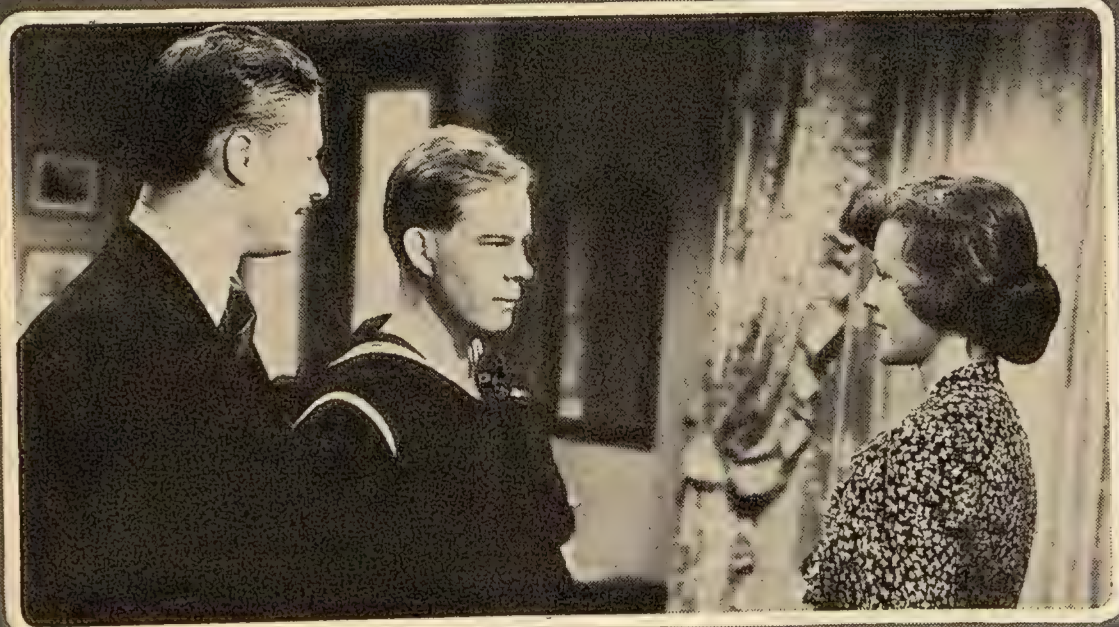
Rusty, age six (Larry Olsen), earns 25¢ a week helping his dad (Don Ameche) run Hartfield's drugstore.

Rusty (Richard Crane), now a graduate pharmacist, decides to leave his father's store and enlist in the Navy.



Rusty's mother (Frances Dee) and father welcome Tony (Henry Morgan), their dead son's friend, into their home.

BY HARRIET GOULD

Happy Land

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

Don Ameche, Frances Dec, Harry Carey

HAPPY LAND is a simple homely picture, telling in direct dramatic terms the story of a small Midwestern town and the way its people meet the harshness of war and the terrible tragedies of personal loss.

In particular, Happy Land tells the story of Lew Marsh (Don Ameche), the village druggist, and his embittered reaction to the death of his only son, Rusty, in battle. To him it seems as though Rusty has died without ever having had a chance to live. But suddenly Gramp (Harry Carey), who has been dead for years, materializes before Lew, and as they walk through town together he makes Lew remember how rich Rusty's few years of life had been—and how much it had meant to the boy to fight to protect America's freedom.

Then the film goes back eighteen years and tells the story of Rusty—a normal American boy—from the time he goes to kindergarten and plays Indians in the fields, up to his graduation from high school, his first love, and his decision to enlist in the Navy.

The final scene of the picture—in which Lew, jolted out of his bitterness, welcomes a sailor buddy of Rusty into his home with the understanding that he will take Rusty's place—is reminiscent of The Human Comedy. But the likeness stops right there. Happy Land has none of the dreamy, philosophical quality that made the Saroyan piece so ethereal. The keynote of this movie version of MacKinlay Kantor's best seller is "realism," and it is this very familiarity with things as we know them that makes Happy Land the emotional treat it is.

For the sake of realism (and also because the WPB has placed a $5,000 ceiling on the cost of movie sets) the entire company was moved to the little town of Santa Rosa, California (where Alfred Hitchcock made Shadow of a Doubt). The mayor who makes a welcome-home speech to the 1918 veterans in the picture is actually the mayor of Santa Rosa, and the graduating class in the script is played by the students of Santa Rosa High, dressed in the same clothes and being handed the same diplomas by the same official as when they graduated a few weeks before the movie troupe arrived.

Don Ameche, who has had to study many things for his pictures—including skating, fencing, and how to invent a telephone, had to take a few fast lessons on clarinet playing and soda jerking for one of the best roles of his career.

As a result of its insistence on realism, and because the supporting cast (which includes Frances Dee, Ann Rutherford, and a couple of talented newcomers, Richard Crane and Henry Morgan—playing Rusty and his sailor buddy) does such an all-round swell job, Happy Land will be a thoroughly happy movie experience for you.

RKO RADIO PICTURES INC. presents
OLIVIA de HAVILLAND
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with
SONNY TUFTS

GOVERNMENT GIRL is a minor-league More the Merrier. Not as witty nor as subtle, it's still worth a bleacher seat for laughs. Secretary Olivia de Havilland's frantic attempts to keep her pigheaded boss (Sonny Tufts) from tangling in Washington red tape ends in a delicious satire on Congressional investigations. This is froth with a sock finish. (RKO.)

"The Iron Major"

IF there's time for Rose Bowl nominations, how about Pat O'Brien? With his portrayal of Knute Rockne still fresh in fans' memories, he turns up now as another famous football coach, Fordham's "Cav" Cavanaugh. More about his football exploits and less "early life" would have helped, but pigskin enthusiasts will love it anyway. (RKO.)

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

BATTLE OF RUSSIA (U. S. Army—20th Cent.-Fox). Documentary.
CLAUDIA (20th Cent.-Fox). Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Ina Claire. Comedy.
FLESH AND FANTASY (Universal). Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck. Drama.
FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS (Paramount). Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Paxinou. Drama.
GIRL CRAZY (M-G-M). Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney. (Gershwin.) Musical comedy.
GUADALCANAL DIARY (20th Cent.-Fox). William Bendix, Lloyd Nolan. War drama.
LASSIE COME HOME (M-G-M). Roddy McDowall, Donald Crisp, Elsa Lanchester. Drama.
PRINCESS O'ROURKE (Warners). Olivia de Havilland, Robert Cummings. Comedy.
RIDING HIGH (Paramount). Dorothy Lamour, Victor Moore, Dick Powell. Comedy.
SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY (20th Cent.-Fox). Betty Grable, Robert Young. Musical comedy.
THE NORTH STAR (RKO). Ann Harding, Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Dana Andrews. Drama.
THIS IS THE ARMY (Warners). Joan Leslie, George Murphy, U. S. Army. Musical.
THOUSANDS CHEER (M-G-M). All-star cast. Musical.

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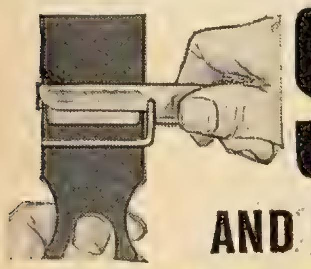
If you suffer head cold miseries, try famous KONDON'S NASAL JELLY. At druggists. FREE SAMPLE, Kondon's, Dept. C-14, 2608 Nicollet, Minneapolis 8, Minn.



WORLD'S
EASIEST
SHAVE

STROP AND GO SMOOTHLY

with ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

With an Enders Speed Shaver—you don't have to worry about blade scarcity. You can buy the new Enders Strop outfit and make every double-thick Enders blade do the work of a dozen ordinary blades. Here is your chance to really *save* steel and get "new blade" smoothness every shave. Get an Enders Speed Shaver at your drugstore.

Send $1 for Enders Special Stropper—can be used only on Enders Speed Blades. No C.O.D.'s.

ENDERS *SPEED* SHAVER

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. D, MYSTIC, CONN.

Woman-Talk

By MARGARET FISHBACK

LAST-MINUTE CHRISTMAS TIPS: This is no year for procrastinating, what with the clerk and truck shortage. However, you may have been patriotically busy with your welding and honestly unable to hitch up your horse and go to the stores. So here are some masculine and feminine slants on the situation, approved by S. Claus himself. He's all for practical gifts to keep folks warm *indoors*, what with coal and oil a-dwindling. Such as: wool shoulderettes, quilted house coats, long-sleeved union suits, bed socks, warm nightgowns and pajamas, sheep-lined slippers for pa, sweaters for the whole family, crib and bed comforters, tufted bath rugs, shaggy bedside rugs, cannel-coal grates, cans of clam chowder and black-bean soup (to heat and warm the innards)—all, of course, subject to "can you still get 'em?" If not, you'll *know* you waited too long. On the frivolous side, there are many good new American perfumes to be had at reasonable American prices. Such as Leigh's Risqué, Heartbeat, and Poetic Dream. Men about to go into the service will appreciate identification bracelets, small books, and wallets. Games are O. K. with girls and boys from eight to eighty years old. There's one called Battle Checkers, popular with both sexes. . . . And by the way, don't be surprised if lots of your gifts arrive in *un*festive wrappings. Months ago the WPB besought department stores to save time and paper.

THEY ALSO SERVE: 120,000 convicts, earning five to fifteen cents a day, raised $983,000 through war-bond purchases to buy three bombers. From many names suggested by the inmates, these three have been selected: Striped Lady, Fighting Felon, and The Spirit of St. Germain—for Arthur St. Germain, who died as a result of volunteering for a Navy plasma test. . . . Prisoners at San Quentin, California, subscribed $100,297 in war bonds and are to be allowed to name a bomber. Their whimseys include Rock Buster, Yegg Layer, Bars and Stripes, and Bad Check, which *always returns.*

SUPERIOR WOMEN: The women members of Congress defeated the men in an old-fashioned spelling bee conducted by Speaker Rayburn at the National Press Club in Washington, D. C. The final count was nine mistakes for the men and eight for the women. Representative Clare Luce, first of the women to flunk out, put a "c" instead of an "s" in "supersede." . . . Women workers in plants throughout the country are proving to be as good or better producers than men in a substantial majority of cases, according to the National Industrial Conference Board. Of 146 plants reporting, 87 stated without qualification that the production record of their women was as good as or better than that of men engaged in similar work. Four manufacturers of tools, machines, and other metal products asserted women were *better* producers.

GRADE-A COMPLIMENT: A statuesque friend, who stands six feet two in her birthday feet, reports the last word in flattery from her six-year-old son, Peter, whose nature-loving instincts embrace family, friends, and animals, mostly animals. His mother donned a new gray frock to attend a wedding, and, while preening, was properly grateful when Peter gave her a thorough inspection and exclaimed, "You look lovely, mommy—just like an elephant!"

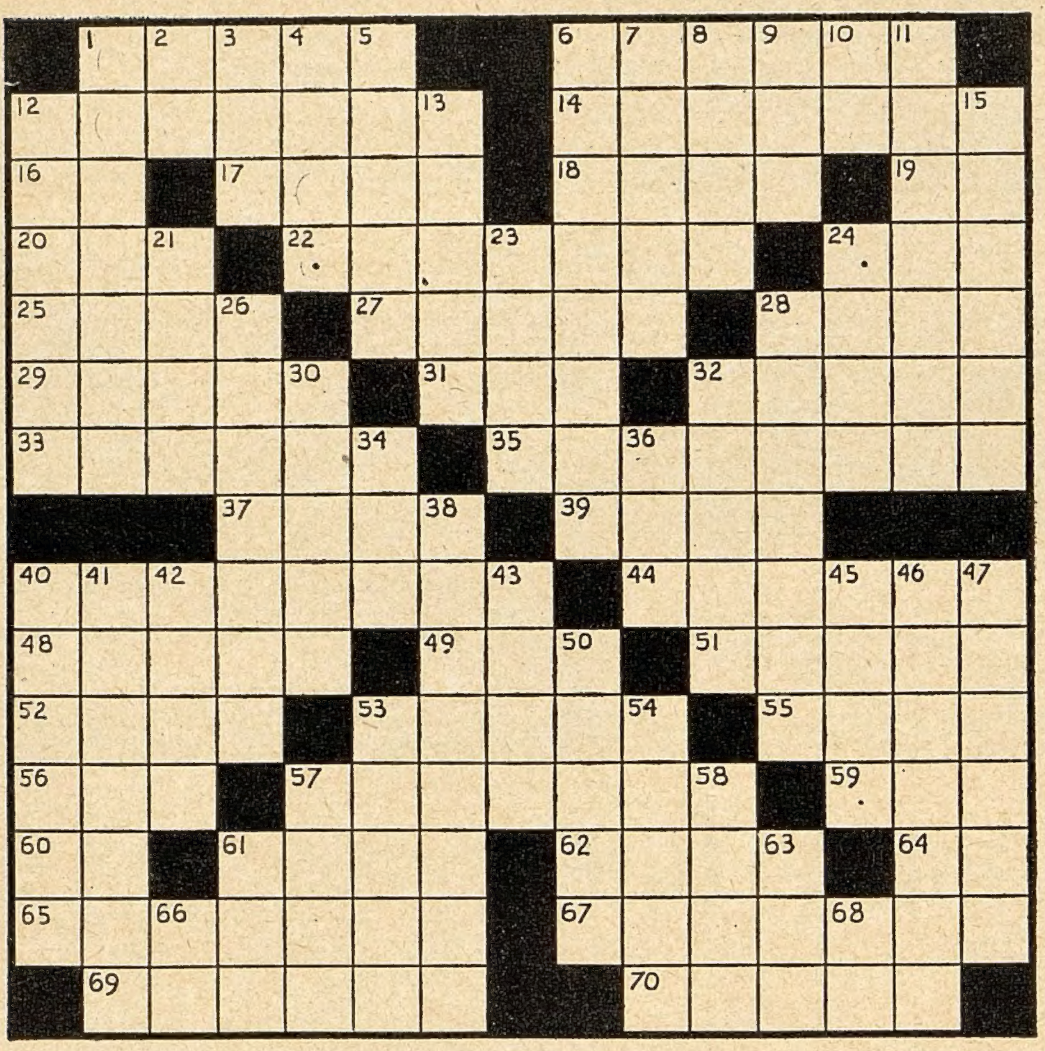
Insect Life

She tried to steal my husband. . . . *That*
Was bad enough, the crook!
But you'll agree she is a cat—
She tried to steal my cook!

BRAVE MEN AND TRUE: Six hours after the first assault troops crashed Italy, a hospital unit landed. It was the first time in history that an evacuation hospital had ever gone ashore on debarkation day. The unit spent three days and two nights on the beach, with German bombs smacking all around them. Lieutenant M. A. Bauer of Yonkers, New York, reports that the men thereupon nicknamed themselves the Bedpan Commandos. . . . Private W. N. Moriarty of Mount Vernon, New York, is a paratrooper assigned to duties at Fort Benning, Georgia, that indicate little chance of transfer to combat duty. So eager is he to get into active warfare that he has made his thirteenth donation of blood to the Red Cross. Says he, "If I can't go any other way, I guess I'll make it by bottle." Which brings forcefully to mind the fact that officials of the New York Red Cross Blood Donor Service are alarmed at the rapid increase of last-minute cancellations of appointments to make blood donations. Not a pretty thought, in view of the fact that our soldiers at the front can't make last-minute cancellations of appointments with German bombs.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 His draft board calls him Old No Blood and Guts
6 They were shot last week in Canada, upsetting two canoeists
12 Whisky and soda and noise (pl.)
14 Make stuffed noodles
16 Glorified kiddie car (abbr.)
17 It gives a hot shower in Sicily
18 Transfusion spot on a sweat donor
19 What Turkey fears today
20 Pretty gals asking you to go buy-buy
22 Besides gilt tonsils what has he got that you and I haven't, men?
24 The powers that be in S. A. (abbr.)
25 Executed a pincers movement
27 "Yoo-hoo! Wallie! It's -----!"
28 What careful secretaries do to their nail clippings
29 Because of the manpower shortage, the boss now sits on his secretary's ----- with another guy
31 My frivolous, mellow-hearted, good fellow gal friend
32 Would you call splits in them wisecrax?
33 Too bad they can't take bicarbonate for gas
35 Every day is this for us vegetarians
37 Talks pigeon English
39 Occupant of theatrical boarding house bathtub
40 One crack, and the better half brings a change of luck
44 Beer on whisky, everything ------!
48 The hand that does, helps Hitler
49 Peeper

R	A	S	H	■	S	A	F	E	■	T	A	D
I	S	L	E	■	P	L	A	S	T	I	C	S
C	H	I	N	O	O	K	■	S	U	B	I	C
H	E	P	■	U	T	A	H	■	B	E	D	■
■	■	P	A	R	S	L	E	Y	■	R	O	T
O	P	E	N	S	■	I	R	A	N	■	S	A
P	E	R	I	L	S	■	A	R	A	M	I	S
A	N	■	L	E	N	D	■	D	R	E	S	S
L	T	S	■	R	O	U	L	A	D	E	■	■
■	A	H	S	■	B	E	A	R	■	T	A	U
A	G	A	P	E	■	N	U	M	B	E	R	S
H	O	L	Y	L	A	N	D	■	E	R	I	E
A	N	T	■	L	E	A	S	■	T	S	A	R

Last week's answer

51 Big Chief pitch him inside suite at hotel
52 Whoppergandist
53 Phony
55 Sounds off
56 Bloodhound-eared
57 Gun burps
59 Twitching Harpists Slither (abbr.)
60 Wot the old lidy mide hit for 'im
61 Duck call
62 This kind of figure isn't always this around the house
64 Poet's heart
65 He has a wife in the underground
67 The deaf and dumb quarterback broke two fingers when he got them mixed
69 Whitecaps on Waves
70 Necktie for a Nazi's Xmas

VERTICAL

1 It's cannier than a Scotchman
2 3600′ (abbr.)
3 Decorated the interior
4 What the crazy old louse was
5 Sometime after this, an Ethiopian is apprehended by the pedal extremity
6 Death lurks in their every curve
7 To create a perpetual emotion
8 Hard aqua to get in Naples
9 Hard aqua anywhere
10 Rat exterminator (abbr.)
11 They're filled with common horse scents
12 Ribs that don't always tickle the recipient
13 Countless things about the sea
15 Sinners say nothing succeeds like this
21 Hotfooted by jeep
23 Anybody seen a Paradise he lost?
24 General ass't
26 Noodle stuffer
28 Black ones make night mares
30 Schnozzle hoisters
32 Jump a mile
34 Kind of Chinese chow (port in China, water in the U. S.)
36 It expects to visit Berlin soon (abbr.)
38 Two-legged bloodhounds
40 The tearful tree
41 This is nuts!
42 A no delivered by hand
43 What the hesitant damsel said to Lochinvar
45 Dog blanket
46 Eye and ear appliance, invented for news detection
47 Has a nodding acquaintance with the boss
50 The hottest guy in Ireland
53 Hat you can't tip
54 The draught is caught in this
57 Would you call the final crew races the last ones of summer?
58 Pudding that expresses action
61 Loathsome person
63 It's not mixed up
66 Body mechanic (abbr.)
68 Argumentative Senators (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Send Him

THE GIFT WITH A LIFT!

PERSONNA
Blade Mail

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Precision

$1

The Perfect Gift Combination—a cheerful, newsy letter from you in a clever, ready-to-mail folder containing 10 Perfect Personna Precision Double Edge Blades. Blade Mail can be sent to anyone in the U.S.A. or to Service Men anywhere, any time, first class, for 6¢ postage.

A GRAND GIFT FOR ANY MAN

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TO EASE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES

Try the "Old Reliable"

For over 50 years, good old medicated Sayman Salve has been helping suffering people ease the painful soreness of simple piles. Containing not just one, but THREE well-known medicinal ingredients, Sayman Salve helps to soothe, cool and protect tender, irritated membranes, soften hardened parts, lubricate dry tissue. Acts as a comforting and palliative agent. Only 25c. All druggists. Ask for

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COLA
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MILLIONS CALL IT THE BEST EVER

DEC. 18, 1943

PAUL HUNTER
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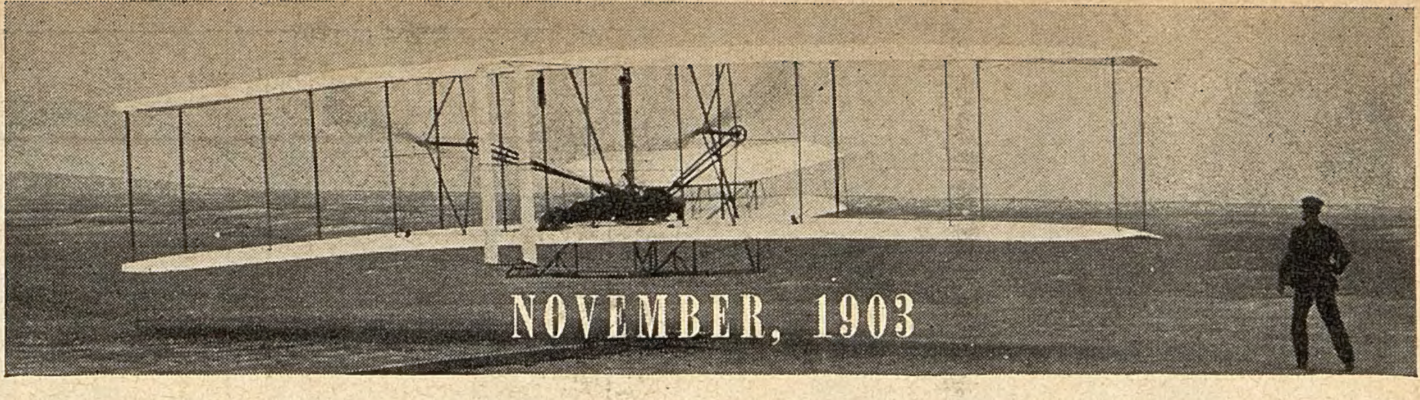
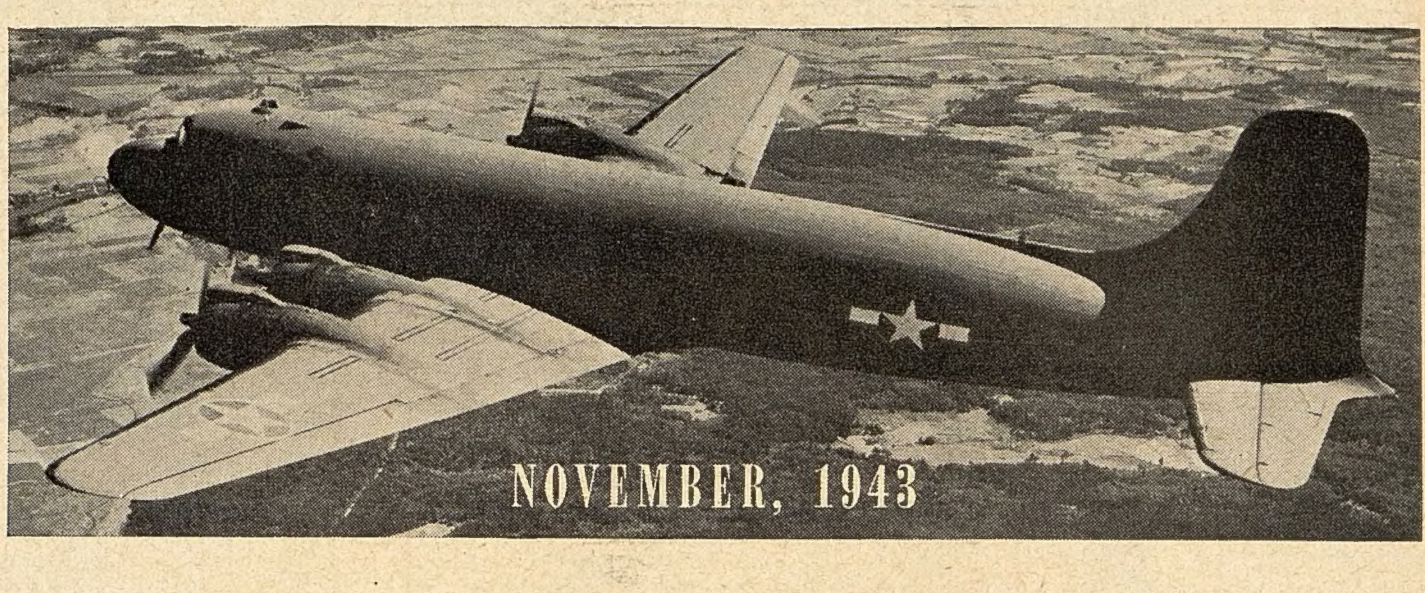


NOVEMBER, 1903



NOVEMBER, 1943

FORTY YEARS OF FLIGHT

SELDOM indeed does an inventor live to see the product of his genius influence the course of world history to any great extent. Certainly in this respect Mr. Orville Wright, one of the famous Wright brothers, is in a class by himself.

Only forty years ago come December 17 for the first time in the history of our turbulent race one of its members cast off the bonds of gravity and flew by mechanical means. Only forty years—and yet today mechanical flight is a most influential factor in world history and will be for many, many years to come.

In mastering the art of mechanical flight, mankind entered into a new realm of activity the potentiality of which we still but dimly realize. The development of the past forty years has brought the mechanical bird from an original flimsy crate to the mighty air liners of today, but we know we have hardly even begun to use the air. The unrealized possibilities of flight are literally beyond the scope of our imagination.

We know, as a matter of practical reality today, that no spot on the earth's surface is more than sixty hours from any other. We know the ultimate in speed, size, and load-carrying ability of aircraft has not been established even theoretically, let alone realized.

The war, of course, tremendously accelerated the use of the air and the development of aeronautical devices. It also brought a tremendous volume of new manpower into aviation. Millions of young men throughout the world have been taught to feel at home in the air, to understand it and to use it. They will never turn their backs upon it and be content as groundlings.

We are beginning to comprehend that the air inherently is the safest means of travel. It is wide, it is high, and with traffic properly regulated there is nothing to hit but the ground. New war-created devices, when applied to civilian flying, will make this possibility remote.

Today there is much discussion of the future of aviation, some of it unduly visionary and some unduly pessimistic. However, any one can see with half an eye that we have entered upon a new age—the age of flight. No one can accurately foretell at this point the use of the airplane or the work it will be called upon to do in the ensuing years. However, history shows nothing stands for long in the way of mechanical advancement. The conquest of the air represents one of the most valuable and far-reaching mechanical advancements mankind has achieved. Perhaps it is too much to say that hereafter every human being will practically be born in a pilot's seat, but we wish we could be as sure of everything in this world as we are of the future of what President Roosevelt calls "aviation in peace."

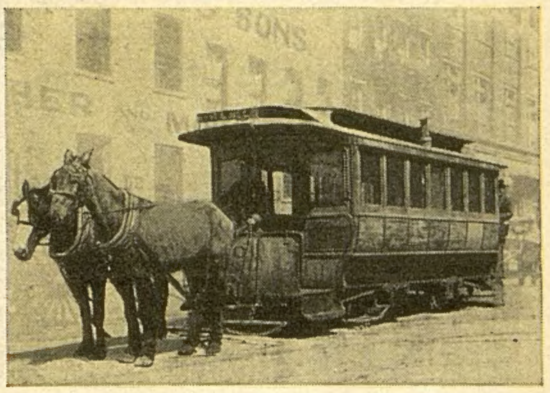
Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

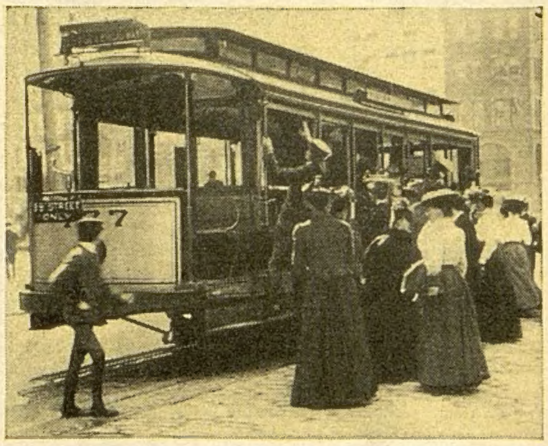
From horse cars to
Trackless Trolley

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
LOOK FOR THE SIGNATURE ON LABEL AND CAPSULE
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA · ILLINOIS



1858 **Old Dobbin** paced the traffic, pulling "glass windowed" cars with straw on the floors to keep chilled feet from freezing. Four miles an hour on strap-iron rails was "rapid transit" in 1858 when the name Corby's was first heard in connection with fine whiskey.



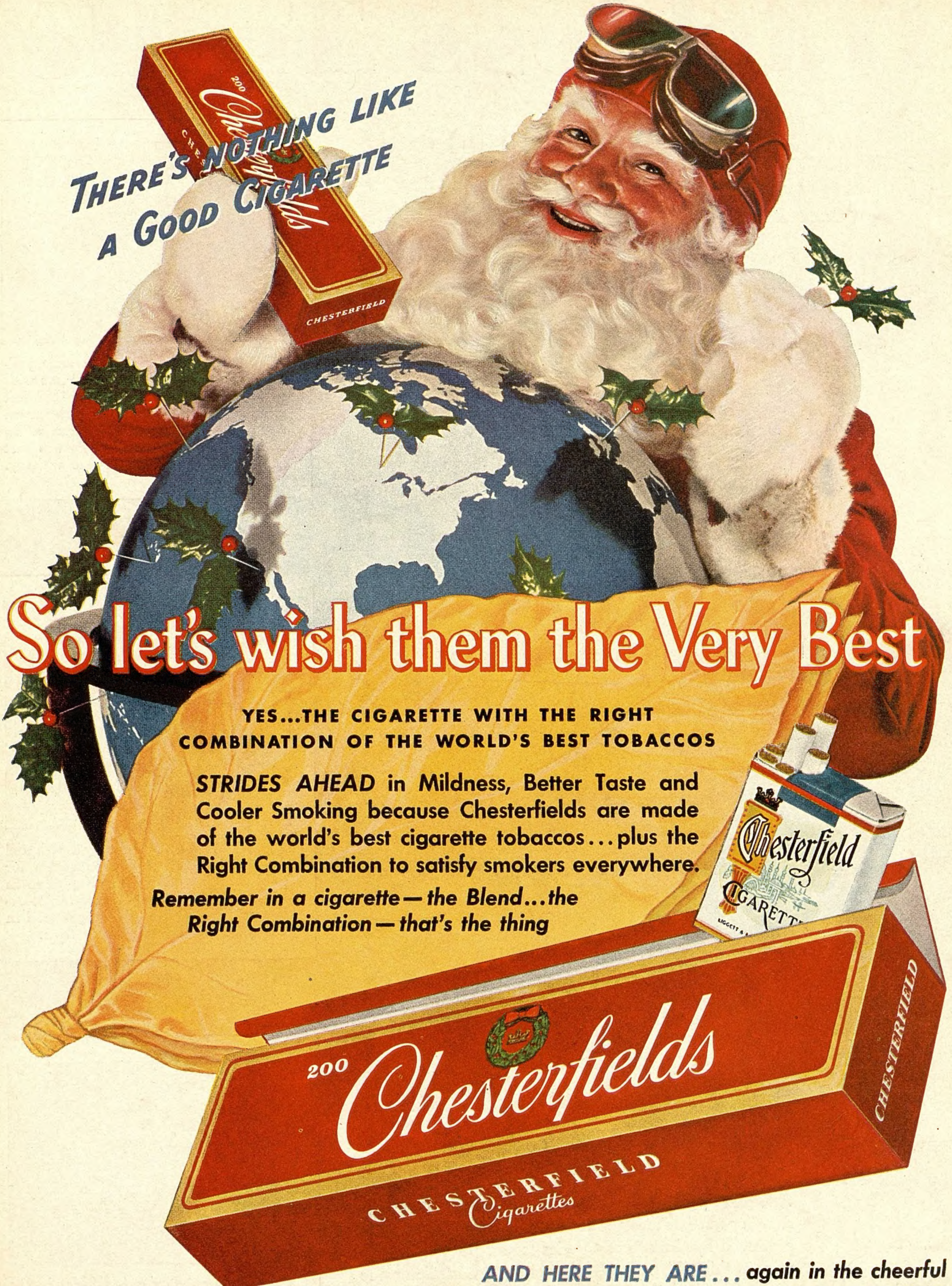
1889 **"New fangled"** trolley cars rivaled horse cars, the old reliables, for public favor. Offering speed up to seven miles an hour, open in summer, stove-heated in winter, trolleys appeared in Corby's 31st year of whiskey fame.

1943 **Completely silent,** electrically heated and ventilated, swift and comfortable...the trackless trolley is a far cry from the horse car of yesteryear. But Corby's after 85 years carries on its great tradition as an honored whiskey name.

Back the attack—
BUY WAR BONDS

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

Adequate public transportation is a wartime necessity. Another wartime measure is the assignment of all alcohol produced by Corby's distilleries to war purposes. Supplies of this whiskey with the grand old Canadian name are still available from time to time. When you find this light, sociable blend in stock, we suggest you buy a "sample" pint. *An occasional "sampling" of Corby's now may grow to lasting preference after victory!*


THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A GOOD CIGARETTE
200 Chesterfields
CHESTERFIELD
Chesterfield Cigarettes
200 Chesterfields
CHESTERFIELD Cigarettes
CHESTERFIELD

So let's wish them the Very Best

YES...THE CIGARETTE WITH THE RIGHT COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS

STRIDES AHEAD in Mildness, Better Taste and Cooler Smoking because Chesterfields are made of the world's best cigarette tobaccos... plus the Right Combination to satisfy smokers everywhere.

Remember in a cigarette—the Blend... the Right Combination—that's the thing

AND HERE THEY ARE... again in the cheerful Chesterfield Christmas Red—the cigarette gift that SATISFIES with the best in Smoking Pleasure.

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